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# PICTURES OF TRAVEL

(REISEBILDER).

BY

HEINRICH HEINE.

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cc

*A new translation, complete in one volume,*

BY

RUSSELL DAVIS GILLMAN, F.R.G.S.

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Dedicated to that accomplished Scholar, Statesman, and Author, Lord Fitzmaurice, of Leigh.

Also to my Wife and Daughters, in memory of happy days.

# *GENERAL INTRODUCTION.*

1.—In the year 1856, in a churchyard in Paris, one bleak and wintery afternoon, a band of mourners stood around the grave of Heinrich Heine; English literature was alone represented by Matthew Arnold. Many who saw Heine are still alive; one, at least, has recently written to the Press to say that for over twenty years he knew him intimately and well. The present book gives, in one volume I believe for the first time in the English language, Heine's Reisebilder, properly so called. In order to make myself quite clear, I mean that many occasional papers were subsequently included under the general title of "Reisebilder" (Pictures of Travel), that have no artistic place in German literature whatsoever, some of them being French or other essays on current and political topics. In 1824 Heine visited the Harz Mountains, after graduating at the University of Göttingen, and there it was that he wrote his famous "Harzeise." In 1826 he visited the Island of Norderney, and in the book which bears that name, he included, though as a separate entity, his unrivalled series of poetical pictures, "By the North Sea." His next book in the "Reisebilder" characteristically describes his travels through the realms of ideas, tradition, and imagination; realms which are not less real for being unseen. Perhaps he regarded this with greater importance than the objective books which preceded it, inasmuch as it was his wont to call the book of Ideas "Le Grand." The "Heimkehr" or The Return Home, was written by him before he had completed his travels, but with the deliberate intention of conveying the impression which would affect a poet's mind after having completed a course of travel in the Fatherland. These, then, are the legitimate books which complete Heine's Reisebilder; and in order to discover and include them, it is necessary, whether in Germany or any other country, so far as my knowledge extends, to discriminate and select amongst numerous writings that contain other and different matter.

2.—It would be far from my desire, even if it were within my power, to disarm criticism, but I would like to say that in every case where I have departed from the exact construction of sentences, way of by transposing the paragraphs which compose

those sentences, my object has been to convey to the English reader as close an impression as is possible to that which was conveyed to the German mind by Heine himself. At any rate I have taken no such liberties as those which were gleefully taken by some of the earlier translators of "Faust;" for example in Dr. Anster's version of the "Chorus of Angels," and certain of Coleridge's "touches to adorn." The changes I have made have been with the intention of giving Heine more accurately, rather than less so. In most cases it has been possible to translate the exact words. I could not take such a liberty as that of Coleridge, who in translating two simple lines from Schiller's "Wallenstein":

"Die alten Fabelwesen sind nicht mehr,
Das reizende Geschlecht ist ausgewandert,"

gives the following beautiful paraphrase:—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That have their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

All this from a couplet which meant that the ancient myths no longer existed, but that the delightful race had vanished! It is true that Ruskin (Athena in the Heavens) remarked that "unless there was a question about some particular expression, he never translated literally, but gave the real force of what was said, as best he could, freely." The proper course in translation seems to be a middle one; preserving as much of the literal construction of the original as possible, but not at the expense of the general or detailed effect which the Author sought to give.

3.—It is not my intention to give any sort of biography of Heine: that has been done often enough, and sufficiently well by other writers, but there are a few circumstances which appear to require comment. At first sight, it may seem to be remarkable that a writer, so typical of German literature, should have lived the better part of his life in Paris, and especially that he should have devoted so much adulation to Napoleon Buonparte. There are, however, particular reasons for these phenomena. Heine enjoyed the pity and pique of regarding himself as an exile. While his health remained good, he was surrounded by brilliant friends, not the least frequent of them being Chopin, the

composer, who, like many other Poles, came from his native land to the Mecca of art and literature, Paris.

4.—As regards Napoleon, it must be remembered that Germany was not and is not Prussian; that patriotism in the sense we understand it, degraded by our musical-hall interpretation of it, did not exist in Germany in the early part of the 19th century. After the first throes of the Republic, the German people welcomed the French invaders as friends, believing and hoping that they would help them to some measure of liberalism and freedom, and some relaxation from the stern regulations which governed every little Court in the Fatherland. As soon as it became apparent that Napoleon was bent not upon liberation but upon conquest, the people revolted, and gave him an idea of their quality at Leipsic, and in the pursuit of Napoleon by the Allies to Paris. After Waterloo things settled down in Germany very much as they were before, until Bismarck appeared on the ruddy horizon. It is worthy of notice that the artists and authors of Germany were in no way displeased with the incursion of Napoleon. The great Goethe met him in conversation, and so did many other of the most eminent men of the day. They regarded him, in fact, impersonally, and as the incarnation of a great warrior, born to great things. Heine went further, and carried his reverence to a point with which history is obliged to disagree, as he even persuaded himself, and tried to persuade others, that Buonaparte was no mere man, but a god.

5.—This, then, represents the condition of the German mind towards Napoleon in the early part of Heine's youth. I have given my reasons for selecting those books which properly form the Reisebilder. As regards portraits, I have given three, one of Heine himself, the second of Goethe, to whom he directly refers on several occasions, particularly in his book "Norderney"; and of Schiller, who, though he died in 1805, may nevertheless be accounted as the lyrical progenitor of Heine himself, in combination with Goethe. The difficulty of illustrating the "Return Home," I have tried to overcome by giving a picture of that characteristic German city, not far from Heine's birthplace, where Kaiser Charlemagne reigned, lived, and died, and which may be regarded as sufficiently typical of that great country of which Heine, despite his failings, will ever be regarded as one of the most fascinating and enduring literary ornaments.

R. D. G.

# THE JOURNEY TO THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

## FOREWORD TO THE HARZREISE,

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Heine says that the Harzreise is a fragment, and that a fragment it must remain. In an artistic sense it is one of the least fragmentary of his works, and, with the exception of the Book of Ideas, perhaps the most brilliant and delightful. The ironical references are now of little interest, save to the expert. The untranslatable puns are not worth translating. The little eccentricities of the dons and pedants of Göttingen are forgotten, and the politics of 1824 are not those of to-day. But the great book of Nature, wherein Heine read so lovingly and so deeply, remains, and no visitor to the Hartz can fail to acknowledge the masterly beauty of Heine's descriptions. Ninety years ago travelling was no easy matter, and to the vast body of Germans dwelling on the great sandy plain reaching from the Thuringer Wald to the Baltic, the Hartz mountains, in their solemn grandeur, gave an impression of awe, weirdness, and mystery which is reflected in the Folk Lore of Grimm, and the manifold popular traditions of which the Hartz was and is the scene.

When Heine tells us how children, having not long ago emerged from a previous state of existence, in which they were flowers or birds, understand better than their elders the language of Nature, he metaphorically represents the attitude of the unsophisticated German peasant, and mountain miner, towards the greater world. Faith, simplicity, love; these are the elements which he found in his Harzreise, and they are the elements which gave Germany a happy issue out of the troubles which afflicted her in the early days of the last century. Whether those qualities will be substituted for others less simple and more mercenary remains to be seen. The happy old times of the Nuremberger shopkeeper conceiving the idea of immortality when lazily smoking his pipe, and hoping it would never go out, exist no longer in these days of giant factories and tariff conflicts made in Germany. Bismarck helped to alter all that. Kaiser William II. has not restored it. But the sweet Fatherland remains. Its pine forests, the fairy wood, its folk-lore of gnomes,

nixies, and sprites, all are revealed to us in these pages, if, like Heine, we will but look deeply enough, and go far enough away from the beaten track. Above all, like him we must have ears to hear and eyes to see.

The success of the Harzreise was due to its merits. It came at a time when all that was asked of a traveller was his impressions, and to that extent it shares the happy lot of Longfellow's Hyperion, of the Nature songs of Goethe, and of the sketches of Washington Irving. We now live in such a wise and strenuous age, that opinions are required, and those who offer them are classified like Professor Eichorn's flowers. But in the Harzreise we get right back to nature and find none of the faults which mar some of the later works of Heine, when he assumed the rôle of partizan in politics, in which a poet is as out of place as a lily in a bed of garish and half-faded rhododendrons.

R. D. G.

"Nothing is constant but change:
or certain but Death. Every heart beat
wounds us, and were it not for Poetry,
life would be one long bleeding to death.
For Poetry gives us what nature denies—
a golden age which does not rust: a never-
fading Springtime: the cloudless joy of
everlasting youth."

BÖRNE.

"There are two maxims of translation. The one requires that the author of a foreign nation be brought to us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his peculiarities. The advantages of both are sufficiently known to all instructed persons from masterly examples."

GOETHE.

"Our best translations are good only on a principle of compensation."

HAYWARD *(Intro. to Faust)*.

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# THE "HARZREISE."

(THE JOURNEY TO THE HARZ MOUNTAINS).

Black cloth coats and silken stockings,
White and courtly frills so wide,
Courtly compliments, embraces—
Had they only hearts inside!

Hearts and love within their bosom,
Warming love within their hearts—
Ah! your empty phrases kill me,
Of love's sorrows and love's smarts.

To the mountains will I wander,
Simple peasants' huts are there;
There the breast expands with freedom,
Breathes the sweet, free mountain-air.

To the mountains will I wander,
Where the darkling fir trees grow,
Clouds are floating, birds are singing,
And the rushing brooklets flow.

Fare ye well, ye glittering salons!
Beauteous dames, and noble knights!
From the mountains I shall see you,
Laughing from my rocky heights.

THE City of Göttingen, famed for its sausages and its University, is in the Kingdom of Hanover. It has nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine houses, sundry Churches, a Library, a Lying-in-hospital, a University prison, an Observatory, and a Rathskeller where they sell excellent beer. The river Leine flows past the town, and in the summer it is used for bathing. It is cold, and in some places so broad that my dog Luder has to take quite a good run before jumping across it. It is a pretty little town, and the best view of it is obtained by turning your back to it. Nobody can deny its antiquity, for when I matriculated there five years ago (just before rustication) it presented the same grey, winking appearance that it does to-day, and was as plentifully provided with watchmen, beadles, theses, tea-parties, drinking clubs, smoking clubs, laundresses, cramming books, decoration ribbons, pigeon pies, councillors, dons, professors, and other kittle-kattle. It is maintained by some antiquarians that the city dates from the days of the Wandering of the Races, and that as each tribe passed on its way it dropped a microcosmic copy of itself, thus accounting for the multifarious Vandals, Frisians, Suabians, Saxons, Teutons, and Thuringians, who inhabit the town to the present day. Still the young barbarians who wander in hordes, may be

distinguished by the colours of their caps and by the tassels of their pipes. Still they stroll along the Weenderstrasse to the bloody battle-fields of Rasenmuhle, Richtenburg and Bovden, where they settle their disputes in the same old way. Their manners and customs date from the invasion of the barbarians, and they are governed by the leaders of their cock-pits, and by the code of honour which has their allegiance—A code which deserves its place among the *Leges Barbarorum.*

The Göttingers may be classified under the headings of students, professors, philistines, and beasts—but there is no well-defined distinction between the four classes, perhaps the beasts are the most important. Far would it transcend my limits to denominate all the students, and professors — ordinary and extraordinary. The names of the students I don't remember. As for the professors, they have yet their names to make. Numberless as the sands by the sea-side (or shall I say the scum on the shore) are the philistines. When one sees them day by day, writing in front of the University doors, with clean bills and dirty faces, one asks why the Good Lord could ever have created so many scoundrels?

For further particulars of the City the reader may refer to "Topography of Göttingen" by R. F. H. Mark. Although my attachment to the author is great, (he was my doctor, and

dosed me with nothing but kindness) it is impossible to bestow unqualified praise upon his work. It is, indeed, my painful duty to correct him for not having given an emphatic contradiction to the scandalous tradition that the women of Göttingen have big feet. I have been employed for some time in controverting this rumour, and in order to enable me to do so with the more complete success, I became a member of a class for the study of comparative anatomy. My studies have enabled me to make extracts from the rarest works in the library. I have stood for many hours together in the Weenderstrasse in order to examine the feet of the ladies who walked by, and in the exhaustive essay which comprises the results of my studies, I deal with (a) Feet in general: (b) Feet in the Olden Times: (c) Elephants' Feet: (d) The Feet of the Women of Göttingen: (e) A precis of the conversation respecting their feet, overheard in Ulrich's tea-gardens: (f) Reflections on the collateral relations of these feet, with observations on calves, knees, etc., etc.: and (g) some copper-plate facsimiles of the Göttingen female foot, if I am able to obtain paper of a sufficiently large size.

Early in the morning I left Göttingen. Doubtless the learned * * * was still in his bed, dreaming that he was walking in a pleasant garden, full of flower-beds planted with

strips of paper on each of which was inscribed a quotation. All radiant with sunlight were these paper flowers, and the dreaming Professor wandered from one to the other, carefully plucking and transplanting them to new beds, while the nightingales enraptured his old heart with the sweetness of their melodies.

At the Weendenthor I met two little boys—genuine aborigines. Said one to the other, "I will have nothing to do with Theodore; he is a boor. Yesterday he did not know the genitive of *mensa*." I must record these words, trivial as they may seem, for I should like them to be engraven on the portals of the town gate as the motto of the city, and a visible token of the musty pedantry of the learned University of Göttingen.

A sweet little breeze greeted me as I left the streets for the country road. The birds sang gleefully, and I also felt fresh and gay. The tonic was needed, for too long had I allowed myself to be bound in the stables of the Pandects; too long had my brain been clouded with the cobwebs of Roman casuists. My heart had been iron-bound by the bars of illiberal philosophies, and my ears were bedinned with Justinian, Tribonian, Hermogenian and Dummerjahn. I actually mistook a pair of lovers sitting hand-in-hand under a May tree for a clasped volume of the Corpus Juris. Even at this early hour, the road was lively with market-women and donkey drivers. Passing the vil-

lage of Weende, I saw Shepherd and Doris—not Gessner's idyllic pair—but a couple of orthodox University bull-bogs, intent upon stopping students' duels at Bovden, and resolutely determined to prevent the smuggling of any new ideas into the University, by any speculative tutor or student whatsoever, without the customary tedious quarantine at Göttingen! The Shepherd gave me a cordial greeting, for he, too, is an author, and has repeatedly named me in his bi-annual publications—to say nothing of his citations of me and his pressing invitations, written with chalk on my door, when he did not find me at home. Merrily the post chaises rolled by, filled with students, some of them going home for the holidays, some going never to return. Innumerable are the changes in a University town like Göttingen. Ever coming, ever going; a new generation every three years. Life there is like the sea; term after term, like wave upon wave, presses on that which has gone before; and amidst all this mutability nothing is stagnant but the Professors, and they are changeless as the Pyramids of Egypt. Yet there is a difference. In these Pyramids of Göttingen no wisdom is concealed!

At Rauschenwasser, in the Myrtle Allee, two gay youths began their journey on horseback, and a lady accompanied them as far as the Grand Chausee. With practised hands she slapped the

sides of their meagre steeds, and loudly laughed when one of her companions returned the compliment by patting her with his riding whip. But at the road to Bovden she bade them good-bye. Merrily onward cantered the youths, singing with artistic grace a touching rendering of Rossini's song, "Drink beer, dear Lizzie." Long after these singers had departed from sight, I could hear the melody of their voices, as they lashed and urged their hacks, whose desire for easy and leisurely movements testified to their true German breed. The knackers' yard is a flourishing institution at Göttingen. How often have I seen a pitiful, emaciated hack, earning its daily bread with torture at the hands of a coach load of students like the Rauschenwasser riders. And then have my thoughts flown to Voltaire: "Poor beast; did your ancestors eat forbidden oats in Paradise?" At the inn at Norten I again encountered these two young men. They were entertaining themselves; the one with a herring-salad, and the other with a wan serving maid, whom they called Fusia Kanina, or Canary. After a few gallant compliments, the acquaintance quickly ripened. In order to lighten my knapsack, I took out a pair of blue pants—a garment which could not fail to interest an historian. I presented them to the little waiter, whom they called Humming Bird; and then the old landlady, Bussenia, brought me bread and butter, and

complained that I seldom came to see her now. She is very fond of me.

On leaving Norten the sun was high in the heavens. Kindly and generously his warm rays brought to fruition all my crude and half-formed thoughts. Hospitably also did the Sun Tavern at Nordheim treat me. Dinner was ready. The cooking was undeniably good. Rich and palatable were the dishes after the insipid academic fare of Göttingen—the unsavoury, leathery stock fish, and the tough cabbages. After spoiling a good appetite, I observed two ladies and a gentleman in the room, who were about to take their departure. He was dressed in green from head to foot. Even his spectacles were green, which imparted a tone of verdigris to his copper-red nose. His appearance suggested Nebuchadnezzer in his declining years, when, we are told, he dwelt in meadows and dieted himself on salad like a beast of the field. This verdant personage enquired if I could recommend him a hotel in Göttingen, and my advice to him was to ask the first student he met the way to the Hotel de Bruhlbach. His wife was with him—a tall, expansive person, with an illimitable red face, and dimples that might have been made for the spitoons of Cupid. Her double chin was a clumsy continuation of the face, while her generous bosom reminded one of a fortress protected with scarp and bastion, screened by curtains of point lace and starchy frills. Here

was such another fortress as Philip of Macedon speaks of when he says it would surrender to an ass laden with gold. The other lady was the very antithesis of her sister. If she had descended from the lean kine of Joseph's dream, her companion must have had for her ancestors the fat kine. Her mouth was all that could be seen of her face between her two ears, and her bust was as inhospitable and cheerless as the Lüneburger Heath. There was an air of starvation which one associates with a College table. Both ladies desired to be assured that the Hotel de Bruhlbach was of a reputable character, and when I had given them my assurance on the point they drove off with many adieux. My host was hilarious over the idea that the fine hotel they were bound for was, in student parlance, the University prison of Göttingen.

On quitting Nordheim the country rises, and the hills begin to show themselves. Here I met many hawkers bound for Brunswick Fair; also many women, one of whom carried on her back a large cage as tall as a toy house, covered with white cloth. It was full of birds, singing, twitting, piping, and chirping, like the women who carried them. Here were birds bearing other birds to market, and a curious sight it was. Night had fallen when I reached Osterode, and as I felt no desire for supper, I went straight to bed. I was as tired as a dog, and slept the sleep

of the gods. But in my dreams I returned to Göttingen, and stood in the Library. There, in a corner of the law class room, I was astonished to perceive, on looking up from my books, in which I had been plodding through ancient dissertations and studies, that the Hall was brilliantly lighted by crystal chandeliers. The Church clock had struck twelve. The hall door was slowly opened, and there entered a stately dame of giant stature, followed by a long train of members and associates of the Legal Faculty. This great lady, though by no means young, still retained a certain austere beauty. A very Titaness, a mighty Themis, whose every look and movement proclaimed her majesty. In one hand she lightly held both sword and scales; in the other a roll of parchment. Two young doctors of law carried her grey train. At her right hand, dapping hither and thither, was lean Councillor Rusticus—the Hanoverian Lycurgus—descanting on his new thesis on law. On her left hand stood her gallant cavalier servant, Raths Councillor Cujacius, who cracked his legal jokes with senile frivolity, laughing at them so loudly that the stately goddess melted into a smile, and stooping down, tapped him good humouredly on the shoulder with her parchment roll, and said, "Young rascal, what do you mean by cutting down trees from the top?" Each of the other attendants approached the

lady smiling, and offered some sage remark, by way of elucidating their new-fangled systems of philosophy, or some abortion of an hypothesis from their musty brains. Then came others through the open door, who announced themselves as the remaining magnates of the illustrous order of the robe. They were mostly angular, sharp-nosed fellows, who, with arrogant self assurance, set themselves to work defining and hair-splitting over every remote title of the Pandects. Still new arrivals flocked in—old Benchers in antiquated garbs, with white wigs and long-forgotten faces, much surprised that they, the celebrities of the last century, received no special attention. These, too, after their fashion, joined in the universal chattering and shouting and screaming, which grew wilder and louder, swelling and surging round the goddess like an angry sea, till she lost patience, and suddenly in giant sorrow, exclaimed, "Silence! silence! I hear the voice of beloved Prometheus; tyrannic Power and brute Force are chaining the innocent one to his rock of martyrdom, and all your quarrelling and wrangling cannot ease his wounds or break his fetters." So cried the goddess, and streams of tears burst from her eyes; the whole assembly howled in mortal agony; the hall-roof cracked, the books tumbled down from their shelves; in vain old Baron Munchhausen stepped out of his frame and cried "Silence" in the court; the

noise and squabbling grew louder and louder, and from this uproar I fled for refuge to the hall of history, and took sanctuary where the sacred statues of Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medici stand side by side. I flung myself at the feet of the goddess of beauty. Gazing at her fair face, I forgot the hideous riot from which I had escaped; my enraptured eyes drank in the symmetry and immortal loveliness of her sweet body. An Hellenic calm stole over my soul, and as if in benediction, Phœbus Apollo began to pour forth his sweetest strains.

When I awoke, music was still in my ears. But it was the music of bells as the cows were going to pasture. The golden sun shone smiling into my window, and lighted up the pictures on the walls. These were scenes from the war of Liberation, which showed us truly what heroes we all were. Also some bloody scenes from the French Revolution, such as Louis XVI on the guillotine—a sight to make a man thank God that he is safe in bed, with his head on his shoulders, and a cup of coffee by his side. After coffee I rose, read all the scribbling on the window panes, paid my bill, and pursued my journey to Osterode.

This little town has such and such a number of houses and so many inhabitants, including also so many souls—as you may see in Gottschalk's "Guide to the Harz." Before gaining the main

road, I clambered up to the ruins of the old castle of Osterode, but all that remains is part of a heavy honey-combed tower. The road to Klausthal is up hill, and on looking back one sees Osterode, with its red roofs peeping through the fir woods like a moss-rose. Brightly shone the sun upon it in the virgin sweetness of the new born day. The old ruined tower looks quite imposing from behind. There are numerous ruined castles in this neighbourhood. Perhaps the best is the Hartenberg, near Norten. If your heart is in its proper place, as a good Liberal's should be—you cannot view the nests of these old birds of prey without some emotion. What insatiable appetites they bequeath to their weakly successors! These are the thoughts that came to me to-day. The farther I got away from Göttingen, the more my frozen spirits seemed to thaw. Romance long dormant again awoke, and this is how my thoughts shaped themselves in song as I travelled onward:—

Rise again, ye shades of Dreamland!
Open portals of my heart!
Songs of love in magic numbers
Cause the tears of love to start.

Through the pine wood will I wander,
Where the mountain brooklet springs,
Where the forest stags are roaming,
Where the little song-thrush sings.

To the mountains will I wander,
To the rugged, rocky height,
Where the grey old ruined castle
Glimmers in the morning light.

There I'll rest and let my fancy
Wander back to olden days—
To the gay and knightly glory,
And the jongleur's songs of praise.

Silent is the place of tourney,
Where the proud and noble knight
Overthrew the valiant heroes—
Gained the guerdon of the fight.

Ivy grows upon the window
Where the beauteous Dame would stand;
There the proud and noble victor—
Vanquished by her eyes and hand.

Ah! the victor and the vanquished,
Both are overcome by Death:
By the lean knight of the sickle,
Faded by his chilling breath!

I encountered a travelling workman from Brunswick a little further on the road. He told me it was rumoured that the young Duke had been taken prisoner by the Turks on his way to Palestine, and that a heavy ransom had been demanded.

The origin of this story was probably the

grand tour which the Duke had taken. The people even now repeat the beautiful tradition, which evolved out of the workings of their imagination of "Duke Ernest." It was a young travelling tailor who told me the tale; a thin slender youth through whom the stars might have shone, as through the cloud-phantoms of Ossian. He exhibited a characteristic medley of humour and melancholy, as with droll pathos he sang the old Folksong: "A Chafer on the fir tree sat, summ, summ!" What a beautiful trait it is in the German character to believe that no matter how mad he may be, somebody even more mad may be found to comprehend him. Only a German could understand that song of the Chafer, and die of laughing and then die of weeping over it!

How deeply Goethe's words had sunk into the heart of the people! Here was another example of it, as my companion trilled and hummed to himself, "Sorrowful, joyful, thought it is free." Corruptions of text are sometimes attempted by the ignorant. He sang again with sorrow, of Lottie at her Werther's grave. The poor little tailor was overcome by sentiment when he came to the words:—

"Once I lingered by the rose tree,
Where the silver moon was shining;
How my tears fell in the fountain
As for love I lingered pining."

But it did not take him long to recover his spirits. "We have a Prussian," he said, "in our workshop at Cassel, who composes these songs, but not a holy stitch can he sew. If he has a groschen in his pocket he has a two-groschen thirst; and if he is drunk he mistakes the sky for a blue wrapper, and weeps like a water-cart, and sings a song with double poetry." This needed explaining, but my tailorkin hopped about on his spindle-shanks, and sang and sang "Double poetry is double poetry." Finally, I discovered that he was thinking of poetry in stanzas with double rhymes. Meanwhile, thanks to his agility and a strong contrary wind, my knight of the needle had grown exhausted. He still made a brave show of walking, but soon he gave in and complained that he had blistered his feet, and that the world was far too wide. At last he sank down at the foot of a tree, wagged his poor little head, as a lambkin waggles its tail, and exclaimed with a melancholy smile, "Here lies a poor old hack, only fit for the knacker's yard."

The mountains now grew steeper; the fir woods waved like a green ocean, and in the blue heavens above, the white clouds sailed majestically. The wildness of the scene was toned down by its uniformity and simplicity. Nature, like a good poet, abhors violent transitions. The clouds, however bizarre their forms may

sometimes be, always harmonize in tone with the blue sky and the green earth. Every shade of colour in the picture blends harmoniously, in soothing and restful accord. The departed Hoffmann would have described the clouds as dappled motley. Like a great poet, Nature, with the fewest materials, produces the greatest effects. There are only the sun, trees, flowers, water, and Love. For if Love is not in the heart, all the rest produce but a poor picture. The sun is only so many miles distant; the trees make excellent firewood; and the flowers may be classified according to the number of their stamen and petals; while the water is just wet.

A young lad, who was gathering wood for his sick Uncle, showed me the village of Lerrbach, whose little houses and grey roofs stretched for half-a-mile along the valley.

"In that village," said he, "the stupid goitre folk live, also the white folk"—meaning the Albinos. The lad was on the most familiar terms with the trees, and they seemed to know him too, and rustled their greetings to him as he passed. He whistled like a finch and all around the little birds twittered in reply; and before I knew it he had disappeared in the wood, with naked feet and his bundle of wood. Children, thought I, are younger than us, and they still retain a recollection of the time when they, too, were trees or birds, and they still understand

the language. We, who are older, have too many cares and too much jurisprudence and bad verses in our heads. The days of my childhood, when I too experienced these memories, were vividly recalled as I entered Klausthal.

This neat little mountain village, which you cannot see until you are in it, I entered as the clock struck twelve, and the children came running out of school. Dear children, red-cheeked, blue-eyed, and flaxen-haired, running about and singing, how they awoke in me bitter-sweet memories of the days when I myself was a child in a solemn cloister school at Düsseldorf, obliged to sit the whole morning on my wooden bench, learning Latin, caning, and geography, and when at last the old Franciscan clock struck twelve, I shouted and ran just as joyously as they! The children saw by my knapsack that I was a stranger, and gave me a right hospitable greeting. One of them told me they had just been having a scripture lesson, and showed me the royal Hanover catechism which tests their orthodoxy. The little book was very badly printed, and I fear that in consequence an unpleasant blotting-papery impression is made on the scholars. I was horrified, too, to find that the multiplication table is bound up with the catechism, and in fact, printed on the last page. Thus the children are from their earliest years liable to be led into mortal doubts, especi-

ally when they learn the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. In Prussia we are much wiser, and are careful not to print the multiplication table on the back of the catechism.

At the Crown at Klausthal I stopped to dine. My dinner consisted of green parsley soup, violet coloured cabbage, roast veal, a Chimborazo in miniature, and a kind of herring called Bückings, after the name of the inventor, Wilhelm Bücking, who died in 1447, and was held in such esteem for his invention by Charles V., that in 1556 the Kaiser travelled from Middleburg to Bievlied in Zeeland, in order to visit the grave of this great man! How gloriously it adds to one's zest for a dish, when one knows the history appertaining to it! But my after-dinner coffee was spoiled by a talkative young man whose electrical conversation turned the milk quite sour. He was a young commercial traveller, with five and twenty flowery vests, and as many seals, rings and scarf pins. He looked like an Ape in a red coat, telling himself that Clothes make the Man. He knew a vast number of anecdotes, conundrums, and charades, which he introduced on every possible excuse, or without one. He asked me the latest news from Göttingen, and I told him that just before I left the Senate had resolved to impose a penalty of three thalers on anybody who docked a dog's tail, because in the dog-days mad dogs always keep their tails between their legs, thus enabling them

to be distinguished, which would be impossible if they had no tails. After dinner I went out to visit the silver mines, the smelting house and the Mint.

In the smelting house I saw, as I have so often seen, the gleaming silver which was not for me. In this Mint, I got on better, and learned how money is made. That is as far as I have ever got in this direction. It has always been my lot to see the luck fall to others. I believe that if the Heavens rained thalers, all I should get would be some holes in my head, while the children of Israel would gaily gather up the silver manna. With mixed feelings of reverence and emotion, I witnessed the bright new thalers coming forth. Taking one fresh from the stamp, I thus addressed it:—"Young Thaler! What has Fate in store for thee! How much good and how much evil wilt thou do! How wilt thou cover up vice and lend a hand to virtue! How wilt thou be beloved and hated! How wilt thou help dissipation, corruption, lying and murder, and pass for endless centuries through clean and unclean hands, until at last thou shalt be gathered, travel-stained and sin-worn, to thy fellows in Abraham's bosom, who will melt thee down, and refine thee, and recast thee in a new and better mould—it may be an innocent tea-spoon, with which my own great-great-grandson will stir his soup."

The examination of the two principal Klaus-

thal mines—the "Dorothea" and the "Carolina" —I found very interesting, and I must give a full account of them.

About half a mile from the town you see two large, dark buildings. Here you are at once met by the miners. They wear long, dark, loose jackets of steel blue, trousers of the same colour; a leathern apron is worn behind, and a small green felt hat without any rim, like a skittle without a head. You have to don the same costume, all but the apron, and with a head-miner as guide, who first lights his lantern, you are conducted to a dark hole, which looks like the shaft of a chimney. After descending, till only his head remained visible, the guide paused to give directions how I was to grasp the ladders, and then bade me follow him without fear. It might seem dangerous to anyone who is unfamiliar with a mine, but there is really no danger in it. The fact of having to put on the strange dress produces a peculiar sensation; and then one has to go on all fours. The black hole is so horribly black, and God only knows how long the ladder may be. But you soon see that the steps which lead to the eternal abyss are not a single ladder, but several ladders, each consisting of fifteen to twenty rungs, and ending in a small board just large enough to stand on, with a hole in it leading to another ladder. First of all I entered the Carolina mine—a dirtier and more disagreeable Carolina I never knew. The

steps are slippery, and as you go from one ladder to another the guide keeps on telling you that there is no danger, only you must hold fast, and not look downwards, and not grow giddy, nor step on the siding where the bucket rope creaks, or you will meet the fate of a careless person who fell down and broke his neck a week or two ago. Underground there is ceaseless rushing and rumbling, and you stumble over ropes and rafters which are used for drawing up the minerals or the water. Sometimes one sees long galleries, called "Stollen," where the ore still lies, and where the lonely miner sits the livelong day chipping it from the walls. In the very deepest part, so they say, you can actually hear the people in America shouting "Hurrah, Lafayette!" But I did not descend so far. *Entre nous*, I went quite far enough with the ceaseless rushing and roaring, whirring machinery, subterranean springs, dripping water on all sides, nauseous exhalations, and the dim light of the glimmering miner's candle in the eternal gloom. Indeed, I felt bewildered; it was difficult to draw breath, and not easy to hold on to the slippery rungs of the ladder. I felt no nervousness, but, strange as it may seem, the recollection which filled my mind was how, the year before, at about the same time, I encountered a storm on the North Sea. How happy and comfortable it now seemed to be rolling and tossing on board ship, hearing the winds shouting their shrill clarion notes, and

the cheerful songs of the sailors, while all around was God's free air! Yes, it was for air I gasped while clambering up a dozen ladders as my guide conducted me to the Dorothea mine. Here the air was fresher and all seemed more cheerful, and more open, though longer and steeper than the Carolina. My spirits revived, especially as signs of life and movement grew more frequent. Shimmering lights were moving and miners with their lanterns gradually appeared and wished us good luck. We gave them the same greeting, and they disappeared from view. Like dim and distant memories, which give us peace and hush the turbulence of present care, we could discern by the pale lamplight, young and old men, half hidden in the darkness, looking at us with serene and thoughtful eyes. All day long they work in these dark and lonely recesses, and we know they are longing for the sweet light of day, and for the love looks of wives and children.

As for my cicerone, he was a true and hearty German. His soul was true as steel. How he loved to show me the spot where the Duke of Cambridge had dined, with all his suite, on his visit to the mine; the long wooden dining-table, and the great seat of ore on which the Duke sat. This he told me is preserved as a lasting memorial; he grew quite enthusiastic as he related all the festivities that took place on the occasion:—how the whole mine was decorated with lamps, flowers,

and festoons; how a miner had played and sung to the zither; how the dear, fat Duke was delighted and drank no end of healths; how many of the miners, and himself in particular, were ready to die for the dear, fat Duke and all the House of Hanover. It always moves me deeply when I see the simple, natural expression of this instinctive feeling of loyalty. It is a beautiful feeling, and German too. Other folk may be more clever, and witty, and sprightly, but none are so true as the true German folk. If I did not already know that Truth was as old as the World, I could well believe that a German heart had discovered it. German Truth! It is no modern figure of speech. In your palaces, ye German Princes, should be sung, and sung again, the song of the Faithful Eckart, and the wicked Burgundian who killed his little children, but still discovered that his fidelity was unshaken. They are the truest folk in the world, and you are wrong in supposing that the faithful old hound has gone mad and is snapping at your consecrated calves.

Like German Truth, we had been led by the miner's little lamp, burning with still and steady flame through the labyrinth of shafts and galleries, until we emerged from the darkness of the mines to the shining sunlight. And may God be praised!

Most of the miners live in Klausthal, or in the little mountain village of Zellerfeld. I sought these simple folk in their homes; saw their modes

of life, heard many an old folk-song accompanied on the zither—their best loved music. And they told me strange legends of the mountains, mines, and woods, and repeated their prayers on going to work in the dark and dismal mines. I also joined in their prayers. One old guide asked me to share his cottage, and work as a miner. And when I said farewell he gave me a message for his brother near Goslar, and lots of kisses for his dearly-loved little niece.

Still and peaceful is the life of these honest people, but it is a true genuine life. The old, old grandmother, sitting opposite the stove near the great clothes press, may have been sitting there for five and twenty years, and her thoughts and feelings have grown into every crack and cranny of the stove, every moulding of the press. And press and stove are living things, for a human soul has breathed into them a portion of itself.

Only by this direct nature-life has the German fairy tale evolved, the peculiarity of which is that not only beasts and plants, but objects that seem to us quite inanimate, both speak and act. To watchful, simple folk, in their quiet and peaceful lowly homes on the mountain or in the forest, the inner life of such objects revealed itself; each acquired in their eyes an essential consequence and consistent character of its own; a sweet blending of fantasy and purely human sentiment. This is why these fairy stories are wonderful; but

always methodical and consistent. Needle and pin come from the tailor's shop and lose their way in the dark; straw and coal try to cross the stream and fall in; dustpan and broom stand on the stairs, and quarrel and fight; the glass, when questioned, shows the image of the loveliest woman; the blood-drops begin to speak dark words of heart-felt compassion. This, too, is why our life in childhood is so full of infinite significance. Then, all is of equal importance to us; we hear all, we see all, all impressions affect us equally; whereas, later on, we act with well considered motives, and occupy ourselves more exclusively with detail, and laboriously exchange the pure gold of instinct for the paper-money of book definitions, and our lives gain in breadth what they lose in depth and intensity. Now we are grown up and are people of importance, we are always getting into new houses. The maid goes sweeping every day, and moves at her pleasure the furniture which has so little interest for us, for it is either new, or perhaps it may be ours to-day and be gathered into Abraham's bosom to-morrow. Our clothes even are strange. We do not know how many buttons there are on the back of our coat. We change our things so frequently that there is no longer any connection between the real man and his outward clothing. Already we have almost forgotten that old brown waistcoat we once wore, which evoked so much

laughter, and on whose broad stripes the loving hand of our sweetheart once rested!

The old woman sitting opposite the stove, near the great press, wore a flowered dress of faded silk—the wedding dress of her dead mother. Her great grandson, a golden-haired, blue-eyed boy, dressed like a little miner, sat at her feet and counted the flowers on her gown. And what pretty tales she has told him about this old gown; many a little romance that the youngster will not soon forget. When he is a man, working in the dark and dreary Carolina mine, he will remember the old-time tales; and, when he is a feeble old man, sitting with silvery beard amongst his grand-children, opposite the stove near the great press, he, too, will tell the tales told him by his great-grandmother, so long in her grave.

I stayed the night at the Crown Inn, where, meanwhile, the Hofrath B—— had arrived from Göttingen. I had the pleasure of paying my respects to his Worship. As I was writing my name in the Visitors' Book and turning over the pages for the month of July, whose name should I see but that of the honoured Adalbert von Chamisso, the biographer of the never-to-be-forgotten Schlemihl. The landlord told me that it was terrible weather when the gentleman came and shocking weather when he left.

The next morning I had to lighten my knapsack again, so I threw overboard the pair of

boots it contained and walked on to Goslar. I got there somehow, but know not how. All I remember is wandering again up hill and down dale, looking on many a pretty dell, rippling silver rivulets, sweet twittering wood birds, tinkling cow-bells; while the green trees were gilded by the beloved sunshine above, the blue canopy of the Heavens was so transparent that one could look straight into the very holy of holies and see the angels sitting at God's feet, and studying in His features their thorough bass. I, however, was still absorbed by a dream of the night before, that I could not forget. It was the old tale of a knight descending into a deep well spring, beneath which the loveliest of princesses lies as dead under the spell of a magic sleep. I was the knight and the dark Klausthal mine was the well; suddenly there appeared a multitude of lights, and out of every cranny leapt the guardians of the mine—dwarfs making angry faces, cutting at me with their short swords, blowing shrill blasts on their horns, which brought more and more to the rescue, their big heads wagging horribly. As I struck at them, the blood began to flow, and it occurred to me that these were the red-bearded thistles growing by the roadside, whose heads I had struck off with my stick the day before. So the dwarfs were all scattered and fled, and I entered a brightly lighted state chamber. In the middle, veiled in white, cold and motionless as a

statue, stood my Heart's love. I kissed her mouth, and, by the living God, I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet trembling of her lips. It was to me as though I heard God say, "Let there be light." Just then I was dazzled by a sudden ray of the eternal light. Then, in a moment, all was dark again, and all was chaos—darkness and chaos mingling in a wild and weary waste of waters. A wild waste of waters! Over the frothy waters flew the misty ghosts of the dead; their white shrouds fluttering in the wind; behind them, hark! with cracking whip ran a many-coloured Harlequin—and I myself was that Harlequin ——. Suddenly, from the darksome waves the mis-shapen monsters of the deep lifted their heads, and sprang at me with their claws. And so I awoke.

How the prettiest stories are spoiled! Of course the Knight, on finding the sleeping Princess, ought to cut a piece from her robe, and when by his prowess her magic sleep has been overcome, and she again sits in the palace on her golden throne, he should approach and say "Most beautiful Princess, do you know me?" And when she replies, "My bravest Knight, I know you not," then should he show to her the piece which he had cut from her robe, and they should embrace each other while the trumpets blow to announce the coming wedding.

It is just like my luck, that my love-dreams always end so unpleasantly.

The name of Goslar sounds so cheerful, and it has seen so many Imperial Associations, that I expected to see a stately and imposing city. But, as is usually the case, a closer view of greatness was disappointing. I found a nest of unclean dwellings; a labyrinth of narrow streets; through which flowed a little stream, I suppose the Gose, sluggish and slow, while the cobbles of the roads were as rough as Berlin hexameters. The charm of the old city must be found in its ancient towers and battlements and walls. One of these towers, called the Zwinger, has walls so thick that there is room for a dwelling inside them. The Platz outside the town, where the celebrated shooting matches are held, is a large field surrounded by hills. The market-place is small; in the middle is a fountain, which falls into a large metal basin. When there is a fire in the town, the alarm is sometimes given by striking on the basin; the ringing sound can be heard at a great distance. Of the origin of this basin little is known. Some say the devil put it one night in the market-place. In those days people were stupid, and the devil was stupid too, and there was not much to choose between them.

The town-hall at Goslar is a white-washed guard-room. The adjoining guild-hall is a more handsome building. About half-way between the

ground and the roof are ranged statues of the German Kaisers, black with smoke, and with patches of gilding, the sceptre in one hand and the orb in the other, looking like baked University beadles. One of these Kaisers has a sword instead of a sceptre. I could not discover the meaning of this, though doubtless it has some meaning of its own, for it is a peculiarity of the Germans to have some significant meaning in all they do.

In Gottschalk's handbook I had read a great deal about the demolished Cathedral and the famous Kaiser's chair at Goslar; but on asking for them I was told that the Cathedral had been pulled down, and the chair removed to Berlin. We live in an age of revolutions; thousand year old Cathedrals are demolished, and Kaiser's thrones are packed in the lumber-room!

A few curiosities from the old Cathedral are now exhibited in the church of St. Stephen—some very fine painted glass, some in different styles, one of which is said to be a Lucas Cranach; a wooden crucifix, and a pagan sacrificial altar made of some unknown metal. The altar has the shape of a long box, and is supported by four bending Caryatides, with upturned hands and hideous faces. Even more shocking is the great wooden crucifix near the altar. The head of Christ, with real hair and thorns and blood on its face, is a realistic representation of the death agony of a man, but not of a divinely born Holy One. The face

shows only the agony of material suffering; but none of the poetry of pain. Such a work is more suited to an anatomical lecture room, than to the House of God. The sacristan who showed me round, had her own views on art, and pointed out to me as a rare specimen, a well polished board with white figures on it, hanging from the middle of the church. Oh, what an inspiring demonstration of the ingenuity of the Protestant Church! Who would have guessed it? This board is to receive the figures showing the numbers of the Psalms and Hymns to be sung: such figures are generally written with white chalk on a black ground, thus depressing our aesthetic feelings; but by this invention, use is turned to ornament, and so the missing Raphaels are compensated for. Such ingenuity amuses me amazingly, and as a Protestant and a Lutheran, it would grieve me much to be taunted by a Catholic disputant upon the barren and God-forsaken apppearance of Protestant churches.

I stayed at a hotel near the Market Place for dinner, which I should have enjoyed more had not the landlord joined us at the table. His face was as long as his questions. Luckily I was soon able to get rid of him, for another traveller arrived, who had to go through the same monotonous catechism: Quis? quid? ubi? quibus? auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando? This stranger was an old, weary individual, who, I discovered from his con-

versation, had been all over the world. He had resided for many years in Batavia, made a fortune there, and lost it all again. He was now returning, after an absence of thirty years, to Quedlinburgh, his native town, "where," he added, "our family has a tomb." The landlord made the enlightened remark that it can make no difference to the soul where our body is buried. "Can you prove that?" answered the stranger, screwing up his thin lips and dim eyes in a most uncomfortable way. "But," he added, in a conciliatory tone, "I intended no reflection on foreign graves by my remark:—the Turkish manner of burial is far prettier than ours; their churchyards are perfect gardens; there they sit on their white turbanned tombstones under the shadow of a cypress, and stroke their solemn beards and peacefully smoke Turkish tobacco out of their long Turkish pipes;—and among the Chinese it gives me great pleasure to see how prettily they dance round the resting-places of their dead, and pray, and drink tea, and play the fiddle, and ornament their beloved graves with all sorts of gilded latticework and porcelain figures, rags of gay silks, artificial flowers, and Chinese lanterns—all very pretty;—how far is it to Quedlinburgh?"

The churchyard at Goslar did not prove attractive. But I was attracted on my arrival in the town by a lovely head of curls which laughed at me out of a window rather high

for a ground floor. After dinner I re-sought my lady's window, but there was nothing to be seen but a glass with white bell-flowers. I climbed up, took the nosegay out of the glass and coolly stuck it in my cap, reckless of the open mouths, the perky noses and goggle eyes with which the passers-by, particularly the old women, regarded this piece of impudence. As I passed the same house an hour later, the fair one was at the window. When she saw the bell-flowers in my cap, blushing scarlet she started back. I was now able to see the lovely face more closely. It was a sweet, transparently beautiful face; radiant as the summer evening; charming as the shimmer of moonlight, the songs of nightingales, or the scent of rosebuds. When it was quite dark, I drew near to the door. Nearer and nearer I crept, as she shyly retired along the passage. I caught her by the hand and said, "I am a lover of beautiful flowers and of kisses; and what is not freely given to me, that I steal."—and I kissed her. When she tried to escape I stilled her fear by whispering "To-morrow I am going away, and may never see you again." Then I felt her sweet lips and her little hand in mine. Yes, I cannot help laughing when I think of the magic formula which enables our gallant red and blue coated ones to fascinate the women and to win their hearts—"I am going away to-morrow, and may never return!"

My apartment commanded a glorious view of the Rammelsberg. It was a lovely evening. Night was speeding away on her black horse, and its long mane was flowing in the wind. I stood at the window looking at the moon. Is there really a Man in the Moon? The Sclavs say there is, and that his name is Klotar. He waters the Moon to make it grow. When I was a little boy I heard that the Moon was a fruit which God plucks and places in a cupboard when it is ripe, along with the other full moons until the end of the world. But when I grew bigger, I discovered that the world was bigger too, and that the soul of man had got beyond the wooden boarding that once confined it. By the help of St. Peter's key it had discovered the idea of immortality, and could open all the seven heavens.

Immortality! Beautiful thought! Who first discovered thee? Was it a Nuremberger shopkeeper, who, with white night-cap on his head, and white china pipe in his mouth, sat some warm summer's evening before his shop door, and comfortably mused how pleasant it would be if this would only last for ever—pipe and breath never going out, to vegetate on for all eternity? Or was it a young lover in the arms of his mistress who first conceived immortality, because he then felt it, and could not help the feeling and the thought? Love! Immortality!

In my breast the emotions grew so warm that I fancied the geographers must have misplaced the equator, and that it ran straight through my heart. And from my heart there streamed the emotions of love, welled forth with infinite yearning in the infinite night. The flowers in the garden beneath my window breathed a stronger perfume. Scents are the feelings of flowers, and as the heart feels more strongly in the night when it believes itself lonely and unobserved, so the flowers, with a sensitive bashfulness, seem to wait for the darkness to enable them to give vent to their feelings and breathe them forth in sweet perfume. Breathe forth thy passion, then my heart, and seek on yonder mountains the loved one of my dreams! By this time she is sleeping; at her feet kneel angels, and when she smiles it is a prayer, a prayer that the angels repeat; in her bosom is heaven with all its beatitudes, and when she breathes, my heart, however far away, vibrates in sympathy; behind the silken curtains of her eyes the sun has set, and when she opens her eyes again, it is day and the birds sing, and the cowbells tingle, and the mountains glisten in their morning raiment: and I buckle on my knapsack and go on with my wandering.

In the midst of these philosophical speculations and private meditations I was surprised by the visit of Councillor B——, who had just before arrived at Goslar. I was never more impressed by

the kindly geniality of my friend than now. I honour him for his extraordinary sagacity and success, and even more for his modesty. I found him uncommonly jovial, fresh, and vigorous. He exhibited the last of these qualities in his new work: "The Religion of Reason," a book which has delighted the Rationalists, angered the Mystics, and excited the Public at large. I myself at the present moment am a Mystic, for reasons of health. In fact my doctor has ordered me to avoid all intellectual exercise. Nevertheless I can appreciate the great value of the work of such Rationalists as Paulus, Gurlitt, Krug, Eichhorn, Bouterweck, Wechscheider, etc., and I feel grateful to them for sweeping away so many musty old ecclesiastical ideas, with all the rubbish contained therein. The atmosphere of Germany is too misty, and too warm, and often I am afraid of being strangled or suffocated by my brother Mystics in the ardour of their affection. Therefore I cannot feel anger against the Rationalists, even if they cool the air more than is pleasant at times. After all, Nature has herself set limits to Rationalism. Under the air pump, and at the North Pole, no human being can live.

A strange thing happened the night I passed in Goslar. I am never able to think of it without feeling terror. I am not naturally nervous, and God knows that I have never experienced fear, even where a naked sword has been flashed in

front of my nose, or when I had lost myself in a dangerous wood, or even at a concert when a gaping lieutenant looked as though he would swallow me. But I acknowledge to being afraid of ghosts—almost as much as I am afraid of the "Austrian Observer." What is fear? Does it emanate from the reason, or from the terperament? It was always a matter of dispute between myself and Doctor Saul Ascher, whenever we met at the Café Royal at Berlin, where for a long time I was in the habit of dining. The doctor always asserted that if we fear anything, it is because we know it, and have reason to know that it is fearful. Reason alone is a force, not temperament. All the while that I was eating and drinking, he continued to demonstrate the power of reason. As his demonstration was drawing to a close, he used to look at his watch, and always concluded by saying "Reason is the highest principle." Reason! Even now when I hear the word, I see before me Dr. Saul Ascher with his abstract legs, his tight coat of transcendental grey, and his angular frozen face which might have served for a diagram in a treatise on geometry. He was over fifty years of age, and so thin that he looked like the personification of a straight line. In his search after positive fact, the poor man had philosophized away all the brightness of life, all sunshine, all faith and all flowers. Nothing was left him but the cold fact of the grave. Against the Apollo

Belvedere and Christianity he had a special malice. He actually wrote a pamphlet proving the irrationality and untenability of the Christian religion. There are numerous other works of his, in all of which the glorious nature of Reason is extolled. In so far as these expressed the poor doctor's most serious convictions (of which there can be no doubt), he deserved all respect. But the best joke of it all was to see his solemn puzzled look when he failed to understand what every child understands just because it is a child. Sometimes I visited the Doctor of Reason at his own house, where I used to find him with pretty girls, for reason does not forbid sensibility. One day, when I was going to pay him a visit, his servant, who opened the door, told me, "The Doctor has just died." I felt no more concern than if he had told me "The Doctor is out."

But to return to Goslar. "The highest principle is reason," said I to myself, to sooth my nerves as I got into bed. But it was futile. I had just been reading Varnhagen von Ense's "German Tales," which I had brought with me from Clausthal, the terrible story of the son who was about to be murdered by his own father, but was warned in a dream by the ghost of his dead mother. The wondrous story is so realistically told, that I can never read it without shivering through and through. As a rule ghost stories affect one most, when on a journey, at night time,

and in a town, especially if one sleeps in a strange room and a strange house. The many horrors that may have happened on the spot suggest themselves to you. The mysterious light of the moon shone into my room, and strange shadows began to move across the walls. In terror, I sat up and beheld——

There is nothing so uncanny as seeing your own face in the looking-glass by moonlight. At the same moment a sleepy, resounding clock struck twelve. Between the first and the last strokes so long a time elapsed that I thought another day had passed, and that the clock would strike twelve once again. While the clock was striking, another bell began to ring; so fast, so scolding shrill, that one might have supposed it desired to give its neighbour a piece of its mind for being so slow. When both iron tongues were silent, and the whole house as still as death, I seemed to hear in the corridor near my room, a shuffling and sliding, like the slippered crawling of an old, old man. Suddenly my door opened, and who should enter but the late Doctor Saul Ascher! A cold blast seemed to penetrate my bones. I shivered like an aspen leaf, and looked with terror at my uncanny visitor. He had not changed in appearance; the same old coat of transcendental grey; the same abstract legs, the same mathematical face, only it was yellower; the same pinched mouth making an angle of 22½

degrees, and his eye-balls had a larger radius. Tottering, and supporting himself, as was his wont, on his Spanish cane, he approached me, and addressing me in his slow familiar tones, "Fear not, do not believe that I am a ghost. It is a phantasy of your imagination to suppose that I am a ghost. What is a ghost! Give me a definition. Deduce by logical reasoning the possibility of a ghost. What reasonable connection can there be between such an appearance and reason? Reason I say:" and here the ghost proceeded to an analysis of reason, quoted Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," Part II., Sect. I, Book II., Par. 3, "On the Distinction of Phaenomena and Noumena," constructed next a hypothetical ghost creed, piled syllogism on syllogism, and drawing the logical conclusion that there is no such thing as a ghost. All the time cold sweat ran down my back, my teeth chattered like castanets, in my terror I nodded, agreed to each proposition by which the ghostly doctor demonstrated the absurdity of all fear of ghosts, growing so excited that instead of his gold watch, he pulled out of his pocket a handful of worms, and noticing his mistake quickly thrust them back. "Reason is the highest . . . " the clock struck one, and the ghost vanished.

From Goslar I proceeded the next morning, without any fixed plans, but with the vague intention of finding the brother of the Klausthal miner.

Again delightful Sunday weather. I climbed hill and mountain, watched the sun trying to dispel the mist, wandered joyously through the shivering woods, and heard ringing in my ears the bell-flowers of Goslar.

In their white robes of mist stood the mountains, the fir trees shaking the sleep from their branches, and the sweet morning breeze curling their green locks, while the birds were singing their morning hymn. Like a glittering cloth of gold shone the Weissenthal, brilliant with dewy diamonds, and the herdsman wandered along with his tinkling herds. I might easily have lost my way, for one is always seeing byeways and short-cuts, which look as though they would hasten away to one's journey's end. Like a journey through life is a journey in the Harz. There are always kindly souls ready to show us the right road; it affords them pleasure to do so, especially when they are able to tell us how far we have wandered out of our way, and what dangers might have befallen us if we had not had the good fortune to meet them at that moment. Just such a friend I found near Harzburg. He was a well-favoured burgher of Goslar, with bloated face and cunning looks, and might have been taken for the discoverer of the Cattle Plague. For a short time we journeyed together and many were the ghost stories he told me, and tales of haunted houses. Unfortunately, every mystery was cleared up. The

white face at the window was only that of the hidden poacher, the dismal noises and shrieks came from the wild sow's farrow; and the plaintive whining from the wandering cats! "It is only when a man is ill," said he, "that he fancies he sees ghosts. As for me, I am rarely ill, and then I cure myself with spittle fasting." He remarked also on the exquisite manner in which Nature adapts herself to circumstances. The trees are green, because green is good for the eyes. I agreed that he was right, and added that God had made oxen because beef soup is nourishing to men, and asses in order that they may be used for purposes of comparison; also that men were created to eat beef soup, and not to become like the asses. My companion was delighted. He had found a kindred spirit. His face beamed and shone, and it quite affected him to say "Farewell."

As long as he was with me, all nature seemed disenchanted, but directly he had gone the trees began to speak again, the sunbeams played, the meadow-flowers danced, and the blue heavens embraced the green earth. Yes, I knew better; God had created man to admire the glories of the world. Every author, be he never so great, wishes his work to be praised. And in the Bible, God's memoirs, it is expressly stated that He created man for his own praise and glory.

After wandering at length, I reached the home of the brother of my Klausthal friend, where I

passed the night, and left the following pretty poem behind me:

On the mountain stands the chalet
Where the ancient miner dwells;
Green trees rustle, moonbeams glitter,
Blue flowers shake their silvery bells.

In the chalet stands a settle
Carved so quaint and wondrously,
Happy is the man who sits there,
And that happy man am I!

On the footstool sits a maiden;
Sits she there in calm repose,
Eyes as bright as stars in heaven,
Mouth is like the purple rose.

And the sweet, blue, starry glances
From her heavenly eyes she throws
Now she puts her lily finger
On the little purple rose.

No, the Mother does not see us,
At her wheel she sits and spins
And the Father, with his zither,
Croons the strange old songs, and sings.

Then the maiden whispers softly;
Softly, that none else may hear,
All her little, simple secrets
Into my most willing ear.

"Since my Aunt has gone to heaven
We to Goslar cannot go,
There to see the grand prize-shooting,
And the merry, joyous show.

"Here you know we are quite lonesome
On the mountain top so drear,
In the winter snows we're buried
Nearly half of every year.

"I am but a timid Maiden,
And as fearful as a child
Of the wicked mountain spirits,
Roaming nightly, fierce and wild."

Suddenly the sweet voice ceases,
Terrified by what she said,
And her soft blue eyes she covers
With her little hands in dread.

Louder moans the rustling fir wood,
And the spinning wheel goes round,
While the zither twangs and tinkles,
Echoing back the mingling sound.

"Fear thee not, dear little maiden,
For the wicked spirits' might;
Angels round thee, dearest maiden,
Watch their loved one day and night."

Fir tree with its long green fingers,
Taps the window small and low,

And the moonbeams, soft and tender,
Gently shine on us below.

Father, mother, sweetly sleeping
In the chamber opening near,
Yet we two are talking, waking,
Happy, peaceful, without fear.

"No I never will believe you,
That your prayers you always say
For your lips are ever curling
Like men's lips who never pray.

"Yes that wicked, mocking curling,
It affrights me, and a chill
Takes my heart, although I wonder
Why your glance my fears can still.

"Hast thou faith in God the Father,
And the Son, and Holy Ghost?
Dost thou bow in holy reverence
At the passing of the Host?"

"Ah, my child, when yet an infant,
At my Mother s knee I stood,
And believed in God the Father,
Knew that he was great and good.

"He the glorious earth created
And the men who on it live—
Made the sun, and moon and planets
And their lordly movements give.

"Then my child, as I got older,
Both in years and wisdom grew,
Many things to me were plainer
And the Son believed I too.

"In the loving Son, belovéd,
Who for us had lived and died—
He received the prize the world gives
By the world was crucified.

"Now that I have read and wandered
Travelling far to distant coast,
Swells my heart, and very truly
I believe the Holy Ghost.

"He hath wrought the strangest marvels,
Greater will He work again,
Breaking down the tyrant's stronghold—
Breaking too the prisoners' chain.

"Deadly wounds the Spirit healeth,
He renews the ancient law.
All men in his sight are equal
From the earliest breath they draw.

"He dispels the clouds and fancies,
Drives the gloom from out the brain
Which destroys our love and pleasure—
Mocks us in our constant pain.

"Thousand knights well armed for battle
Hath the Holy Ghost ordained,

They are there to do him service,
With His holy love sustained.

"See their flashing swords are gleaming
See their glorious banners wave!
Ah! my child, it would delight you,
Knights like this so proud and brave.

"Now my child look on me sweetly,
Kiss me: for it is my boast;
That a knight am I so daring
Of the blessed Holy Ghost."

Still the moon is brightly shining,
Lighting up the fir tree's arm.
And the lamp within our chamber
Glimmers fitfully and warm.

But the pair of eyes so starlike
Glisten with a clearer light
In the chamber by the lamplight,
Where my loved one sits to-night.

Then she speaks, my pretty maiden
"Little elfin folks are here,
Safe we leave the bread at night-time
In the morning 'tis not there.

"Dainty little elfin gluttons
Steal our milk and drink it up,
Leaving all the bowls uncovered,
And the rest the cat laps up.

"And the cat—a witch I call her,
Through the storm at midnight hour,
Flies off to the spirit's mountain
To the haunted castle tower.

"Once there was a knightly castle,
Gay with glittering joy and lance,
Lord and lady, squire and maiden
Circled in the torchlight dance.

"Then upon this knightly castle
Came a wicked witch's spell,
Now amid the crumbling ruins
Only owls and night birds dwell.

"But my Aunt, who's gone to Heaven,
Told me, if, at the right hour,
One should speak the right word, standing
At the right place, by the tower:

"Once again that lordly castle
From the crumbling heap would spring,
And the merry dance would open
Round the magic, torchlit ring.

"And to him who that word uttered,
All the castle would belong;
Drums and trumpets hail the hero
Welcome him with joyous song!"

So the dear old fairy legend
From the rosebud opening lips,

Of the heavenly blue-eyed darling
Charms my heart as forth it trips.

With her golden hair the maiden
Holds my heart and soul so fast,
Calls me pretty names, and laughing,
Kisses me: is still at last.

All within the silent chamber
Looks at me with curious eye;
Cupboard, table, all familiar,
Have I known them formerly?

Friendly ticks the tall old house-clock,
And the zither softly rings:
Without hands it zurrs and tinkles;
While I dream, sweet music sings.

Now the proper hour hath sounded,
Now the proper place is here,
"If the proper word was spoken
Would'st thou wonder, Maiden dear?

"If that mystic word I uttered,
If the midnight light would break—
Brooks and fir trees murm'ring loudly,
Would the hoary mountain wake?"

Zither's clang and fairy music
From the mountain sides would ring;
And the flowery leaves and woodlands
Shine like heavenly, scented Spring.

Flowers, all full of magic beauty,
Leaves so fabulously wide,
Full of dainty, charming fragrance,
Forms of beauty, glorious pride.

Roses, wild as flames all glowing,
Shooting out from mossy gems;
Lilies, like white marble columns,
Heavenward rear their shining stems.

And the stars in sunny brilliance,
Shine with ever constant glow,
And the lily's great cup gathers
All the radiance that they throw.

Here we are, my little maiden
Altered more than we may seem;
Gold and silk around us glitter,
Shimmering like a glorious dream.

Thou art now become a Princess,
Chalet is a Castle grand,
All around us, dancing gaily,
Lords and ladies—joyous band.

But 'tis I alone have brought thee
To this glorious estate;
Drums and trumpets loud proclaim me;
With thy joy is linked my fate.

The sun rose. The mists cleared away at the third cock crow. Again I walked up hill and down

dale, with the glorious sun in front of me, always revealing new beauties. The spirit of the mountains was kind to me. Of course he well knew that a Poet could say many pretty things about him. So this morning he gave me such a sight of his Harz as few had been favoured with before. The Harz also saw me as few have seen me before. In my eyelashes glittered pearls as soft as the dew in the grassy valleys. The morning due of Love had softened my cheeks. The rushing fir trees understood me; their branches swayed and parted, and seemed to clap their hands in silent sympathy. Soft music sounded like the chiming of church bells in some lost church in the Forest. They said it was the music of the cow bells, which, in the Harz, is of a rich and clear tone.

The Sun showed that it was noon when I met one of these herds; and the herdsman, a friendly, fair-haired youth, told me that the great mountain at whose foot I stood was the world-renowned Brocken. For many miles around no house is to be seen, and I was not sorry when my companion invited me to rest and take lunch with him. We sat down to a *dejeuner dinatoire* of bread and cheese. The sheep nibbled the crumbs and the pretty, smooth calves gamboled about us, jingling their tuneful bells, and laughing at us with great, serene eyes. We fared right royally. My host seemed to be the Monarch of all he surveyed. And as he is the only King whose

bread I have eaten, I would present him with a kingly song.

A monarch is the youthful shepherd,
The grassy hill his verdant throne,
For his crown the radiant sunshine;
And he bears its weight alone.

At his feet the flocks are straying,
Cavaliers with jewels of red,
And the browsing herds around him
Proudly o'er the pastures spread.

Little goats are his court players,
With the cows and flocks as well,
And delicious chamber music
Comes from flutes and tinkling bell.

How it clangs and sings so sweetly,
Making heavenly melody
Waterfall and nodding fir tree
Charm to sleep his kingly eye.

And the Minister must govern
While the King's in slumber bound;
But the loud and watchful barking
Echoes from the *faithful hound.*

Drowsily the young King murmurs—
"'Tis a heavy task to reign;
Would that I were home in comfort
With my own loved Queen again!

"In her arms so sweet and tender,
Gently rests my kingly head,
And my vast and boundless kingdoms
In her loving eyes are spread!"

We bade each other a friendly farewell, and joyfully I began to climb the mountain. Soon I found myself in a forest of pines which soar heavenward, and fill my heart with delight. It is no easy matter for such trees to grow, and in their early days all sorts of difficulties beset them. The mountain here is strewn with great granite blocks, and it is around these boulders that the trees have wound their roots, sometimes splitting the stone to seek the soil to nourish them. Here and there the rocks lie on top of one another, forming a sort of doorway, over which the trees grow and trail their stems and roots down to the ground, giving the appearance of rising up out of the air. And, having gained this rocky height, they seem to become one with the stones they are united to, and are more firmly established than the tree in the softer lowlands.

So it is with those great men who have gained strength and eminence by overcoming difficulties which beset them in their early career. In the fir trees squirrels were playing, and, on the moss beneath, the golden deer were wandering. When I see such charming and noble animals, it amazes me that men of intellect and learning can find

pleasure in hunting and killing them. Such an animal is more tender than man himself—and did not one of them suckle Schmerzenreich, the starving child of Saint Genovefa?

Gloriously the lordly sunshine pierces the thicket. The roots of the trees formed a natural flight of stairs. Everywhere was soft and swelling moss, covering the rocks thickly with green silky cushions—also deliciously cool and dreamlike murmuring springs! Here and there you see a silvery flash of water trickling beneath the stones, or by the roots of the trees. If you stoop down to listen you will startle the hidden springs of the forest life, and hear the throbbing heart-beats of the mountain. Here and there the water springs up from the roots and stones, and forms a miniature cascade. This is a good place to sit and rest. The gentle murmuring and rushing of the water; the melodious singing of the birds; the fluttering leaves, whispering like a thousand maiden voices; the strange mountain flowers looking at us like a thousand maiden eyes; the broad, wondrous leaves stretching out to reach us; the playful, shimmering sunbeams chasing each other; the strange legends told by plant to plant—all is Fairyland; the magic seizes us more firmly; sweet dream pictures of the past are conjured up; the loved one appears—Ah, that she so soon should vanish!

The higher you go up the mountain, the

shorter become the fir trees. They seem to shrink, till nothing is left but red berries and mountain plants. The air grows colder. The wonderful grouping of the granite blocks is seen, some of which are of astounding size, like balls for the vast sprites to toss about on Walpurgis Night, when the witches foregather, riding on broomsticks and pitchforks to join in the mad revelry of which the old wives tell. You may see the doings portrayed in Master Retsch's Faust pictures. And a young poet, travelling from Berlin to Göttingen on Mayday night, rode past the Brocken and observed a party of literary ladies, enjoying an æsthetic tea-party in a quiet nook of the mountain, comfortably reading aloud their "Evening Times," extolling the bleatings of their pet minor poets skipping round the table, and sitting in judgment on every production of German literature. But when the turn of "Ratcliffe" and "Almansor" came, and the author was pronounced outside the pale of morality and Christianity, the young man's hair stood on end, panic seized him—I set spurs to my horse and rode for my life.

It is impossible in ascending the upper half of the Brocken to avoid thinking of the enchanting story of the Blocksberg, and particularly of the great mystic German tragedy of Doctor Faust. I constantly fancied that the horse's foot was scrambling by my side, and seemed to hear his

panting breath. And I believe Mephisto himself must find it hard to keep his breath when he climbs his favourite mountain. It is a most exhausting ascent, and I was heartily glad to catch sight at last of the welcome Brockenhaus.

The house, as is well known from pictures, consists of a single storey, and stands on the summit of the mountain. It was built in 1800 by Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, and is managed for his profit as an inn. The walls are extremely thick on account of the wind and frost in winter. The roof is low; from the middle of it rises a sort of watch tower; and there are two adjoining outbuildings, one of which used to serve as a shelter for visitors to the Brocken before the house was built.

My entrance into Brockenhaus produced on me a strange inexpressible sensation. After a long solitary climb among rocks and fir trees one finds oneself suddenly transplanted to a house in the clouds; after leaving towns, and mountains and forests below, and meeting a curiously mixed company of strangers, by whom, as is natural in such circumstances, one is received almost as an old acquaintance, half with curiosity, and half with indifference. The house was full, and, like an old traveller, I at once began to think about the night, and of the chances of having to be content with a bed of straw. In a thin and husky voice I called for tea, and the landlord of

the Brockenhaus was wise enough to discern that, one so ill should have a proper bed. This he procured for me in a tiny room, where also was a young merchant, who looked like an emetic power, in a long brown dressing gown.

In the Hotel all was life and activity. Students from various Universities; coming and going, or taking refreshment; strapping up their knapsacks preparatory to going on their journeys; writing their names in the Visitors' Book; accepting Brocken nosegays from the maids and patting their cheeks by way of payment, singing, jumping, yodelling, answering and asking questions: "Good weather;" "This is your path;" "Good health;" "Adieu." Some of the departing guests had dined not wisely but too well, and these no doubt doubly enjoyed the prospect, as men in their condition always see double.

After a little rest and refreshment, I proceeded to the Observatory, and there found a diminutive gentleman with two ladies, the younger of whom was very beautiful. A glorious figure, a black hat covering charming curls; a white feather playing with the wind; a close-fitting costume of black silk which revealed the beauties of her form; and lovely joyous eyes looking with calm fearlessness on the great wide world.

When I was a boy, I thought of nothing else but fairy tales and magic lore; and every beautiful lady I saw, with ostrich feathers in her hat, seemed

to me an Elfin Queen. If perchance her skirts were wet, that proclaimed her to be a water nixey. I think differently since Natural History has taught me that those symbolic feathers are plucked from the stupidest birds, and that the skirts of a lady's dress may get wet in other ways; I have lost my early faith. But if I could have seen with my boyish eyes the fair lady I have described on the Brocken, I should certainly have thought, 'This is the fairy of the mountain, and she has spoken the spell that cast such a wondrous glamour on the whole scene." Yes, very wonderful is our first view from the Brocken: each side of our nature receives new impressions, and these separate impressions, mostly distinct and even contradictory, produce on us a strong effect, though we cannot analyze or explain it. If we realise the nature of this underlying feeling, we comprehend the character of the mountain. Its character is quite German; no less in its weakness than in its strength. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he shows us clearly and plainly, as in a giant panorama, many hundred cities, towns and villages, mostly to the north, and all around, the mountains, forests, rivers and plains stretching away to the distant horizon. But this very distinctiveness gives everything the sharp definition and clear colouring of a local chart; nowhere is there a really beautiful landscape for the eye to

rest on. This is always so with us. The German compilers have given us with conscientious exactitude every single fact, and we never think about the form that will best represent any particular fact. The mountain, too, has something of German calmness, intelligence, and tolerance, just because it can command such a wide, clear view of things. And when such a mountain opens its giant eyes, it may well be that it sees more than we do, little clambering dwarfs, with limited vision, upon its sides. Many there are who call the Brocken a Philistine. Even Claudius sang "Blocksberg, thou long Herr Philistine." But that is an error. Owing to his bald head, over which he sometimes draws his white cloud cap, he certainly has an air of Philistinism, but, as with so many other Germans, this is only ironical. It is notorious that the Brocken often revives his merry student days, as on Mayday night for example. And then with unrestrained joy he throws his cloud cap into the air, in a genuine German mood of romantic rollicking.

I lost no time in trying to get into conversation with my beautiful lady; for the charms of Nature can never be enjoyed so thoroughly as when you discuss them on the spot. She was not clever, but brightly intelligent. Her manners were charming. Not prim and formal of the negative kind which lacks initiative, but that rather positive sort; free from needless restraint,

which puts us at our ease, by showing us how far to go, and giving us a perfect sense of self-possession. I displayed, to my own wonderment, a remarkable knowledge of geography, and satisfied the fair enquirer by telling her the names of all the towns that were below us. Indeed I sought them out and pointed to them on a map, which I placed on the stone table in the middle of the Observatory, quite with the air of a learned Professor. Many towns I could not find, perhaps because I sought them with my finger instead of with my eyes, which were fully occupied in studying the charms of the lady, and finding in her fair face greater charms than those of Schierke and Elend. It was a delightful face, though perhaps of the order which is more likely to fascinate us than cause us to fall in love. Such faces give repose to my susceptible heart. The lady was not married, which was surprising, for her charms were full and ripe. But one sees every day that the most beautiful maidens do not the most easily find husbands. It was so in the olden times. I believe the three Graces were spinsters.

I could not quite understand the relationship between the short gentleman and the ladies who accompanied him. He was a spare, odd-looking figure. A little head sparsely decked with grey hairs straggling over his low forehead as far as his greenish eyes; a broad prominent nose; mouth and chin receding almost to the ears. The

face seemed made of that soft yellowish clay that sculptors use for their first models; and when he screwed up his thin lips, thousands of faint semi-circular wrinkles spread over his cheeks. The little man never said a word; only now and then, when the elder lady whispered some friendly remark to him, he smiled like a pug dog with a cold in its head.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and had, like her, a most distingdished manner. Her eyes betrayed a sort of sickly mysticism, and the lips wore an expression of severe piety; yet I detected traces of past beauty, and it seemed to me they had laughed much, felt many a kiss, and given many in return. Her face was like a palimpsest, where, beneath the black modern manuscript of one of the early Fathers, you can trace the half-obliterated characters of an old Greek love-song. Both ladies had this year been to Italy with their companion, and were full of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother talked about Raphael's pictures in St. Peter's, the daughter spoke of the opera in the Venice theatre. Both were enchanted with the improvisatori. Nuremberg was their native town, but they seemed to know little of its ancient glories. The holy art of the Meister-singers, of which in Wagenseil's verses we hear the last echoes, is dead, and the dames of Nuremberg now rejoice in

the frivolities of light opera. O! Sebald, what sort of a patron saint art thou?

While I was talking, the twilight descended; the air grew cooler; the sun was sinking, and the platform of the watch tower was filled with students, handicraftsmen, and several Burghers with their wives and daughters, all come to view the sunset. It is a solemn sight, and the soul is filled with reverence. For about a quarter of an hour we all stood in silence, gazing on the wondrous ball of fire slowly sinking in the west. Our faces were tinted with its ruddy glow, and unwittingly our hands were clasped as if in prayer. There we stood, a silent congregation, standing in the Nave of a vast Cathedral, when the priest is elevating the Host, and the organ peals forth Palestrina's immortal Chorale.

While I thus stood, engrossed in thought, I heard somebody near me saying: "How beautiful Nature is as a rule!" These words proceeded from my sentimental bedroom comrade, the young merchant. Immediately he restored me to my work-a-day state of mind, and I was ready to say all sorts of pretty things to the ladies on the subject of the sunset, and then show them quietly to their room as if nothing had happened. They permitted me to remain with them for more than an hour. Like the world itself, our conversation turned upon the sun. The mother thought that the sun, sinking into the clouds, resembled a glow-

ing rose which her lover, the Heavens, had thrown down into the white bride's veil of the beloved earth. The daughter laughed, and said if one saw such sights too often, one's natural impressiveness would be weakened. The Mother rebuked levity by quoting Goethe's Travel Letters, and asked me whether I had read his "Werther." I believe we talked besides of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, Maccaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady recited some sunset descriptions with a gentle lisp and sigh. The younger lady, who did not understand English, wanted to know something of the poems, so I recommended her the translation of my fair and accomplished countrywoman Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen, and I did not miss the opportunity of pointing out, as I do to all young ladies, Byron's godlessness, lovelessness, hopelessness, and Heaven knows what besides.

After all this was over, I went for a walk on the Brocken, for it is never quite dark on the summit. There was only a slight mist, and I made out the outlines of the two mounds called the Witches' Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired off my pistols, but there was not an echo. Suddenly, however, I heard voices that I recognised, and felt myself embraced and kissed. It was a party of my friends who had left Göttingen four days later than I, and they were now much surprised to find me again, alone on the Blocksberg.

At once we began to tell a flood of tales and news, to express our astonishment, make plans and laugh and joke. In the spirit we were back to our learned Siberia, where culture is so glorified, that the bears in the public houses run up scores, and the sables wish the hunter good evening.

In the large room of the inn supper was laid. A long table with two rows of hungry students. At first we heard of nothing else but the usual 'Varsity small talk—duels, duels, and again duels. As most of the students came from Halle, of course Halle was the principal topic of conversation. The broken windows of the Hofrath Schutz were casually illustrated. Then we were told that the last Court of the King of Cyprus had been exceedingly brilliant; that his heir was his natural son; that he had married morganatically a Lichtenstein Princess; that he had dismissed his State Mistress; and that the whole Ministry had duly wept on hearing the news. Perhaps I need hardly explain that all the scandal referred to well-known members of the Halle beer halls. The next subject on the *tapis* was the sensation of two Chinamen who had lived for two years in Berlin, but who now held appointments in Halle as private teachers of Chinese aesthetics. Here was a chance for the wags. Let us imagine a German allowing himself to be exhibited in China for money, large bills announcing the show under the patronage of Tsching-Tschang-Tschung, and Hi-Ha-Ho, who testify that he is

really a German, also stating what are his accomplishments: how he is a philosopher, a good tobacco smoker, and a patient person. And finally cautioning visitors who come before 12 o'clock, when the beasts are fed, not to bring dogs with them, as dogs are in the habit of snapping up the poor German's choicest bits.

A young student who had just celebrated his Feast of Purification in Berlin, talked perpetually of that city, but in a very prejudiced manner. He had been to the theatre, and to Wisotski's gardens, and his opinions of both were misleading. "Quick and rash is youth with its word." He talked about splendid costumes, and all the latest scandal of actors and actresses. He had not yet learnt that in Berlin everything goes by appearances, as even the fashionable saying "Everybody does it" testifies. This worship of externals flourishes most on the stage. The chief concern of managers is the colour of a beard in which a part is played, the fidelity of the costume, attested by historians on their oath, and executed by scientific tailors. And this is all important. If, for example, Mary Stuart wore an apron, as aprons did not come in till Queen Anne's reign, Christian Gumpel, the banker, would have a right to complain that all illusion was dispelled by such an error. And if Lord Burleigh was dressed by mistake in Henry IV.'s clothes, the wife of the Minister for War, Frau Woodenhead (née Lilidew), would not lose sight of

the anachronism the whole evening. This anxiety for illusion on the part of managers is not confined to aprons and trousers. It extends to the persons who wear them. Thus in future Othello must be played by a real Moor, whom Professor Lichtenstein has engaged in Africa for the part. In "Misanthropy and Remorse" the part of Eulalia is in future to be taken by a real eloping wife, Peter by a young blockhead, and the Stranger by a real wittol, though we need not send to Africa for any one of these three characters. In "The Might of Circumstances" the hero is to be a real author, whose ears have really been boxed. In the "Ancestress" the artist who plays Jaromir must have really committed a robbery, or at least a theft. Lady Macbeth should be played by a lady, and she, Tieck would say, must be of an amiable disposition, though not unfamiliar with the bloody circumstances of a real murder. And lastly, for the representation of shallow-headed, feckless souls, the great Wurm himself should be engaged, for he enchants all kindred spirits when, in his loftiness, he causes us to cry, "Hurrah, hurrah—every inch a Clown!" Had the youth understood the condition of the Berlin stage, he would not have remarked upon the Spontin Janissary Opera Troupe, with drums and trumpets and elephants and tam-tams, and expressed the opinion that it would prove a remedy for the slothful peace and apathy which afflicts our people—a remedy already recommended

by Plato and Cicero. And least of all did he comprehend the diplomatic significance of the ballet. I had much difficulty in showing him that there was more politics in Hoguet's feet, than in Buchholz's head, and that all his dances represented diplomatic movements, and each figure possessed political significance. For example, when he refers to our Cabinet, he languishes forward and stretches out his hands. When he refers to the Diet, he turns round and round on his toes, without advancing an inch. When he wishes to portray the petty German Princes, he moves as though his legs were bound together. When he rolls to and fro like a drunkard, he means the European balance of power; and when he represents a Congress, he crosses and intertwines his arms. Finally, when he wishes to indicate our too powerful Eastern friend, he stretches himself to his full height, pauses some moments, and suddenly begins to spring forward most terribly. All this seemed to open my young friend's eyes, and he began to understand why dancers are better paid than great poets, and why so many members of the *corps diplomatique* so often seek interviews with the *corps du ballet*— of course with the object of instructing them, day and night, with their political intrigues. By Apis! how great is the number of the erotics, how small the number of the esoteric theatre-goers! There stands the gaping throng, gazing at the capers and twirls, studying anatomy in the poses of Lemière,

clapping the *entrechats* of Röhnisch, and talking of grace, harmony and legs, and nobody dreams that he has before his eyes, in dancing metaphor, the fate of the German Fatherland!

During the conversation we did not lose sight of practical matters, and the huge dishes, filled with meat, potatoes, etc., were soon demolished. But the food was not good, and I ventured to hint as much to my neighbour, who answered me rudely in a pronounced Swiss accent, that we Germans knew as little of true contentment as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, and remarked that royal lackeys and pastrycooks all the world over were Swiss, in fact as well as in name, and that the present Swiss heroes of liberty who pester the public with their clownish politics, reminded me of the hares you see shooting off pistols at fairs for the admiration of children and peasants; and yet they are hares.

The son of the Alps had certainly meant no offence. "He was a fat man, and therefore a good man," as Cervantes says. But my neighbour on the other side, a Greifswald man, was annoyed by his remark. He maintained that German vigour and simplicity had not degenerated. He scowled, smote his breast, and emptied a monstrous glass of light beer. The Swiss cried, "Nu, nu," in a friendly tone, but the more he apologized the more the Greifswalder man raved. He seemed to belong to the age when vermin had a good time and

friseurs starved. His long hair strayed down his back, and he wore a military cap, and an old black German coat. His linen was dirty, and served both for shirt and for vest. He also wore a medallion, in which was a piece of hair clipped from Blucher's white horse. He looked a fool as large as life. I like some merriment at supper-time, and was not sorry to cross swords with him on the question of Patriotism. He thought the whole of Germany ought to be divided into thirty-three districts. I voted for forty-eight, in order that a systematic handbook of Germany might be written. I also argued in favour of the union between Life and Science. My Greifswalder friend was a German bard, and informed me that he was working on a National heroic epic to commemorate Hermann and Hermann's battles. I gave him some useful hints for his epic, and suggested that he might represent the swamps and rutty roads of the Teutobergerwald in an onomatopoetical manner, by swashy lines and jolting verses. Also that it would be a fine stroke of patriotism to make Varus and his Roman followers talk utter nonsense. I hope this artistic trick will be made as good use of as it is by certain Berlin poets, and succeed by illusions of sound rather than by sense.

The company at our table grew noisier and merrier. Wine was drunk instead of beer. Then came the steaming punch-bowl. We drank, sang, and made merry together. The glorious old Ger-

man songs of Müller, Rückert, Uhland and others, pealed forth; the sweet melodies of Methfessel; and, best of all, the words of our own German Arndt: "God made the shining iron to grow, that slaves should strike for freedom." The music rolled forth, as if the old mountain was singing, and some of our staggering topers declared that he was nodding his approval, which accounted for the unsteadiness of the room. The bottle grew lighter as heads grew heavier. One shouted, another sang falsetto, a third declaimed from "The Crime," a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached a sermon on temperance, and a sixth mounted a chair and began to lecture: "Gentlemen, the earth is a round tub, and men are pins stuck apparently at random on its surface; but the tub turns round, and the pins strike here and there and give sounds, a few frequently, the rest seldom, and this produces a curious complicated music which is called History. My lecture, then, is upon (1) music, (2) the world, (3) history, and (4) positive history (*a*) and Spanish flies (*b*)"—and so on, with a mixture of sense and nonsense.

A jovial Mecklenberger, who had buried his nose in his punch-glass and was smilingly inhaling the steam, remarked that he felt as if he were again at the buffet of the Schwerin theatre. Another student put his wine-glass to his eye like a telescope, and gazed at the company through it, while the red wine trickled down his cheeks into his open

mouth. The Greifswalder threw himself suddenly on my breast, and shouted, "Oh! you comprehend me, I am a lover, a happy lover, his love returned—and God d——n me if she is not a clever maiden with a soft bosom, a white frock, and she plays the piano." But the Swiss wept, kissed my hand, whimpering tenderly, "O Bäbeli, Bäbeli!"

During all this mad revelry of dancing plates and flying glasses, I observed two youths sitting opposite me, beautiful and pale as marble statues, the one like Adonis, the other more like an Apollo. The wine had tinged their cheeks with the faintest touch of pink. They gazed at one another with infinite love, as though they could read each other's eyes. Their eyes shone as though they had caught the love drops from the lamp of love which the angels carry from one star to another. They spoke in gentle whispers, and sad were their faces as they told romantic stories in melancholy tones. "Lory also is dead," said one and sighed, and, after a pause, he told of a Halle maiden, who loved a student, and, when he left the town, she would neither speak nor eat, and wept day and night, and would do nothing but look at the canary bird that her loved one had given her. "The bird died, and soon afterwards Lory died too!" So ended the story, and both youngsters sat still and sighed, as though their hearts were breaking. At last one of them said to the other: "My soul is sad! Come out with me into the darkness of the night! Let

me take my fill of the cloud-breaths and the moon-beams! Partner of my sorrow! I love thee! Thy words sound like whispering reeds; like rippling streams; and their music finds a home in my breast. But my soul is sad!"

Both youths departed, one of them with his arm round his friend's neck, and so left the noisy room. I followed them. They entered a dark room, and proceeded to a large clothes press, which they evidently thought was the window. There they stood, and with outstretched arms they began to declaim by turns. "Air of the darkling night," cried the first, "how softly ye cool my cheeks! How deliciously ye play with my flowing locks! I stand on the cloudy mountain top; below me lie the sleeping cities of men, and the blinking blue waters. Hark! The fir trees softly rustle in the valleys! Above me, in the clouds, float the spirits of my fathers! Oh! would that I could fly with them through the stormy night on the wings of the wind—over the rolling sea, even up to the eternal stars! But, ah! I am laden with sorrow, and my soul is sad." The other youth had also stretched out his arms to the clothes-press. His eyes were streaming, and in a sentimental mood he addressed a pair of pale yellow trousers which he mistook for the moon. "Fair art thou, daughter of Heaven! Gentle is thy peaceful countenance! Thou wand'rest in delightful courses. The stars follow thy blue paths in the East! The clouds

rejoice in thy shining countenance, and their dark forms are illumined. Who is like thee in Heaven, thou inhabitant of night? The stars are bashful in thy presence, and turn away their green twinkling eyes. Whither, when at morn thy face pales, dost thou fly from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy Halle? Dost thou live in the shadow of sorrow? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven? Thy fellow-wanderers through the night, are they no more? Yes, they have fallen, bright orb! and thou hidest thyself to mourn them. But the darkness will come, and thou wilt pass away, and thy blue paths will know thee no more. Then will the stars lift their green heads, whom once thy presence shamed, and rejoice once more. But now thou art clad in radiance, and lookest down from the door of Heaven. Open the clouds, ye breezes, that the ruler of Night may shine forth, and the shaggy mountains may glisten forth, and the sea may roll his foaming billows in light!"

A well-known acquaintance of mine—not a very meagre man, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had taken for his supper enough beef to have satisfied six lieutenants of the guard and an innocent boy—happened at this moment to pass by in a merry humour (as happy as a pig, I ought to have said), and pushed the two sentimental youths somewhat roughly into the press, after which he floundered out of doors and swore. In the salon the sounds of revelry grew more confused

and less distinct. The young men in the clothes-press whined and whimpered, as they thought they were lying crushed at the foot of the mountain. The red wine streamed from their mouths, deluging each other. Then they spoke: "Farewell; my blood is ebbing away. Why do'st thou arouse me, sweet breath of Spring? You wooingly whisper, 'I bathe thee with the dews of Heaven.' But my end is near, near is the storm that will scatter the last of my leaves. In the morning will the wanderer come, and come again to see me in my beauty, but he will find me not. Like last year's forest flowers, I shall be no more." But high above all the noise came a well-known bass voice outside the door, shouting and swearing in a godless manner, because, "In the whole dark Weenderstrasse there was not a single lantern, and how could a man know whose windows he had smashed!"

Drink does not greatly affect me. I dare not tell the tale of the number of bottles I managed. Anyhow my condition did not prevent me from reaching my bedroom without difficulty. The young merchant was already in bed with his night-cap and his hygienic flannel sleeping jacket. He was not asleep, and desired to talk. He came from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and consequently began to talk about the Jews, who, he complained, had lost all sense of propriety and of honour, and who sold English wares 25 per cent. below cost price. In order to gratify my sense of humour, and to

mystify my companion, I told him I was in the habit of walking in my sleep, and that I hoped he would forgive me if I chanced to disturb his rest. The poor man was alarmed; he told me next day that he did not sleep at all the whole night long, lest I should walk in my sleep and injure him with my pistols, which I had placed by the side of my bed. As for me, I was not much better off, for I had slept very badly. Strange phantasies had troubled me—a vision from Dante's "Inferno." Finally I dreamt I was present at the performance of a legal opera called "Falcidia," testamentary libretto by Gans, music by Spontini. A mad dream. The Roman Forum was ablaze with light. Servius Asininus Göschenus, as praetor, on his chair, his toga draped in mystic folds, poured forth a blustering recitative; Marcus Tullius Elversus, as *prima donna legetaria*, revealing all his exquisite femininity, sang the melting bravura *Quicumque civis Romanus;* referendaries rouged up to their eyes shouted, as a chorus of minors; private tutors as genii in flesh-coloured tights danced an anti-Justinian ballet, and wreathed the Twelve Tables with flowers; amid thunder and lightning there rose from the earth the injured ghost of Roman legislation; a grand finale of drums, tam-tams, red fire—*cum omni causa.*

From this uproar I was awoke by the landlord, who called me to see the sunrise. I found on the tower some of the visitors already waiting and

rubbing their chilly hands. Others with sleepy eyes came stumbling up. At last the silent congregation of the night before were all assembled, and we gazed in silence as, on the horizon, the small crimson ball began to rise, shedding a feeble wintry light; the mountains swimming in a sea of white vapour which hid all but their peaks. We seemed to be standing on a low hill in the midst of a flooded plain, with only here and there a little eminence emerging. In order to give expression to what I felt, I wrote the following little poem:—

Brighter glows the Eastern heavens,
With the golden morning sun,
Far and wide the mountain summits
Rise; away the night clouds run!

Had I seven-leagued boots to bear me,
With the rushing speed of wind,
Over yonder mountain summits
My own loved one's house to find!

At her bedside, where she slumbers;
Gently draw the curtain there;
Kiss her lips, and cheeks, and forehead,
And her flowing golden hair.

Softly would I whisper to her,
In her little lily ear:
"Dream of me, my sweetest darling,
Dream that I am ever near!"

But this did not interfere with my appetite, and after a few polite speeches to my ladies, I hurried down to my coffee in the warm parlour. It was quite time, for my stomach was as empty as the church of St. Stephen's at Goslar. But the Arabian drink revived me, and the warm Orient thrilled through my veins; I drank the scent of Eastern roses, and listened to the sweet songs of bulbus; the students turned to camels; the Brockenhaus maids with their rocket glances to houris; and the Philistine noses to minarets.

The book beside me was, however, not the Koran, though there was enough of nonsense in it, but the so-called Brocken book, where all visitors inscribe their names, and most of them adding their thanks to their reflections. Many attempt to write verses, and the book is a sad warning of what happens when the noble army of Philistines seize on such an opportunity as a visit to the Brocken to become poetical. The palace of the Prince Pallagonia contains no such monstrosities as this book. Government officials here inscribe their mouldy platitudes, and counter jumpers record their sentimental effusions; the old German revolutionists with their fusty phrases; the Berlin school teachers with their dull commonplace, as, for example, Herr Johannes Hagel tries for once to prove that he is an author. Here is a description of the majestic glories of sunrise; there is an anathema on the weather; on shattered hopes; the fogs, and

the consequent disappointments. "Wet without we came; wet within we went away": this is a specimen of the standing wit, and one sees it a hundred times. One named Caroline writes to say that in ascending the mountain she made her feet wet. Some simple body plagiarises this witticism, and says that she also has been damped by the outlook. The whole book reeks of cheese, beer and tobacco, so that you might suppose you were reading a romance by Clauren.

While I was occupied in drinking my coffee, and scanning the leaves of the Brocken book, my ruddy-cheeked Swiss friend appeared. He was in excellent spirits, and full of enthusiasm at the beautiful view from the tower—the calm pure light of the sun, typical of Truth, struggling with the mighty masses of cloud and darkness; a ghostly battle wherein grim giants wielded long swords; harnessed knights on rearing steeds, chariots, fluttering banners; weird shapes of curious monsters emerging from confused clouds, all twisted and interchanging, growing dimmer and dimmer, and leaving not a trace behind.

Of all this riot of Nature's demagogues I had seen nothing, and if any investigation is made into the combat, I can truthfully say that all I know about is the excellent flavour of the good brown coffee I was drinking. Ah! this was so palatable that even my beautiful lady was forgotten. Yet there she was, standing by the door, with her

mother and their travelling companion, about to step into their carriage. I had barely time to greet her, and to remark that I had grown very cold. She seemed annoyed, perhaps because I had come earlier; but I soon cleared the furrows from her fair brow, by giving her a wondrously beautiful flower I had plucked the previous day on the mountain side, and had risked my neck in doing so. The mother wished to know the name of the flower. Perhaps she thought it improper for her daughter to place in her bosom a flower to which she had not been introduced by name. For this was the envied place the flower occupied—a compliment it little dreamt of yesterday on its lonely height. The silent travelling companion at last opened his mouth, and, counting the stamens, solemnly remarked that the flower belonged to the eighth class!

It makes me angry when I see God's loved flowers divided, like human beings, into castes and classes, and distinguished by such external classifications as the number of stamens. If it is necessary to make distinctions, let us follow Theophrastus, who proposed to classify flowers by their own souls, namely their scents. Personally I have my own system of Natural History, under which everything is included in two classes—that which we can eat, and that which we cannot eat.

The mysterious nature of flowers was evidently well known to the old lady, for she volunteered

the observation that she loved to see flowers in gardens or growing in flower-pots, but that she experienced a dreamy sense of pain when one was plucked. It appeared to her like a corpse, drooping its poor faded head on its stem, like a dead child. She seemed to be shocked by the sad nature of her own reflections, and I did my best to cheer her by quoting some verses from Voltaire. How quickly a few French words can bring us back to conventionalities! We laughed; hands were kissed; sweetly we smiled; the horses neighed, and slowly the carriage jolted down the mountain side.

The students now showed signs of moving. Knapsacks were buckled on. Bills, shorter than our long faces had feared, were settled; the maids, with faces showing signs of recent flirtation, paid with groschen or with kisses, after they had fixed the pretty little Brocken bouquets in our caps. So we all started downhill, accompanied by a guide, on our way to Ilsenburg.

Down, down, we went, helter-skelter, head over heels. Halle students we observed were more rapid in their movements than the Austrian landwehr. Before I knew it we had left behind the rugged mountain peaks, and the huge grey boulders, and were passing through a dense and delicious forest of pines. The sun shone merrily down on the rollicking students, and charmingly freckled their motley costumes through the shimmering peep-holes between the leaves and branches. Merrily

they fought their way through the thicket, now hidden, now in sight again, stepping over the stems that spanned silvery little brooklets babbling over golden sands and pearly pebbles; clambering down steep hollows, singing with lusty voices and answered gaily by the unseen twittering birds, the rustling pines, the invisible plashing and plunging rivulets, and the distant echo. Joyous youth met fair nature with glowing rapture. Down, down we went, and more charmingly musical sounded the song of the underground waters, whispering in silvery fairy chordlets, still invisible except where, here and there, they slyly peeped and glanced from out rocks and bushes, now hiding from sight, now peeping out again as if watching for a safe moment to woo the light. At last one little bold spring leapt half-timidly, half-bravely out. And as we every day see, if one bold man takes the lead, his faint-hearted fellows grow brave too, and to their astonishment follow the bell-wether, so now a multitude of tiny brooklets emerge from their hiding places in mossy fairyland, and rallied round their leader. Soon they formed a strong rivulet, which by innumerable waterfalls and marvellous meanderings murmurs down the lovely gorge. It is the Ilse; the lovely, sweet, delicious Ilse, flowing through the happy Ilsenthal, where on each side the mountains soar higher and higher, bluer and bluer, their bases richly clothed with beeches, oaks, and broad-leaved trees, rather

than with pines and other Coniferæ. The common Lowland timber covers the Lower Hartz, as the east side of the Brocken is called, in contradistinction to the Upper Hartz, on the western side, which is much higher and more suited to the growth of Coniferæ.

It is impossible to describe with the proper frolicsome joy, *naïveté* and artless beauty, the Ilse, as it plunges over the fantastic fragments of glistening rock that hem its path. Here the water spurts up wildly or overflows in a foaming cascade, there it wells and jets and tumbles in delicate curves from every cleft and cranny of the ferny boulders, and merrily trips, trips below over the pebbles like a dainty little maiden tripping, tripping to meet her lover. Yes, the legend is true; the Ilse is a sweet Princess who leaps down the mountain side with the laughter of youth. Her white foam-robe shimmers in the sunshine, her glittering silvery streamers flutter in the pine-scented breeze, and her diamonds sparkle and flash. The tall beeches beside her—solemn fathers—regard with secret condonation, but feigned austerity, the wild waywardness of their favourite daughter. The silver birches—old aunts—nod their heads, alarmed at the girl's mad leaps. The stately oak—surly uncle—looks cross as though he knew he would have to pay for the fun. The little birds in the air twitter, twitter, and musically trill their approval; the dainty flowers shake their painted petals and

tenderly murmur, "Take us with thee, take us with thee, sister dear!" But the merry maiden will not stay. On she bounds, till suddenly she finds a dreaming poet, and there streams upon him a flowery shower of sunshine-beams and golden ripples. His senses fail with too much joy. He hears nothing but the sweet flute-like song:—

I am the Princess Ilse;
And I dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come with me to my castle;
Sweet pleasures shall be thine.

Thy head with clearest crystal
From coolest wells I'll lave;
Thy cares shall be forgotten,
Hurled back thy sorrow's wave.

Within my white arms lying,
Upon my snowy breast,
I'll tell thee fairy legends,
A-dreaming thou shalt rest.

I'll kiss thee and caress thee
As long, long years ago,
My darling Kaiser Henry
I kissed, and soothed his woe.

None live except the living,
The dead are dead and gone;
A fair and winsome maiden,
My laughing heart beats on.

Come with me to my castle,
My crystal halls so deep,
Where knights and fairest maidens
So gaily dance and leap.

The silken trains are rustling,
The iron spurs they kling,
The elfin horns are blowing
And fairy trumpets ring.

My arms shall cling around thee,
As once I twined them round
My darling Kaiser Henry
Who scorned the trumpet's sound.

How charmingly blissful is the feeling when the world without—the world of Nature—blends with the world within; when green trees, delicious dreams, the songs of birds, sweet melancholy, the blue sky, old memories, and the scent of flowers run together, and form the most delightful of arabesques. Women know this feeling best, and that is why they sweetly smile with incredulity on their lips, when we men begin with our facts and logic, or well-arranged categories of objective and subjective, and our heads, like apothecaries' shops filled with drawers and pigeon-holes, in one of which we place reason, in another understanding, in a third wit, in a fourth false wit, and in the fifth nothing at all—except the Idea.

Roaming on as in a dream I hardly noticed that we had passed the deepest part of the Ilsenthal and

were going uphill. The ascent was laborious, and we were out of breath, but, like Till Eulenspiegel of Mölln, we consoled ourselves with the knowledge that if we ascended, we should have to descend again. And at last we reached the Ilsenstein.

This is a huge rock of granite, rising boldly and abruptly from the gorge. On three sides it is shut in by high pine-clad hills, but northward there is a wide open prospect over Ilsenburg to the lowlands beyond. On the summit stands a cross of iron where there is just room for two. The charming picturesqueness of the Ilsenstein, due to its size and shape, is heightened by the rosy light of legend. To quote Gottschalk: "'Tis said that an enchanted castle once stood there, in which dwelt a beautiful and rich Princess named Ilse. She still bathes every morning in the brook, and whosoever is fortunate enough to be there at the right moment will be led by her to her rocky castle, and royally entertained." Other legend lovers tell a beautiful story of the loves of Fräulein Ilse and the Ritters von Westenberg. One of our poets has set this in a lovely poetical framework, and it appeared in the *Abendzeitung*. Others tell a different tale. They say it was the old Saxon Kaiser Heinrich who merrily passed the time away with the fair water-nymph Ilse in her rocky fastness. A later writer, Herr Niemann—in his guide-book—gives with laudable exactness the heights of the mountains, latitude and longitude, the variations of the com-

pass, the debts of each town, etc., and asserts that in his opinion, "What is related of the Princess Ilse belongs to the region of romance!" So say all those people who were never blessed with the sight of the Princess. But we who have enjoyed her favours know better. Kaiser Heinrich knew it too. The good old Saxon Kaisers had ample reasons for clinging to their native Hartz. Peep into the delightful Lüneberg chronicles, where the ancient lords are represented to the life in old woodcuts, well harnessed and equipped, mounted on their barbed war-horses, the imperial crown on their divinely anointed heads, sceptre and sword in their imperial hands; see their bearded lips, and read there how regretfully they yearned for the tender heart of their lovely Hartz Princess, and the gentle murmur of their dense Hartz Forest, when they were sojourning in a far-off land—perhaps in the Southern land of citron trees and poison—where they and their successes had so often been beguiled by their craving for the title of Roman Emperor—a genuine German craving for titles which ruins Kaiser and Kingdom.

But if you stand on the peak of the Ilsenstein, think not of kings and emperors, but of your footing. For as I stood there, lost in thought, I heard the sound of dreams. A dreamy murmuring magic sound, like subterranean music from the enchanted castle walls. And mountains moved; the green trees in the blue began to fly around, the red roofs

of Ilsenberg began to dance and all turned blue and green. I should surely have fallen over the precipice in my giddiness if I had not clung to an iron cross beside me. Considering my dangerous position, I hope that this action will not be misconstrued.

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The Harzreise is a fragment, and a fragment it must remain. The gleaming threads that have been deftly woven together to form the motley coloured tapestry are cut short as by the shears of merciless Destiny. Perhaps some day I may attempt to pick up the snapped threads and weave them into songs which I hope will do justice to what has here been treated so scantily. After all, it matters little when and where we speak, if only the word is spoken. If we have fragments to deal with let us try and weave them into one harmonious whole! Thus even the leaves of the Harzreise may seem more harmonious than they otherwise would, if the reader happened to learn that my general dislike of Göttingen, though stronger than I have expressed it, is feebler than my respect for many of its individual inhabitants. Why should I conceal names? That dear and worthy man who, in my youth, showed me so much friendship, and who instilled in me a love of study, and afterwards fanned the flame of my passion for the philosophy of history, who led my spirit in peaceful paths, and provided me with the means of enduring the petty

miseries which beset me. I speak of George Sartorius, the student of history and of men, whose eye is a clear star in darksome times, and whose kindly heart stands open for all the joys and sorrows of others, for the troubles of the beggar and of the King—and for the last sign of decaying peoples and their gods.

I must add a word of warning. I have described the Upper Hartz before reaching the Ilsenthal. But this is far inferior to the romantic Lower Hartz, with its wild rocky beauty and tree-clad heights—a striking contrast. The same contrasts may be found in the three valleys formed by the Ilse, the Bode, and the Selke; they are three lovely maidens, and it is not easy to award the prize of beauty. Of the dear, sweet Ilse, and her tender, laughing welcome to me, I have already said and sung. The Bode, a brunette, was not so kind. At the first glimpse I caught of her in the darkness of the Rübeland, she seemed to be even sulky, and hid her face in a silver grey veil of mist. But suddenly her coyness turned to love, and when I reached the heights of the Rosstrappe the veil had disappeared, and her lovely countenance beamed on me with melting radiance, every feature breathing softest tenderness; her hard heart was vanquished, and there escaped sighs and sounds of lover's woe.

Less tender, but more sprightly was the fair Selke. Charmingly fair and very lovable she appeared to me, but her native nobility and calm

serenity forbade all sentimental familiarity. Now again a half-hidden smile hinted mischief, and to this I am inclined to ascribe one or two mishaps I encountered in the Selkethal. For instance, when I was jumping over a brook, I fell into the middle; when I desired to change my wet boots for slippers, one of them was missing. Then a gust of wind flew away with my cap, my legs were torn with brambles, and so forth. These are a few of the tricks her ladyship played me, but still I bear her no malice. She seemed to say to me, "Tho' I laugh, I mean no harm, and I pray you sing of me." Then comes forth the glorious Bode and her dark eyes, saying, "Thou art like me in pride and in sorrow, I know that thou wilt love me." Last comes the fair Ilse, daintily tripping, tripping towards me. Bewitchingly fair in mien and graceful in motion. Sweet as the loving sweetheart of my dreams. She gazes on me so purely and so transparently true. Well, I am Paris, the fair ones await my choice; the apple falls to the lovely Ilse.

To-day is the first of May. Like a sea of life, spring covers the world. The snowy blossom-foam flutters on the trees; all is bathed in a fairy-like, hazy glow. In the town the windows flash in the sunshine. On the roofs the sparrows build. In the streets the townsfolk wander, and marvel at the sweetness of the air. The quaintly dressed Vierlanderin girls sell bunches of violets; the Foundling children, with their blue jackets and wistful

faces, look as radiant as though they would find another father to-day on the Jungfernstieg. The beggar on the bridge seems as happy as if he had won the grand prize in a lottery. Even the swarthy, unhung broker, with his rascally artificially smiling face, seems to catch some rays from the lenient sun. But I will pass through the city gate into the country.

It is the first of May, and I think of thee, thou lovely Ilse—or shall I call thee Agnes, my favourite name? I think of thee, and would again be there to see thee flash down the mountain side. Best of all would I love to stand in the sweet valley below and catch thee in my arms. Green everywhere, the colour of hope. Everywhere miracles are working, flowers burst into blossom, and my heart, too, is blossoming again. Yes, my heart is a strange flower, a rare flower—no blushing modest violet, no pouting rosebud, no pure lily, but rather a strange plant from the forests of Brazil, which is said to blossom but once in a hundred years. I remember, when I was a child, seeing such a flower. In the night we heard a report like a pistol shot, and next day the children told us it was the aloe blossoming that had made the noise. They led me into the garden, and there, to my astonishment, I saw that the shallow, horny plant with its queer, jagged, broad leaves, sharp and threatening, had shot up and bore on its head a strange flower, like a crown. We children were too small to look down

upon it, and silly old Christian, who was so fond of us, made a wooden stand round the plant, on which we clambered like cats, and gazed down on the open calyx, and wondered at the golden spikes, while we inhaled the sweet odours that issued from it.

Yes, Agnes! Not often, and not lightly does my heart blossom. I cannot remember that it has blossomed but once, and that years ago. And however splendid may have been the promise of its opening blossom, I fear, from want of sunlight and free air, it must have woefully shrunk and faded, even if it has not been quite shattered by the wintry blast. But now it stirs again, and my love is bursting the bud, and is shooting up in lyric flashes, in eternal dithyrambs and in fulness of song.

But if the love is too lofty for thee, maiden, set thyself at ease, mount a wooden stand and look down on the blossoming of my heart.

It is yet morning; the sun has hardly run the half of his journey, and such rich odours emanate from my heart that I become giddy. I feel unable to tell where irony ends and where Heaven begins. I people the air with my sighs, and I feel like to dissolve into sweet atoms, into the uncreated supremity. What will it be when it is night, and when the golden stars shine in the blue heavens, "the luckless stars who can reveal to thee——"

It is the first of May, and to-day the dullest apprentice has a right to indulge in sentiment. Will you deny the same privilege to a poet?

# BY THE NORTH SEA.

## *PART I.*

1825–1826.

# FOREWORD TO "THE NORTH SEA."

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

JUST as the mountain scenery of the Hartz was a strange and unaccustomed thing in Heine's time to the dweller in the sandy German plains, so a visit to the sea was an event so unusual, so remarkable, that it could not be related without arousing wonderment at the marvels of the limitless ocean. To Heine, the seashore, and the boundless sky, came as a wondrous inspiration. All the old traditions of Julin, the buried city, and the folklore of the fishermen, captivated his receptive brain. All day long he would lie in an open boat or by the glistening strand, drinking in the mystic charms of the deep. The sea had its pearls; the heaven had its stars; but his heart had its love, which was brighter than stars or pearls. In the free and open expanse of ocean, and the sandy dunes, he found his visions taking shape. Not even the firwoods of the Hartz, and the songs of the little maiden who heard the humming zither, and watched the spinning wheel fly round, could surpass the charm of the water fairies, who beckoned to him and told him strange tales. The lordly and ringing tone of the opening ode, "Coronation," ending as it does with the poet's anticlimax of mockery and cynicism, is soon followed by a series of grand sea pictures, which will last as long as German literature abides. In the cool, calm depths Heine sees quaint and curious pictures, old world cities, grave senators with chains of gold, fair maidens, and Gothic towers; hears the cathedral chant, and the silvery melody of the soft Netherlandish chimes—and again comes the mocking laugh to destroy the witchery of the dream. The poet sees in the pallid, moonlit clouds,

scudding across the sky, the gods of Hellas. Alas! poor gods, their places have been taken by other and less joyous deities! Yet they have the sympathy of the poet, who bemoans their lot and heroically expresses his compassion. The sweet song of "The Phœnix" and its echo; the misery of sea-sickness; the joy and revelry when the harbour is reached, and a delirious dream of golden Rhenish wine in the Raths-keller at Bremen—all these are weird, marvellously coloured impressions, interspersed with political allusions and with cynicism (like all Heine's work), and they form one of the grandest and most fascinating of the brilliant series of Reise-bilder. The fine, irregular, unrhymed verse has been preserved in this translation, and, as far as possible, the exact spirit of the original is also given. The solemn grandeur, the pathos, the echoes of the poet's own soul—all, and more, are expressed in Heine's "Nordsee." The "Nordsee" has been included in this work because it is, not only in fact but in name, a Picture of Travel—and one of the most curiously wonderful travel pictures ever painted, even by the consummate genius of Heine.—R. D. G.

# THE NORTH SEA.

## I

### CORONATION.

Ye songs, my well-loved songs!
Arise and take your armour!
Let the loud trumpet ring,
And raise upon my shield
This Maiden fair,
That over my whole heart
Henceforth shall reign as Queen.

Hail to thee, young Queen!
From out the sun above
I'll pluck the shining ruddy gold,
And weave a glorious diadem
For thy most beauteous head.
From the flutt'ring azure veil of heaven,
Where the diamonds nightly shine,
Will I cut a costly garment,
For a Coronation mantle
And thy Queenly robe.

In high state I'll lay before thee
Sonnets prim with courtly state,
Haughty terzines, lordly stanzas;
On thee shall my Wit attend,
And my Phantasy as Jester,
The tearful, smiling shield as Herald,
And my Humour shall obey thee.
But myself, my beauteous Queen,
I am kneeling down before thee,
Offering thee, on purple velvet,
In my most devoted homage,
All the sense
Which in mercy has been left me
By thy predecessor fair.

## 2

## EVENING TWILIGHT.

By the pale sea-coast
Sat I, lonely and weary at heart.
Lower and lower sank the sun, and threw
Glowing red streaks over the water.
And the white wide waves,
Borne in by the tide,
Foamed and hissed nearer and nearer—
A wondrous song, with sighing and piping,
Laughing and murmuring, rolling, rushing;
Now comes the sound of a homely old song,
A legend or lullaby long since forgotten,

Primeval, beloved tradition,
Which once as a boy
I heard from my playmates,
In the sweet summer evenings,
By the house where we played
And cosily gathered,
Our little hearts listening,
Great eyes full of wonder,
While the older maidens
Sat tending their flowers
At the windows around us;
Soft rosy faces
Laughing and moonlit.

3

## SUNSET.

The glowing red sun sinks
Down on the wide and shivering
Silver-grey world-ocean.
Airy pictures rosily follow him,
After him roll, eastward uprising,
Out of the glimmering autumnal clouds,
Sorrowful, death-like images.
Now comes forth from the moon,
And behind her the twinkling
Stars, shimmering in mist.

Once there glowed in heaven,
Fondly united,

Luna, the goddess, and Sol, the god,
And in soft brightness thronged all around them
The stars their sweet innocent children.
But spiteful tongues brought discord
And in anger they parted,
That lofty radiant pair.

Now in the daytime, in majesty lonely,
Wanders the sun-god in heavens so high,
His might and his glory,
Famed in worship and song,
By proud dissolute men.
But in the night,
Luna floats in heaven, the poor mother,
With her comfortless star children,
Living in silent melancholy,
While loving maidens and gentle poets
Pay her their tribute of tears and song.

Womanly minded, hapless Luna
Loves for ever her beautiful spouse.
As evening approaches, pale and trembling,
She gently peeps forth from the shadows around,
Sorrowfully looks at her lost one
And says, in her grief, to him "Come!"
"Come! the children are longing to see thee."
But the disdainful sun-god
At the sight of his lover
Glows purple, and more purple still

In anger and sorrow,
And relentlessly hastens
To sink to his cold watery bed.

* * * * *

Evil, slandering tongues
Thus brought misfortune and sorrow
To the eternal gods.
And the poor gods, up yonder in heaven,
Unhappily wander
On their weary and endless ways.
And death cannot touch them,
So they carry with them
Their shining desolation.

But I, a mortal,
Lowly planted, and blessed by death,
I sorrow no longer.

---

4

## NIGHT BY THE SEASHORE.

Starless and cold is the night,
The great ocean foams,
And over the sea, stretching flat and far-reaching,
Lies the misshapen north wind,
With weird and mysterious whispering voice.
The garrulous grumbler is now in good humour;

Quaint are the tales that he tells to the wavēs,
Many an ancient forgotten tradition,
Stories of giants, and rollicking murders,
Primeval Sagen of Norway,
And all the time wildly,
Laughs he, and howls he,
The mystical lore of the songs of the Edda,
And Runic proverbs
Of dark deeds and the might of magic.
Then the white sea children
Spring up high and exultant,
Excitedly joyful.

Meanwhile, on the flat shore,
Over the flood-moistened sand,
Walks a stranger, whose heart is tempestuous.
There as he goes, sparks seem to fly
And sea-shells are crackling,
As he covers himself in his grey mantle,
And quickly paces through the windy night,
Safely guided by yon little light
That lovingly shines and beckons
From the lone fisher's cot.

Father and brother are on the sea,
And all alone she stays
In the cot, the fisher's daughter,
The wondrous lovely fisher's daughter.
By the hearth she sits,
And hears the kettle singing

With its gentle homely humming;
In the red fire cracks the brushwood.
And still it blows,
So that the ruddy, flickering lights
Shine with magic sweetness
On her blooming features,
On her white and tender shoulder,
Which, as she softly moves,
Peeps from her coarse grey frock,
And on her little nervous hand
As it firmer binds her skirt
Around her waist.
Then swiftly the door springs open,
And in comes a knightly stranger;
Lovingly his eye reposes,
On the white and slender maiden,
Who trembling before him stands,
Like a gentle startled lily.
He throws his mantle to the ground,
And laughs and says:—

"Seest thou, my child, I keep my word,
I come, and with me comes
The old time when the gods from heaven
Came to love the daughters of men;
And the daughters of men embraced them,
And of their progeny were
Sceptre-bearing lines of monarchs,
And heroes, through the earth renowned.
My child, no longer let

My godhead cause thee wonder,
I pray thee, give me tea with rum,
For cold is the night,
And in such bitter winds
Freeze even we eternal gods,
And easily catch most god-like colds
And coughs that prove immortal.

---

5

## POSEIDON.

The sunshine is playing
Over the vast rolling sea;
Far out in the offing
Glitters the ship,
Which shall take me home.
But a fair wind is needed,
And I sit calmly down
On the white dunes,
By the lonely strand,
Reading the song of Odysseus,
That old, but ever young song,
From out whose ocean-shaken leaves,
Joyfully rises to meet me,
The breath of the gods,
And the sweet golden age of the world—
The blessed heaven of Hellas.

My faithful heart had followed Laertes' son
In weary wanderings,

I strayed with him, with troubled soul,
By friendly hearths,
Where Queens were spinning purple silk
And helped him to hide and haply escape
From the caverns of giants,
And the white arms of nymphs,
Followed him down to Cimmerian night,
And in storm and shipwreck
Shared with him unutterable sorrow.

Sighing, spoke I, "Thou wicked Poseidon,
Thine anger is fearful,
And I myself fear
I shall never return."

Hardly spoke I these words
When up foamed the sea,
And out of the white waves rose,
The weed-covered head of the sea-god
And stormfully cried he:—

"Fear not little poet,
I will never endanger
Thy poor little ship;
Thy dear life shall not be troubled
With any critical tossing.
For thou, little poet,
Hast never hurt me,
Thou hast not a single tower injured,
In Priam's holy fortress,

No single hair hast thou singed,
In the eye of my son Polyphemus,
And thou hast never been protected
By the goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athene."

Thus cried Poseidon,
And returned to the sea;
And at the gross seaman's wit
Laughed, under the water,
Amphitrite, the plump fish-wife,
And the silly daughters of Nereus.

---

6

## DECLARATION.

Onward, onward came the evening,
Wilder tossed the flood,
As I sat on the strand and watched
The snowy dance of billows.

My bosom swelled like heaving waves
And a longing for home came o'er me—
A deep longing for thee, whose picture
Is everywhere before me,
And everywhere, everywhere,
I hear thy voice calling—
In the sobbing of the wind, and the sighing of the sea—
And in the sighing within my own heart.

With a slender reed I wrote on the sand—
"Agnes, I love thee!"
But the wicked waves overwhelmed it,
In sweet, rushing, confusion,
Blotting it out.

Reeds that are fragile, sands so unstaple,
Waves ever restless, I'll trust thee no more!
The heavens grow darker; my heart it is wilder;
With resistless hand, from Norway's far forests
The highest fir tree I'll pluck.
And dipping it deep
In the burning depths of Mount Etna,
I'll write with a glowing, giant, fire-imbued pen
On the black veil of heaven—
"Agnes, I love thee!"

Then every night shall be seen
The flaming, exulting words eternal,
And from generation to generation
These heavenly words shall be read:
"Agnes, I love thee!"

---

## 7

## NIGHT IN THE CABIN.

The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars,
But my heart, my heart,
My heart, hath its Love.

Great are the sea and heavens,
But greater is my heart.
And fairer than pearls or stars
Shineth and gloweth my Love.

Thou little youthful maiden,
Come to my great heart;
My heart and the sea and the heavens
For Love are dying.

* * * * *

On the bright blue veil of heaven
Where the wondrous stars are twinkling,
Would that I my lips were pressing,
Pressing wildly, weeping madly.

Yonder stars are love-like glances,
From my sweetheart's eyes; now changing,
Shimmering with a thousand glances
From the bright blue veil of heaven.

Toward the bright blue veil of heaven,
Toward the eyes of my beloved,
Lift I up my arms in worship
And repeat this little prayer:

"Beauteous eyes, so full of mercy!
Shed thy light upon my soul,
Be my guide from earth to heaven,
With thy love for my reward."

* * * *

From those eyes of heavenly blue
Falling sparks and lights are glistening.
Through the night, and through my soul
Burn and glitter they like fire.

O, ye beauteous eyes of heaven,
Search ye through my inmost soul.
Let the glowing streams of love-light
With my weary spirits mingle.

* * * * *

Rocking in the ocean's billows
And with dreamy thoughts and visions,
Silent lie I in the cabin,
In the dark and dreary bed.

Through the open airy portholes
See I all the stars so radiant,
Those dear eyes, so well-beloved,
Of my sweetest little girl.

Those dear eyes, so well-beloved,
Watch and ward o'er me are keeping,
And they shine, and sweetly twinkle
In the deep blue vault of heaven.

On the deep blue vault of heaven
Long I gaze in silent rapture,
'Till a white and magic curtain
Hides from me the mystic deeps.

* * * * *

By the taffrail of the ship,
Where my dreaming head is lying,
Roar the waves, the furious waves;
They rush and they murmur
And whispering say:—
"Foolish young fellow!
Thy arm is short and heaven is wide,
Firmly are the stars fixed there,
With golden nails.
Vain is thy sighing, hopeless thy yearning,
The best thing for you is to lie down and sleep."

* * * * *

I dreamt I laid upon a boundless heath,
And over all was spread the still, white snow;
Beneath the white snow was I deeply buried,
And slept the cold and lonely sleep of death!

Then gazed upon me from the darkling heavens,
Those starry eyes, with pity on my grave;
Those gentle eyes! And softly, sadly gleaming
In calm repose, but everlasting love!

---

8

## STORM.

The storm is raging,
And chasing the billows

Which rise up and fall, fierce-foaming and roaring,
Rushing with life, snowy and frothy,
With crests like the mountains.
The small barque climbs o'er them
With infinite labour.
And down to the black yawning gulf
Plunges and hides.

O! Ocean!
Mother of Beauty, rising from foam,
Grandmother of Love—show me mercy.
Already flutters the corpse-hunting sea-bird
With snowy white wings,
Tapping the mast with his wet beak,
Eagerly waiting for the heart of thy daughter,
With whom that young rogue thy grandson
Frolicked and played.

Vain are my prayers and entreaties!
Vainly they vanish in the wild, tossing storm,
And the winds' shrill war-cry.
It blows and pipes, and rushes and howls,
Like a Bedlam of noises!
Meanwhile I fancy I hear
The sweet strains of a harp—
Wild and yearning songs—
Heart-rending and spirit-melting,
And well I know the voice!

Far, far away on the wild rocks of Scotia,
Where stands the old, grey Castle
Watching over the rolling sea—
There, at the lofty Castle window
Sits a lovely, weakly woman,
Pale as marble, thin, transparent,
And she plays the harp and sings.
Through her hair the wild winds wanton,
Bearing on their wings her song
O'er the wide and storm-tossed sea!

---

9

## CALM SEA.

The sea is calm! The radiant beams
From the sun shine o'er the water,
And the green ship traces
Long furrows in its heaving jewels.

By the steersman lies the boatman
On his stomach, softly snoring,
By the mast, the sails repairing
Sits the tarry cabin-boy.

And behind his cheeks so dirty
Turns he red. A softly quivering
Smile plays round his mouth, and sadly
Gleam his great and lustrous eyes.

For the Captain stands before him,
Swears, and raves, and calls him "thief."

"Thief, a herring you have taken
From the barrel in the hold!"

The sea is calm! From out the waters
Leaps like light a little fish,
Warms his head in merry sunshine
Plashing softly with his tail.

Then the sea-gull, high in heavens
On the little fish swoops down,
Holds his sudden prize so firmly
In his bill and flies away.

---

10

## THE SEA VISION.

But as I lay down on the deck of the ship
And gazed, with distant, dreamy eyes,
Upon the glassy sheet of water,
And gazed yet deeper and deeper—
Till, deep in the depths of the Ocean
At first like a glimmering cloud,
Then clearer and clearer, with colours less misty,
Church towers, and domes met my gaze.
And at length, clear as day, a whole city,
Antique, Netherlandish,
And full of life.
Grave and reverend men, with long dark mantles,

Snowy frills and chains of honour,
Crowd into the Market Place
And upon the Rathhaus stairway
Where the Kaisers' graven statues
With sword and sceptre watch and ward.
See the long, broad rows of houses,
Where the shining glassy windows
Glitter in between the lindens!
Silken, rustling maids are wandering,
Golden chains round slender bodies;
Quaint old black and velvet bonnets
Covering their heads so fair—
See, their golden locks escaping—
Cavaliers in Spanish costumes
Proudly wander to and fro.
Ancient women
In their brown and weird old garments,
Psalmbook and Rosary in hand,
Hasten with hurrying step
To the great Cathedral—
Called by the clanging bells
And by the swelling organ's tones.

The soft and solemn distant sound
Fills me with deep and mystic awe,
Endless yearning, fruitless longing,
Fill my overburdened heart.
My heart has wounds that still are open;
Now it seems as though soft kisses
Cause the blood again to flow

With warm and ruddy drops.
Slowly, slowly, falling downwards
On an ancient house below,
In yon buried Ocean City,
On an antique house, high-gabled,
Where, in listless melancholy,
At the casement of the window
Sits a Maiden.
On her arm her head is resting,
And like some forgotten child—
Ah! I know thee, child forlorn!

Thus far down below the waters
Art thou hidden from my view,
With childish whim.
And thou canst not return,
But dwellest with strange people
For five hundred years.
Meanwhile I, with sorrowful soul,
Sought thee over the whole earth,
And ever sought thee,
Thou ever-loved one,
Thou long-lost one,
Again I find thee and behold thee—
Thy face so sweet,
Thy true and faithful eyes
Thy loving laugh—
And never, never will I leave thee,
But downward hasten to thee—

To thy wide-spreading arms
And throw myself upon thy heart—

But just in time the Captain seized me,
Roughly by the foot he held me,
Pulled me from the vessel's side—
Crying, as he mocked my laughter:
"Doctor, go you to the Devil?"

---

## 11

## PURIFICATION.

Remain thou in thy ocean depths,
Delirious dream,
That hast so many troubled nights
Tormented with false joy my heart.
And now an ocean spectre
In the daylight threat'nest thou me—
Remain down there eternally,
All my sins and all my sorrows
I will throw down there to thee.
And the cap of crownéd folly
That so long has covered me,
And the cold and glistening serpent
Of Hypocrisy,
Which so long my soul hath bound.
That sickly soul,
That God-denying, angel-denying,
Unhappy soul—

Hoho! hoho! The blustering breezes
Rush relentlessly over the calm,
Hasten the ship,
And my rescued soul rejoices.

---

12

## PEACE.

High in heaven stands the Sun,
Midst the snowy cloud-like billows.
The sea is still,
And leaning by the good ship's bulwarks,
Half in dreams, and half in waking,
Half in slumber saw I Christ,
The Saviour of the world!
And in robes of snowy whiteness
Wanders He in giant stature
Over land and over sea;
With His head He touched the Heavens,
And His hands in benediction
Stretched He out o'er land and sea.
As a heart within His breast
He bore the Sun,
The red and flaming Sun;
And that ruddy, glowing Heart
Sheds its blessed beams of mercy
And its loved and holy light
Warming and illuminating—
Over land and over sea.

Solemn bells were sweetly drawing
Here and there like silvery swans
By rosy bands the gliding ship,
Toward the green and beckoning shore,
Where men dwell, in towers and turrets
And the houses of the town.

Blessed Peace! how still the city,
Sweet repose and muffled sound;
Where the busy wharves and markets,
Thronged with men, once hummed and roared,
Now green palms they meekly carry,
Dressed in white, and when they meet
Glances pass of understanding,
Trembling love and self-repression,
Kiss each other on the forehead,
Gazing upward to the sky,
At the Saviour's sunny heart,
Joyful, shedding blood, redeeming,
Ruddy, glowing drops of love.
And thrice happy, thus speak they—
"Praise be unto Jesus Christ!"

If thou could'st have dreamed this vision
What would'st thou not give therefor,
Oh, my best loved one?
In thy head and limbs are weakness,
But thy Faith is strong as steel.
The Trinity thou lovest as one
In Unity, and each day kisseth
The cross, and thy patron's gentle hand.

Upward thy path hast thou trodden
As Councillor, Magistrate, Judge,
And at last as nobleman livest thou
In the pious canting City,
Where sand and faith both greatly flourish
By the holy waters of the sacred Spree.
There souls are washed and tea diluted—
If thou could'st have dreamed this vision,
Oh, my best loved one!
Thou had'st borne it on high to the Market,
Pallid and watchful thy face,
And Her Royal Highness,
Seeking and blissfully worn,
Would sink on her knees in prayer,
And her eyes, happy and shining,
Would promise by way of reward
A hundred thousand Prussian thalers—
And thou, with folded hands would'st stammer
"Praise be to Jesus Christ!"

## *PART II.*

### 1

### A SEA GREETING.

Thalatta! Thalatta!
All hail to thee thou sea eternal!
Hail to thee ten thousand times
From hearts all joyful—
As long ago did hail thee
Ten thousand Grecian hearts,
Fate contending, home-aspiring,
World-renownéd Grecian hearts.

The billows are heaving,
They heave and they bluster,
The sun shines upon them
With gay, rosy light.
The startled flocks of many sea birds
Flutter, screaming, o'er the foam.
Sea horses stamp, with shining armour,
And triumphantly we hear the war-cry:
"Thalatta! Thalatta!"

Hail to thee eternal Ocean,
Like voices of home thy waters are rushing,

Like dreams of childhood see I gleaming
All thy vast expanse of billows.
Old times come again before me—
All the loved and charming playthings,
All the glittering Christmas presents
Ruddy necklaces of coral,
Goldfish, pearls, and shining shells,
Drawn from thy mysterious storehouse
Far down in your azure deeps.

Oh! have I in far lands languished!
Like a faded, with'ring flower
In the botanist's collection,
Lies my heart within my breast.
In the lonesome winter evenings
Sat I sick, in darkened chamber—
Now I come into the light.
And my sight is charmed and dazzled
With the sunny, emerald springtime,
And the blossoms rustling round me
Gaze at me with ardent eyes,
In the blue heavens sweet birds are singing,
And humming, and breathing, with soft rippling laugh—
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Thou bold retiring heart!
How oft, how oft, wast thou
Pursued by Northern fair barbarians!
From their large, victorious eyes

Shot their burning arrows;
With words so strange yet clear
My breast they seemed to pierce,
And with strange Runic words they tried
To paralyse my brain—
In vain my shield was held to save me,
The arrows flew, the blows crashed in,
And so the Northern fair barbarians
Drove me back into the sea.
With sweet, free breath I hailed the sea,
The loved and rolling ocean,
Thalatta! Thalatta!

---

2

## THUNDERSTORM.

Heavily broods the dark storm on the Ocean,
And through the thick black clouds
Shoots a fiery streak of lightning,
Suddenly gleaming, and gone in a moment
Like a swift thought out of Kronion's head.
Over the wide, endless waste of waters
Solemnly rumbles the Thunder,
And the white sea-horses are leaping,
The Sons of Boreas himself,
And of the mares of Erichton.
Mournfully flutter the seagulls
Like the shadowy bodies from Styx
Refused the conveyance of Charon.

Poor, merry little ship,
Yonder dances strangest dances.
Æolus sends his brisk attendants,
There they play with wildest floric;
One is piping, one is blowing,
One the brass drum's loudly beating,
The steersman staggers to the rudder,
The vessel's trembling, guiding spirit;
Raises up his hands to heaven,
"Save me Castor, mighty hero;
Polydeuces, mighty boxer!"

---

3

## THE SHIPWRECK.

Hope and love! All are abandoned,
I myself am like a corpse
Washed up on the rolling waters,
Lying on the strand,
The cold and barren strand.
Before me watery mists are heaving,
Overhead I see the clouds,
Grey and formless misty daughters
Drawing from the vasty deep,
Ever drawing, drawing water,
Then into the sea they spill it—
Profitless and weary work.
Useless as is mine own life:

Murm'ring billows, mewing seagulls,
Ancient memories revive;
Dreams forgotten, faded pictures,
Come, at magic touch, to light.

In the North there dwells a woman—
Beauteous woman, queenly fair,
Like a slender tree of cypress
With a soft white robe embraced.
Her darkling tresses
Like the solemn night
From her proud head are trailing
In ringlets, so dreamily sweet,
Over her pale, calm face.
Large and beauteous gleams her eye
Like a black and radiant sun.

Oh! thou burning sun, how often,
Enchantingly I drank thy rays,
Wild flames of inspiration,
And stood and reeled, half drunk with fire,
Saw thy dove-like hovering smile
Round thy proud and curling lips;
Heard thy words like gentle moonbeams
Tender as the rose's fragrance—
Then my soul to heaven ascended
Like an eagle, swift in flight!

Softly, all ye waves and sea-mews!
All is over, joy and hope,

Hope and love. And here I'm lying,
Lone, forlorn, a shipwrecked man,
And press my glowing cheek down deeply
In the yellow, humid sand.

---

4

## SUNSET.

The beauteous Sun
Has calmly descended into the Sea;
The rolling waters are tinged with red
And darker grows with approaching night.
The ruddy glow of sunset gold
Spreads o'er the boundless wastes.
And the rushing of the rising tide,
Drives to the shore the snowy clouds
Merrily skipping o'er the sky,
Like white and woolly lambs
Which the jodelling shepherd boy
Homeward drives.

"How glorious is the Sun!"
So said my friend, after long silence,
Who with me wandered along the strand,
And half in fun and half in earnest
Told me the glorious sun was
A beauteous woman, whom the old sea-god
Had for convenience married;
All day long in peace she wanders

Through the skies, all clothed in splendour
And glittering with jewels—
All admired, and all beloved
By all the sons of men.
And all the sons of men rejoice
In her delicious light and warmth;
But in the evening, home returning
Mournfully and dimmed with sorrow,
To the damp house of her grey-haired
Open-armed spouse.

"Believe me," said my friend,
With laughter, and sighing, and more laughter;
"They are dwelling together in love and in joy!
Either they're sleeping, or merrily quarrelling,
So that the ocean up here is roaring,
And the fisherman hears 'mid the song of the waves
The old man abusing his wife;
'Measureless flirt of the universe,
Shining and glowing one—
All day long thou glowest for others
At night, for me, thou art frosty and weary.'"

After this uxorious lecture,
Bursts in tears the glorious Sun
Thinking only of her misery,
Cries so loudly that the sea-god
Quickly from his ocean bed springs,
Swiftly floats up to the surface,
His breath and his senses to find.

In the night just passed I witnessed
Rising out of Ocean's bosom
The Sun, decked in a flannel jacket,
And a nightcap lily-white—
Face like parchment, dry and withered.

---

5

## THE SONG OF THE OCEANIDES.

Evening shades fall o'er the water,
Lonely, with his lonely soul,
Sits a man upon the strand,
Looks with death-like glance on high
Toward the wide and death-cold heavens,
Toward the wide, eternal sea.
Looks, and looks again, and groans.
Then return his glances sadly—
Fast locked is his weary heart
Wherein his thoughts would dwell—
Now he groans, and all the sea-birds,
Startled from their sandy nests,
Fly and flutter all around him—
Then he speaks these laughing words:

"Black-legged birds,
With white wings the sea covering,
Drinking the water with curious bills,
Eating the flesh of the blubbery seal.
Your life is bitter, and so is your food!

But I, so happy, taste only sweetness—
The sweet scent of the summer's rose,
The nightingale's sweet moon-light song:
I taste the sweetness of all sweet things,
Sweetly loved and sweetly loving.

"She loves me, she loves me, the beauteous maid!
Now stands she at home on the high balcony
And looks through the Twilight forth unto the World
And hears, and she sees, and her heart for me yearns.
In vain she sighs deeply, with soft melancholy,
And sighing descends to the wide, darkling garden
There in the moonlight; and visions she dreams,
Speaks to the flowers and tells them the story,
How I her beloved one, she loves me so well,
So worthy of love from an innocent maiden—
Then goes to her bed, and slumbers and dreams;
Before her so sweetly my picture she sees,
And then in the morning, while taking her breakfast,
Shining upon her bread and butter,
Sees she my light laughing smile—
And truly she feeds on her love."

Thus is he bragging and boasting,
While the seagulls are screaming and calling
With cold and ironical clucking.
The twilight mists begin to rise
Like violet clouds, and from their bosom
Peeps forth the grass-yellow moon.

High are roaring the billows of Ocean,
And from the fathomless depths of the Sea,
Mournful as winds that are whispering sorrow
Soundeth the Song of the Oceanides,
The wondrous lovely water-maidens,
And over all, the voice enchanted
Of the silver-footed wife of Peleus;
And they're sighing, and they're singing.

"O Fool, thou Fool, thou boasting Fool,
How thy woes and griefs torment thee!
Killed are all thy fondest hopes,
The tender children of thy heart—
And thy heart, like Niobe's,
Is turned by grief to stone.
In thy head it now is night—
And through it are flashing the lightnings of frenzy,
And thou boastest of sorrow.
O Fool, thou Fool, thou boasting Fool,
Stubborn art thou as thy Father,
The lofty Titan, who heavenly fire
From the gods stole and gave it to men.
And vulture-tormented, mountain-chained,
Defied Olympus, groaning loudly,
So that we in the depths of the sea did hear
And to him came with comforting song.
O Fool, thou Fool, thou boasting Fool!
More powerless art thou e'en than he.
Thou would'st do well to honour the gods,
And bear with patience the burden of sorrow;

Bear it though the time seems endless,
Till Atlas himself hath lost his patience,
And throws the world from off his shoulders
Into eternal night."

This was the song of the Oceanides,
The wondrous lovely water-maidens,
Till the loud billows drowned the song—
Then hid the moon behind the clouds,
And yawned the night.—
Long in the darkness sat I weeping.

---

6

## THE GODS OF GREECE.

Oh bright, shining Moon!
Thy golden light illumes the sea;
Like daylight clear, to twilight charmed,
Lies on the wide face of the Strand:
In the clear, blue, starless heavens
Float the snowy clouds—
Colossal, god-like pictures
Of glowing marble.

No, no, it cannot be the clouds!
It is themselves, the gods of Greece,
Who once so joyously reigned on earth,
But now, rejected and subdued,
Like monstrous spectres wander o'er
The midnight skies!

Dazzled I wandered along as though blinded, and thought:
"'Tis the heavenly Pantheon;
Those solemnly silent, fearfully moving
Figures gigantic!
Yonder is Kronion, King of the Heavens,
White as the snows are the locks of his head;
Locks that have shaken the gods on Olympus;
The lightnings he holds in his hands are extinguished;
On his face are the furrows of sorrow and grief,
Yet his pride in his glory so ancient still shines.
Those truly were happier days, O Zeus,
When most divinely thy pleasure thou tookest
With youths and with maidens in vast hecatombs!
But even the gods do not reign for ever,
The older are pressed on by those who are young,
As thou once did'st press on thy grey-headed father,
As well as all thy uncles Titanic,
Jupiter, thou Parricide!

"Proud Juno! There also I see thee.
In spite of thy jealous anxiety
Thy sceptre hath passed to another.
No longer art thou the Queen of the Heavens,
And thy great eyes are fixed,
Powerless thy lily arms,

Nevermore thine anger can reach
The God-wedded Virgin,
And the wonder-working Son of God.
Thou also do I see, O Pallas Athene!
Thy shield and thy wisdom no longer
Can avert the defeat of the gods?
Thee also, I see, Aphrodite,
Once of gold, but now of silver!
The charms of thy girdle still adorn thee,
I secretly tremble at thoughts of thy beauty,
Would that I might be happy thy love to possess,
Though, like other heroes, of fear should I die.
A shining corpse-goddess art thou to me,
Venus Libitina!

"No longer with love looks towards thee
Yonder terrible Ares.
How sorrowful looks Phœbus Apollo,
The youngster. His lyre is now still,
That sounded so gaily at feasts of the gods.
More sorrowful still is Hephæstus,
And truly, the lame one, no longer
Fills he the office of Hebe,
And busily pours to the heavenly gathering
Libations of Nectar. And long has been hushed
The irrepressible laughter of the gods.

"I have never been able to love you, ye gods,
The Greeks have always been odious to me,

And even the Romans I hate;
Yet holy compassion and shuddering pity
Stream through my heart
When I behold you now on high,
Ye gods in Exile,
Dead, night-wandering shadows,
Misty shadows, chased by the wind.
But when I think, how weak and faint-hearted
Are those other gods who o'ercame you—
The new, mournful, reigning gods,
Clad spitefully in sheepskin of meekness,—
Then over me steals a gloomy resentment,
And I would break down their modern Temples,
And fight for you, ye ancient gods!
For you, and your good ambrosial rights,
And before your high altars—
Restored, with sacrifices steaming,
Oh might I kneel down and pray,
And raise my suppliant arms towards you—

"For evermore, ye ancient gods,
Have ye in the combats of Men
Taken the part of the Conquerors.
Therefore are mortals more generous than ye are.
For in the combats of gods
Have I taken the part of the conquered."

Thus spoke I, and watched them visibly redden,

Yonder pale cloud figures;
And gaze on me like dying ones,
Illumined by sorrow—and suddenly vanish;
As the Moon was hidden
Behind the clouds that darkly rolled onward;
High foamed up the sea,
And triumphantly shone in the dark Heavens
The eternal stars.

---

7

## QUESTIONS.

By the sea, the dreary, night-like sea,
Stood a young man,
His breast was sad, his head with doubts was filled,
And with sad lips he asked the waves:—
"Oh tell me the riddle of Life,
That troublous primeval riddle,
Over which the heads of men long have pondered,
Heads in caps of hieroglyphics,
Heads in turbans and black bonnets,
Heads with perukes—a thousand others,
Poor, perspiring heads of mortals—
Tell me, what is the meaning of Man?
Whence comes he? Whither goes he?
Who lives above with yonder golden stars?"
The billows murmur their murmur eternal,
The wind is blowing, the clouds are flying,

The stars are twinkling, careless, and cold,
And a Fool is awaiting his answer!

---

8

## THE PHŒNIX.

A bird has flown from out the West,
Towards the East it flies,
Towards that eastern garden-home,
Where fragrant spices ever grow,
Where palm trees wave, and cooling springs
Flow.—There this strange bird sings:
" She loves him, she loves him!
On her heart his picture she wears,
And carries it, sweetly and softly enfolded,
And knows it not herself!
But in her dreams he stands before her;
She prays, and weeps, and kisses his hands,
And whispers his name,
And whisp'ring awakes, and lies there half frightened,
And rubs in amazement her beauteous eyes;
She loves him, she loves him!"

* * * * *

Against the mast reclining, upon the lofty deck
Stand I and hear the strange bird's song.
Like dark-green steeds with silvery manes
Spring the white and rolling billows.

Like white swans, the ships sail past us,
With shining sails, to Heligoland.
Bold nomads of the Northern Sea!
O'erhead in the eternal blue
The white clouds flow,
And the everlasting sun sparkles,
The Rose of Heaven, the fiery blooming one,
So joyfully mirrored in the sea:—
And heaven and ocean and my own heart
In echo are calling:
"She loves him! She loves him!"

---

9

## SEASICKNESS.

The dusky clouds of afternoon
Are sinking deeper o'er the sea,
Which darkly seems to rise and meet them—
And between them sails the ship.

Seasick, I sit beside the mast,
And make remarks upon myself—
Primeval, ashen grey remarks,
Which Father Lot of old did make,
When he had quaffed too much good wine,
And found himself in strange condition.
And then I think of olden legends,
How cross-marked pilgrims years ago
On stormy voyages the comforting likeness

Of the blessed Virgin kissed with faith;
How seasick knights, in gloom desponding,
The cherished glove of their fair lady
Pressed to their lips, and soon were soothed—

But I sit here, and chew vexatiously
An ancient herring, the salty comforter
After hard drinking or indigestion.

Meanwhile, hard the ship is fighting
With the wild and heaving flood;
Like a rearing war-horse, still she stands
On hinder parts; the rudder cracks,
Now down again headlong she plunges
Into the howling watery depths;
And again, as though recklessly love-faint,
Thinks she to lie herself down
On the black bosom of the giant billow,
Which mightily onward roars,
And suddenly, a desolate ocean waterfall
In snowy whirlpools roars and rushes
And covers me with foam.

All this swaying and tossing and rolling
Is intolerable!
In vain my eye looks out and seeks for
The German coast. Alas! eternal water,
And evermore water, fast-flowing water!

As longs the winter-wanderer at evening time
For a warm and cosy cup of tea,
So ever longs my heart for thee,

My German Fatherland!
May thy sweet soil be covered ever
With whimsies, hussars, and shocking verses
And thin and watery treatises;
For ever may thy zebras
Feed upon roses instead of on thistles;
May evermore thy noble monkeys
In idleness themselves adorn,
And think they're better than all other
Despised and heavy, lumbering cattle;
May evermore thy snail-assemblies
Believe themselves to be immortal,
Because they crawl along so slowly,
And may they daily collect opinions—
Whether the cheese or the cheese-mite was first;
And hold their endless disputations,
How Egyptian sheep to improve,
So that their wool may better be,
And the shepherd may shear them like the others,
Without distinction—
For evermore may Wrong and Folly
Quite cover thee, O Germany!
But still am I longing for thee:
For at least shall I be on firm land.

---

## 10

## IN THE HAVEN.

Happy the man who arrives in the haven,
Leaving behind him the storm and the sea,

And now sits so warmly and snugly
In the good Rathskeller at Bremen.

How truly and fondly the world is depicted
In the mirror-like Römer beaker;
How the moving microcosm
Sunnily flows to the thirsty heart!
All is visible in the glass;
All the old and the new Folk-stories,
Turks and Greeks, Hegel and Gans,
Citron forests and Watch Parades,
Berlin, and Schild, and Tunis, and Hamburg,
But best of all my loved one's picture,
That Angel head, glorious on Rhine wine gold ground.

Oh how fair, how fair art thou, sweetheart!
Thou art a sweet rose!
Not like the rose of Schiras,
The nightingale's bride, of whom Hafiz has sung;
Nor like the rose of Sharon,
That holy red rose by prophets adored:—
Thou art like the rose in the Bremen Rathskeller,
And that is the rose of all roses;
The older it grows, the fairer it blooms,
And its heavenly fragrance hath filled me with joy,

It hath inspired me, and kindled my soul;
And had not the Rathskeller Master of Bremen
Held me by the head
I should surely have fallen!

The worthy man! We sat together
And drank like brothers;
We spoke of high and wondrous things,
We sighed, and in each other's arms
We sank. To Love's religion I was converted,
And drank to the health of my bitterest foes,
And every wretched poet pardoned,
As I myself would hope for pardon;
I wept with emotion, and lastly,
The doors were opened and there I saw
The twelve apostles, the holy vats,
Silently preaching, yet well understood
By all the World.

What men are these!
Outwardly uncomprehended, in coats of wood,
Inwardly are they fairer and more shining
Than all the proud Levites of the Temple,
And Herod's soothsayers and courtiers;
Glittering with gold and clothed in purple.—
I have ever maintained
That not with the commonest people,
But in the finest of company
Lived always the King of the Heavens!

Hallelujah! How sweetly they fan me
The palm trees of Beth-El!
The fragrance of myrrhs from Hebron!
How rushes the Jordan and staggers with joy!—
So staggers my soul immortal,
And I also reel, and as I am reeling
I reel up the stairs, and into the daylight,
With the worthy Rathskeller Master of Bremen!

Oh, worthy Rathskeller Master of Bremen!
Seest thou, there on the roofs of the houses,
The Angels, all drunken and singing?
The glowing Sun in the Heavens
Is only a red and drink coloured nose,
The nose of the World-spirit;
And round the red World-spirit's nose
Reels the whole of the drunken old World!

## EPILOGUE.

As in the fields shoot up the wheat stalks,
So do the thoughts in the spirit of man
Grow up and expand.
But the gentle thoughts of true love
Are as the red and blue flowers,
Merrily blooming between.

Sweet red and blue flowers,
As useless the surly reaper reviles you;
Wooden flails angrily thresh you,
Even the needy wayfarer,
Whom your loveliness cheers and rejoices,
Shaketh his head
And calls you fair weeds.
But the village maiden,
Weaving her garlands,
Plucks you and loves you,
And decks you with her fair tresses,
And thus adorned she trips to the dance,
Where music is merrily sounding;
Or to the silent trysting place,
Where the voice of her lover
Far sweeter than harp or viol is whispering.

# BY THE NORTH SEA.

## *PART II.*

## NORDERNEY.

1826.

MOTTO: *Varnhagen von Ense's Biographische Denkmale.* Part I. pp. 1, 2.

Rumpf

# FOREWORD.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

NORDERNEY must be read in connection with the "Nordsee." Just as that grand and weird series of unrhymed verses depicts the impression made on the poet's mind by the vast, grey, expanse of rolling sea, and tells the tales which the wild waves told to him, so in "Norderney" he narrates the results of his critical, political, and literary meditations under the unwonted inspiration of the ocean. This book, like the Book of Ideas, was promptly prohibited in Germany, not only on account of the freedom of its criticisms on the Hanoverian aristocracy, but because, as in Book le Grand, it deified Napoleon Bonaparte in such an amazing and daring manner. It is unnecessary here to speak of this engrossing infatuation of Heine by Napoleon. While deploring the absence of a sense of proportion in the Emperor's critics, and while himself singing as a bard of freedom, Heine appears to be incapable of appreciating the great adventurer from any point of view save that of "glory." The problem will present itself to every reader, and perhaps the most rational explanation of it is that the Napoleonic scenes were associated with the happy days of Heine's youth, when his blood flowed quickly with stirring impulses, and when the sleepy mediævalism of Germany was undoubtedly rudely awakened by the advent of the victorious eagles from across the Rhine.

One word upon the Xenien—the uncouth couplets which conclude the book "Norderney." The idea is no doubt taken from the lashing verses written by Goethe and Schiller in collaboration, and, like them, they flog, with Hogarthian severity, many of the follies of the times. Some of the verses are almost untranslatable. All require some knowledge of the literary culture and phantasies of Heine's time to comprehend them. I have given them (in a weakened and ineffective form, I fear) in order that the work may go forth in its entirety.—R. D. G.

# NORDERNEY.

(WRITTEN ON THE ISLAND OF NORDERNEY.)

THE natives are mostly very poor, and live by fishing, which begins next month—October—when the weather is stormy. Many of the islanders also serve as sailors on foreign merchant ships, and remain away for years without sending any news to their families. Not seldom they meet with their death at sea. I have seen poor widows in the island who have lost all the men-folk of their families in this way; which is not remarkable, as father and sons often travel on the same ship.

Seafaring has a great attraction for these people; and yet, I believe, they are all happiest when at home. If on their voyages they reach southern lands, where the sun shines and the romantic moonlight silvers all, not all the sweet flowers in the bright home of spring can fill the place that remains in their hearts for their little huts on the sandy island, where, with their own kith and kin, they huddle together round the hearth, dressed in thick woollen clothes, and drinking a sort of tea which tastes like sea-water, while they watch the flickering flames, and talk in a language which it

seems impossible for anybody but themselves to understand.

What binds these people so closely together, and makes them so contented, is not so much the mystic sympathy of love as the force of custom, the natural unity of interests and pursuits [*das naturgemässe Ineinander-Hinürleben*], the immediate directness of their social relations. Their minds are all at about the same elevation; or rather, the same low level, therefore the same requirements and desires, the same modes of thought and experiences, induce a common understanding. They sit comfortably round the fire in their low-roofed huts, huddling together when the weather grows cold; they see by each other's eyes what each is thinking, and read on the lips the words before they are uttered; all the common relations of life are stored in their memories, and a single sound, a single look, a single dumb gesture, enables them to excite such laughter, tears, or religious fervour, as would require with us hours of exposition, expectoration, and declamation to produce. For our inner life is, at bottom, one of isolation; the particular education we have received, or the particular course of reading we have chosen, has given to each individual character special direction. Each of us wears a spiritual mask; thinks, feels, initiates after a manner of his own; and thus there is so much misunderstanding in the world that even in big houses it is hard to dwell together in unity;

there is nowhere sufficient room; everywhere we are strangers in a strange land.

This community of thoughts and sentiments which I found existing amongst these islanders has often prevailed amongst whole nations for whole generations. The Roman Catholic Church of the Middle Ages doubtless wished to establish such a condition among all the corporate bodies of Europe, and that was why it took upon itself the governance of all the relations of life, all the forces and phenomena of human nature—in short, the whole physical and moral man. Undoubtedly much peaceful happiness resulted from the action; life was warmed and deepened, and the arts flourished like flowers in a hothouse; those glorious blooms of Art which we still admire so greatly, and which, with all our haste for knowledge, we cannot emulate. But the spirit has its eternal rights, and will not be lulled to sleep by church bells, nor chained by dogmas. It has broken down its prison walls, and has cut the iron leading strings of Mother Church. In the joy of its liberation it flew over the whole earth, scaled the loftiest mountain peaks, shouted with exultation, revived again ancient doubts, looked into the wonders of the day, and counted the stars by night. We do not yet know the number of stars; the mysteries of the day are not yet solved; the old doubts still trouble our souls —and yet are we any happier than we were before? We know that we could hardly answer "Yes" for

the great mass of mankind; but we also know that happiness which is based on a lie is not true happiness, and that in those rare moments when we draw nearer to godliness we feel a higher spiritual sense, a deeper joy, than in the long years through which we vegetated with the dense faith of charcoal burners.

In any case, the lordship of the Church was a tyranny of the worst kind. Who could excuse the means employed to gain the end? Who could believe that the motives were sincere? Rome always aspired to domination, and when her legions fell, she sent her dogmas into the provinces. Like a giant spider sat Rome in the middle of the Latin world, to weave her endless web around it. Generations of people lived a peaceful life under her, believing that to be heaven which was really only the Roman web: only the high-aspiring spirit, who saw through the web, felt himself restrained and wretched, tried to break through, but was speedily caught by the crafty spinner, who sucked the blood out of his heart. Was not such blood too high a price for the visionary happiness of the stupid throng? The days of Spiritual serfdom are over; decrepit amid the broken pillars of her Coliseum sits the old Cross-spider, still spinning her old web, but it is weak and rotten, and she catches only butterflies and bats, but never more the golden eagles of the North.

In the midst of a frank and friendly dissertation

on the tendencies of the Roman Church, it is laughable to find myself catching the spirit of a zealous Protestant, who always puts the worst interpretation on her actions. These contradictory feelings, which I myself possess, are another illustration of the varying phases of thought of the present times. What we admired yesterday we hate to-day, and to-morrow we shall probably pass it by with a sneer of indifference. From one point of view everything is equally great and equally small, and I am reminded of the revolutions of thought which have passed over Europe by regarding the narrow world of these poor islanders. They, too, are standing on the margin of a new era, and their primitive simplicity is being undermined by the growing popularity of the island as a bathing resort. They daily observe, with eager curiosity, the strange ways of the visitors, which they cannot fit in with their old-fashioned habits. To stand by night outside the lighted windows of the Conversation House, and watch the behaviour of the ladies and gentlemen, the meaning glances, the hungry grimaces, the voluptuous dances, the luxurious banquets, the extravagant gambling, etc., all this cannot be without an evil effect on the people, unknown before, and which the money attracted by this bathing-place cannot compensate for. This money is not sufficient for the flood of new requirements, producing moral anarchy, excitement, sorrow and pain. When I was a boy, I always felt

an insatiable longing for delicious baked tarts which were carried past me, smelling fragrantly, when I knew they were not for me. The same longing filled me when, as a youth, I saw the beautiful ladies walking about, exposing so much of their charms. And now I think that these poor islanders, who are still in the stage of childhood, must often experience similar sensations, and that it would be an excellent thing if the proprietors of delicious tarts and ladies would be rather more careful. All these exposed delicacies, whereon the people can only feast their eyes, must greatly whet their appetites; and if the poor island women, when in an interesting condition, feel a morbid desire for sweets, and if their children resemble the visitors, the explanation is easy. I desire to explain that I suggest nothing wrong. The virtue of the island women is protected by their ugliness, and by a smell of fish which to me was abominable. They are also well taken care of by a person brought over from the mainland for the purpose; one who takes upon himself all the sins of the visitors, and thus protects the island women from every evil influence. This rule, however, does not work so well in a small island, as in the large seaside towns, where certain women are the lightning conductors and bulwarks by which the morals of the burghers' daughters are protected. I once saw in Hamburg a very big, stout woman, who seemed to fill half the Wandrahm; also a thin, meagre lightning conductor, by whose

means the Great Johannis Strasse was protected in the summer-time.

If any of the children of the islanders should happen to bear a close resemblance to the visitors, I would rather regard it as a psychological phenomenon, explicable by those mystically material rules which Goethe, in his "Elective Affinities," has illustrated so beautifully.

The number of puzzling problems in nature which can be explained by these rules is really astonishing. When, last year, I was driven by a storm at sea on to another East Frisian island, I saw in a boatman's cabin a poor engraving, entitled "*La Tentation du Vieillard*," which represented an old man interrupted in his studies by the appearance of a woman, emerging from a cloud half naked; and, wonderful to relate, the fisherman's daughter had the very same wanton pug-dog face as the woman in the picture. Another instance: in the house of a money-changer, whose wife attended to the business and was constantly engaged in carefully examining coins, I found that the children's faces bore a startling resemblance to the Monarchs of Europe, and when the family were all quarrelling together I could almost fancy that I was witnessing a Congress in miniature. Therefore the design upon coins cannot be a matter of indifference to politicians; for as people are so much in love with money, and so gaze at it so fondly, their children will often get the features of the sovereign that is stamped

on it, and the poor monarch will be suspected of being, in deed as in word, the father of his subjects. The Bourbons had good cause for melting down *Napoleons d'or;* they did not wish to see so many Napoleonic faces among their subjects. Prussia is farthest advanced in her mint politics, for they manage by a judicious admixture of copper to make their kings' cheeks assume a brazen blush with their new coinage of small change, and since that time Prussian children have a far more brazen appearance than before. It is a real pleasure to see their shining little silver-groschen faces.

While pointing to the moral corruption with which the islanders are threatened, I have not mentioned their spiritual bulwarks, the Pastor and the Church. The former is a strong man with a big head, who does not appear to have discovered either rationalism or mysticism, and his chief merit is that one of the most beautiful women in the world lodged at his house. What his church is like I cannot imagine, as I was never inside it. God knows I am a good Christian, and that I am often on the point of visiting his house, but by some fatal chance I am prevented from doing so—generally by some gossip who buttonholes me by the way—and even if I get as far as the gate of the Temple, I am sure to be seized with a fit of merriment which makes me feel quite unfit to enter therein. Only last Sunday something of this kind happened. I was standing by the church door when suddenly

a passage from Goethe's "Faust" came into my head—that part of it where Faust with Mephistopheles sees a cross, and says to him:

"Mephisto, why hurriest thou?
Why at the sight of the cross dost thou droop thy eyes?"

And then Mephistopheles answers:

"I know full well it is a foolish whim;
But such things are quite odious to my taste."

These verses, so far as I am aware, are not printed in any edition of Faust, but the late Hofrath Moritz reproduces them as part of Goethe's manuscript in his long-forgotten romance, "Philip Reiser," which contains the history of the author, or rather the history of some hundreds of thalers which the author did not possess, and for lack of which his whole life was a series of self-sacrifices and difficulties, although his desires and ambitions were very moderate, as, for example, a wish to visit Weimar and to become a servant under any conditions whatsoever to the poet who sang the Sorrows of Werther, so long as he could live near the man who, of all others, had made the strongest impression upon his mind.

How wonderful, that even then Goethe had aroused such enthusiasm, and yet it is only we of the third generation who have so grown in knowledge, that can fully comprehend his true greatness.

But this generation too has also brought forth men into whose hearts only foul water flows, and who would like to quell the fresh springs which flow in the hearts of others; men who are no longer capable of enjoyment, who libel life, and who would banish from the minds of others all the glory of the world by depicting it as a bait which the Evil One has set in order to tempt us; just as a cunning housewife leaves the sugar-basin exposed when she is going away, after counting the lumps, in order to test her maid's honesty. These men have gathered around them a most virtuous crowd, to whom they preach a crusade against the great heathen and his naked gods, in whose place they would set up their stupid, disguised devils.

Mummery is their highest ideal, and naked gods are fatal to them; a satyr finds reasons for wearing breeches and insists that Apollo shall do likewise. Men then call him a moral man: they do not know that the Clauren-smile of a disguised satyr is more offensive than the entire nudity of a Wolfgang Apollo, and that the age of breeches which took sixty ells of cloth is no more moral than the present time.

But will not the ladies be angry with me for saying "breeches" instead of "trousers"? Oh, the sensibility of the ladies! In the end only eunuchs will be permitted to write for them, and their spiritual advisers in the West will have to be as harmless as their body-servants in the East. Here

is a passage from Berthold's diary: "When we come to think of it, we are all naked under our clothes, said Dr. M. to a lady, who had been offended by a rather strong expression used by him."

The Hanoverian aristocracy are much offended with Goethe, and accuse him of disseminating irreligion, which may easily lead to wrong political views instead of winning back the people by the old Faith to their primitive simplicity and submission. I have recently heard a good deal of discussion as to whether Goethe was greater than Schiller, or vice versâ. Not long ago I stood behind the chair of a lady who showed a back-view worth at least sixty-four quarterings, and heard a brisk discussion on this theme between her and two Hanoverian nobles, the picture of whose ancestors is depicted on the Zodiac of Dendera. One of them, a long, mercurial youth who looked like a barometer, praised the virtue and purity of Schiller; while the other, who was also a lanky, upshooting young fellow, lisped some verses from the "Dignity of Women," sweetly smiling meanwhile like a donkey licking his lips with his head in a barrel of syrup. Both youths confirmed their opinions with the refrain: "He is really greater; he is truly greater; indeed, I pledge you my honour that he is greater." The lady was so good as to draw me into the æsthetic conversation, and asked: "Doctor, what do you think of Goethe?" But I crossed my arms over my breast, religiously bowed

my head, and replied: "*La illah ill Allah, wa Mohammed rasul Allah!*"

The lady had, unwittingly, asked me one of the shrewdest of questions. You cannot directly say to a man: "What do you think of heaven and earth? What are your opinions on man and mankind? Are you a reasonable being or a stupid devil?"

These delicate questions are, however, involved in the apparently simple inquiry: "What do you think of Goethe?" For, inasmuch as all Goethe's works lie open before our eyes, we can at once compare judgments pronounced on them by others, with our own, and then we have a certain standard whereby to measure all his thoughts and feelings, for, without knowing it, he has passed his own sentence. But as Goethe, being a whole world in himself, which all can behold, furnishes the best means of judging mankind, so we can best comprehend Goethe by his judgment on things which are known to all, and concerning which the greatest men have expressed their opinions. For such a criterion I would refer to Goethe's "Italian Journey," for all of us, either personally or by what we have heard from others, know something of Italy, and so cannot fail to see how every man views it with subjective eyes; it may be the prejudiced eyes of Archenholz, who sees only the worst side, or it may be the bright eyes of Corinne, who sees all so gloriously. But Goethe, with his clear Greek eyes,

sees everything, light and shade alike, never colouring his individual feelings, but paints the country and its people in the true form and image in which God made them.

This is a merit of Goethe's that will only hereafter be recognised, for we are all sickly persons, and dwell far too much in our tattered sentimentalities, which we have gathered from every country and age, to be able to see clearly how uniform and how plastic Goethe reveals himself in his works. He himself is as little aware of it. With naïve unconsciousness of his own power he is astonished when he hears himself described as an "objective thought," and, while furnishing us in his "Autobiography" with invaluable aid for a critical judgment on his works, he gives us no critical judgment, but only new facts, whereby we can judge him; which is natural, for no bird is able to fly higher than itself.

In addition to this power of plastic perception, feeling, and thinking, later times will discover much in Goethe of which we now have no adequate conception. The works of genius are absolutely immortal, but criticism is mutable and fickle; it expresses the passing opinion of the day, and is only of value for that day. If it is not in itself a work of art, as for example the work of Schlegel, it goes down to its grave along with the age to which it appertains. Every age, when it gets new ideas, sees them with fresh eyes, and sees much that is new in the ancient works of genius. A Schubrath

now sees in the Iliad something more, and something different, than all the Alexandrines did, and the critics of the future will arise and discover more in Schubrath than in Goethe.

So after all I have been gossiping about Goethe! Yet such digressions are very natural when one is on an island like this, and the roaring of the sea fills our ears and our souls with its murmuring.

A strong north-east wind is blowing, and the witches are again up to mischief. There are many wonderful island legends of the witches, who know how to brew the storms, and here, as in all parts of the Northern Sea, there are numerous superstitions. The seafolk will tell you that many of the islands are secretly ruled by special witches, and that when accidents happen to ships that pass by them, it is attributable to their hostile influence. When I was out at sea last year, the steersman of our ship told me that the witches were very powerful in the Isle of Wight, and that they tried to detain until night-time every ship which passed during the day, in order that it might then be driven on the rocks, or on to the island itself. At such times one hears the witches flying through the air, and howling round the ship so loudly that the Klabotermann can hardly resist them. When I asked who the Klabotermann was, he answered solemnly: "That is the good invisible guardian of ships, who keeps honest and orderly sailors from harm, and who looks after good conduct as well as good voyages."

The honest steersman went on to assure me, in hushed and earnest tones, that if I listened I might hear him myself in the hold of the ship, where he busied himself with arranging the cargo more securely, and this accounted for the creaking of casks and chests when the sea was running high, and the groaning of the beams and timbers. Often, too, the Klabotermann might be heard hammering outside the ship, and that was a warning to the carpenter to mend a leaky spot without delay. But he liked best to sit on the topsail yard, and that was a signal that a fair breeze was blowing or about to blow. In answer to my question whether any one could see him, I was told: "No, you cannot see him; no one would wish to see him, for he only shows himself when all hope of safety is gone." The steersman admitted that he was not speaking from his own experience, but others had told him that the Klabotermann was sometimes heard on the topsail giving orders to his attendant spirits; but when the storm blast came, and destruction could no longer be averted, he takes his post at the wheel, shows himself for the first time, and vanishes after destroying the helm. Those who behold him at this awful moment assuredly find a watery grave.

The Captain, who had heard this tale, smiled more softly than I should have expected from his rough, weather-beaten features. He afterwards assured me that fifty or a hundred years ago the

belief in the Klabotermann was so strong among sailors that the best food was always placed for him at table, and that in some ships this custom was still observed.

I often wander about the shore, and ponder over these strange old legends of the sea. That which has fascinated me most is perhaps the tradition of the Flying Dutchman, who is seen in the storm with full sail set, and who sometimes sends out a boat to passing ships, containing a bundle of letters, but which cannot be delivered, because they are all addressed to persons long since dead. And I often think of that sweet old story of the fisher-boy, who every night listened by the sea-shore to the song of the water nixies, and afterwards wandered with his violin all over the world, and charmed the hearts of men when he played the melody of the nixies' waltz. This tale was told me by a dear friend at a concert in Berlin; and just such a wondrous lovely air I heard played by a boy—Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy!

There is a strange charm in cruising round the island. But the weather must be fine; the clouds must form themselves into strange shapes, and you must lie on your back and gaze up at the heavens —and what is more you must have a little bit of heaven in your heart. The waves murmur all manner of weird things—words which bring sweet memories back to mind—names which sweetly re-echo through your soul—"Evelina!" Then the

ships sail by, and we greet them as if we met them every day. But by night the meeting with strange ships on the sea produces a strange and mysterious sensation. You fancy that perhaps your best friends, whom you have not seen for years, are sailing silently by, and that you are losing them for evermore.

I love the sea as my own soul. Often do I feel as though the sea were really in my soul itself. And as in the sea there are hidden water-plants, which only come to the surface at the moment they bloom, and sink again as soon as they fade, so at times do wondrous flower-pictures form in the depths of my soul, and rise up, shed perfume around, and gleam and vanish—"Evelina!"

They say that near this island, where now is nothing but water, the loveliest villages and towns once stood, but the sea suddenly overwhelmed them all, and in clear weather the mariners still see the gleaming spires of the sunken churches, and many have often heard, on quiet Sundays, the chiming of the bells. The tale is true, for the sea is my soul.

"A glorious world is sunk below,
Far down beyond the daylight's gleaming;
By night it shines with heavenly glow,
Reflected in my magic dreaming."

*W. Müller.*

Then awaking, I hear the distant tones of bells and holy voices singing, "Evelina!"

As you walk along the shore, it is a pretty sight to see the ships sail by. Their great white sails look like stately swans. Still more beautiful is the sight when the setting sun throws great rays of glory round a passing ship.

Sport is said to be a great attraction to visitors on the beach, but I cannot comprehend what pleasure there is in it. A taste for beauty, virtue and goodness may often be imparted by education, but a taste for sport is in the blood. When a man's ancestors from remote ages have shot roebucks, his descendants find a pleasure in their legitimate occupation. My ancestors did not belong to the hunters so much as to the hunted, and it revolts me to hunt the descendants of their comrades in misery. Yes, from experience I know that it would be easier to me to stand up at the measured distance, and let fly at one of those sportsmen who sigh for the good old times when men were reckoned merely as a higher kind of game. Thank God! those days are over. If such sportsmen desire to hunt men, they have to pay them, as in the case of the fast runner I saw in Göttingen a few years ago. The poor man had already been running in the scorching sun, one Sunday afternoon, until he was weary, when some Hanoverian squires, who were studying the Humanities, offered him a couple of thalers to run round the whole

course again. And he did it. He was as pale as death, and wore a red jacket, and close behind him, in a whirlwind of dust, galloped these well-born, honourable young squires, on high horses, whose hoofs sometimes struck the goaded, panting being —and he was a man!

In order to gain experience, for I must keep my blood in a better state, yesterday I went out sporting. I shot at some sea-gulls, who flew around with such confidence that they could not have known I was such a bad shot. I really did not wish to shoot them, but only to warn them against going another time near to people with guns. But my gun made a mistake, and unfortunately I shot a young gull. It was a good thing that it was not an old one, for what would have then become of the little gulls, unfledged and starving in their sandy nests on the dunes, without any mother to find them food? When I started I had a sort of premonition that I should encounter some misfortunes; for a hare had crossed my path.

It puts me in a strange and curious mood when I wander along the shore alone in the twilight. Behind me are the flat dunes, before me the vast, heaving, immeasurable ocean, and above me the sky like an infinite crystal dome. Then I seem to be a very insect; and yet my soul expands to the size of the world. The high simplicity of nature which surrounds me, elevates and oppresses me at the same time, more so than any other scene, how-

ever sublime. There never was any cathedral dome vast enough for me. My spirit with its old, Titanic prayer always aspired higher than Gothic pillars, and would fain burst through the vaulted roof. On the summit of the Rosstrappe the colossal rocks in their bold grouping had at first sight impressed me greatly, but this impression did not last long—my spirit was taken by surprise, not overpowered—and the huge rocky mass seemed to dwindle before my eyes, till at last it seemed to me only the puny ruin of a giant's palace, in which my spirit might once upon a time have found itself comfortable.

I know that it may sound ridiculous, but I cannot hide the truth. I am tormented by the disproportion between body and soul; and here by the sea the sublimity of nature emphasizes the contrast, and metempsychosis is often the subject of my reflection. Who can understand the divine irony which delights in creating contradictions between the body and soul? Who can tell what tailor now has the soul of a Plato, what schoolmaster has the spirit of Cæsar? Who knows whether the soul of Gregory VII. is not seated in the body of the Grand Turk, and feels more comfortable under the caressing hands of a thousand fair women than once it was beneath the purple cowl of a celibate? On the other hand, how many faithful Moslems of Ali's time may now be found in our anti-Hellenic ministers of state! The souls of the

two thieves who were crucified with our Saviour are now perhaps inside the fat bodies of the Consistory, glowing with all the zeal of orthodoxy. The soul of Genghis-Khan perhaps lives in the body of a reviewer, who, without knowing it, daily stabs the souls of his trusty Bashkirs and Kalmucks in his critical journal. Who knows? The soul of Pythagoras perhaps has passed into some poor University student, who is plucked because he explains the doctrines of Pythagoras; while in the bodies of his examiners dwell the souls of those oxen which once Pythagoras offered in sacrifice to the gods in the joy of his discovery! The Hindoos are not so stupid as the missionaries believe them to be. They honour animals for the sake of the human souls which they believe dwell in them, and if they build hospitals for sick monkeys, as our academicians do, it is quite probable that in these monkeys dwell the souls of eminent scholars, seeing that with us the reverse is the case, and that some of our greatest scholars have only the souls of apes.

But who can look down with the omniscience of the past upon the ways of mortals! When at night I wander by the sea, and listen to the song of the waves, all sorts of visions and memories awake within me. It seems as though I had once looked down on the same scene from above, and had fallen to the earth, giddy with terror. It seems as though, with keen, telescopic eyes, I had seen the

huge stars coursing through the heavens, and had been dazzled by their whirling splendour. Then, as from the distance of a thousand years, strange thoughts flood my soul; thoughts of primeval wisdom, but all so clouded that I am unable to pierce their meaning. Only this do I know, that all our craft and knowledge, and all the fruits of our endeavours, must seem to a higher spirit as small and worthless as the spiders which I have so often watched in the Library of Göttingen. There sat the spiders, busily weaving their webs around the folios of the history of the world, with a look of philosophical superiority over their surroundings —they had acquired so exactly the professional obscurity, and appeared to be quite proud of their knowledge of mathematics, of their contributions to art, and their studious reflections! And yet they knew nothing about the wonderful things which were contained in the book on which they were born, on which they lived, and on which they must die, unless they are disturbed by that inquisitive old Dr. L. Who is this old Dr. L.? Perchance his soul once lived in just such a spider, and now he guards the folios on which once he sat. And if he reads them, he never understands their contents.

And what may not have taken place on the ground where I now walk? A Rector who was staying here declared that on this spot the rites of Hertha, or Foreste, so mysteriously alluded to by Tacitus,

were celebrated. I hope that the authorities from whom Tacitus derived his information were not mistaken, and did not suppose that a bathing-machine was the sacred chariot of the goddess.

In the year 1819 I was a student at Bonn, and attended in the same term four courses of lectures on German antiquities from the remotest times: 1. History of the German Language, by Schlegel, who occupied nearly three months in developing the most remarkable theories on the origin of the German race. 2. The Germania of Tacitus, by Arndt, who sought in the old German forests those virtues which he missed in the salons of to-day. 3. German Constitutional Law, by Hüllmann, whose historical views are the least vague of all. 4. The history of Primitive Germany, by Radloff, and who at the end of the term had not got farther than the times of Sesostris. In those days I was more interested in the legend of the ancient Hertha than I am now. I certainly was not inclined to fix her abode at Rügen, but in one of the East Frisian islands. A young savant likes to have a private hypothesis of his own. But I never supposed that the time would come when I should myself walk by the shores of the North Sea without any of my patriotic enthusiasm for the ancient goddess.

And, indeed, it is not so, for here I am, and thinking, too, of goddesses, though they are younger and more beautiful than Hertha. This is particu-

larly the case when I wander along the shore, near those dangerous places where the most beautiful ladies have just been swimming about like mermaids. For neither ladies nor gentlemen bathe here under cover, but wade about quite openly in the sea. On account of this the bathing places of the two sexes are kept apart—but not too far apart, and he who carries a good opera glass can always be sure of seeing many wonderful things. There is a tradition in the island that a modern Acteon in this way saw a bathing Diana, but, strange to say, it was not he but the husband of the beauty who obtained the horns.

The bathing-machines, the hackney-coaches of the North Sea, are only just pushed to the edge of the water. For the most part they are square wooden structures, covered with coarse linen. Now, in the winter time, they are laid up in the Assembly Room, and no doubt their own conversation is as wooden and coarse as that of the aristocracy whose places they take. By "aristocracy" I do not mean the blameless burghers of East Friesland—a race which is as dull, flat, and prosaic as their own sandy dunes: they can neither pipe nor sing, and yet they possess a talent which is of more value than frivolity and nonsense—a talent which ennobles men, and exalts them above those windy menial souls who consider that nobility belongs to them alone. I mean the genius of freedom. The heart that beats for freedom has al-

ready won its knighthood, and needs no other sword stroke. The "Free Frisians' know this well, and right well do they deserve their natural title. No aristocracy has ever dominated East Friesland, except the chosen chieftains of old. Very few noble families have lived there, and the extending influence of the Hanoverian civil and military aristocracy troubles many a free Frisian heart. On all hands one discerns a growing tendency to revert to loyalty to the Prussian Government.

Yet I do not altogether agree with the general complaint in Germany of the haughtiness of the Hanoverians. At any rate, it is not true of the Hanoverian corps of officers. It is true that, as in Madagascar, only nobles have the right to become butchers, so in olden days only Hanoverian nobles were allowed to become officers in the army. But since then so many distinctions have been gained by men of the middle class, who have become officers in German regiments, that even this survival of feudal privileges has disappeared. In fact, the whole German Legion itself has done much towards softening asperity. They have travelled far and wide, and there is much to be seen in the world, especially in England. They have acquired considerable knowledge, and it is pleasant to hear them talk about Portugal, Spain, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, Ireland, and other distant lands where they have fought and "seen full many cities, learned full

many manners." It is like listening to an Odyssey —an Odyssey, alas ! which will never find a Homer. And the officers have adopted many independent English customs, which are a greater contrast to the traditional Hanoverian manners than we other Germans could believe, who suppose that the influence of England has been very influential in Hanover.

Throughout all Hanover nothing is to be seen but genealogical trees, to which horses are attached ; so that the whole land is overshadowed with trees, but notwithstanding all the horses they never make any progress. No, through this forest of Hanoverian nobility not one ray or one note of British freedom has ever been seen or heard, amid the neighing of Hanoverian steeds. What the note of British freedom means, I never realized until the other day, when I saw an English ship sailing along while a tempest was raging, and on the deck the crew almost drowned the roar of the wind and waves with the singing of their old song :—

" Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves ! "

The universal complaint of Hanoverian pride of birth has some foundation in the case of the hopeful youths of certain families, who imagine that they rule the land, or that they ought to rule it. But even these noble youths would improve their manners, or rather behave with less ill manners, if

they had the advantages of travel and better education. It is true they are sent to Göttingen, but there they all hang together, talking dogs, horses and pedigrees, but no modern history, and if they happen by chance to hear anything about what is going on around them, it makes little impression upon them, for their thoughts are engrossed with "the Counts' table," which, truly characteristic of Göttingen, is reserved for high-born students. If the young noblemen of Hanover were better educated, there would be fewer complaints. But the young grow like the old. The same delusion, that they are the flowers of the earth and we are the weeds; the same foolhardy attempt to hide their own worthlessness behind the merits of their ancestors; the same blindness to the extremely dubious nature of those merits—for there are very few of them who reflect that rewards and titles are seldom bestowed by princes upon their worthiest and most faithful subjects, but usually upon the sycophants, the flatterers, and other similar parasites and rascals. There are very few indeed of these people who could indicate with any certainty what merits their ancestors really possessed. The best they can do is to point to their names in Rükner's "Book of Tournaments." Even if they could prove that their ancestors were Crusaders who helped to deliver Jerusalem, they ought to be able to show, before taking any part of the credit to themselves, that those old knights were brave

and true; that no fear was hidden beneath their coats of mail, and that true and faithful hearts beat beneath the red Templar's crosses on their breasts. If there were no Iliad, but only a catalogue of the heroes who fought before the walls of Troy, and if the names still existed, what stupendous pride the family of Thersites would exhibit! As regards the question of purity of blood I will say nothing. Philosophers and flunkies have some strange ideas on that subject.

My strictures, I insist, are chiefly directed against the imperfect education of the Hanoverian nobility, and their inherited superstitious reverence for absurd forms and ceremonies. How often I have laughed to see what importance they attach to these forms, as if it were a difficult matter to master these ceremonies of etiquette, these arts of smiling without speaking, and of speaking without thinking, and all the other noble accomplishments which the honest burgher stares at as if as they were some outlandish marvels; which any French dancing-master is more familiar with than the German nobleman who has studied them with much pains in the cub-licking city of Lutetia, and after bringing them home with him teaches them with German thoroughness and German laboriousness to his descendants. It reminds me of the fable of the dancing bear who ran away from his leader and rejoined his fellows in the forest, bragging to them about the difficulty of the art of dancing, and his

own proficiency therein, and actually the poor ignorant brutes who witnessed his performance loudly expressed their admiration. This nation, as Werther calls them, formed the aristocratic world this season at Norderney. They shone on land and on water, and were altogether charming, and all played their parts admirably.

Royal personages were also there, and I must admit that these were not so pretentious as the less exalted nobility. To what extent this unassuming demeanour of these grand personages is genuine, or assumed in obedience to the exigencies of their position, I know not. I am only speaking of the mediatised German princes. They have recently suffered a great injustice, for they have been robbed of a sovereignty to which they had as much right as the greater princes; unless, indeed, we assume, with my fellow-agnostic Spinoza, that that which is unable to maintain itself with its own force has no right to exist. But for a country so subdivided as Germany, it was a distinct advantage that this crowd of liliputian despots should be forced to resign their power. It is shocking to think of how many of them we poor Germans are compelled to support, for although the mediatised princes no longer wield the sceptre, they still know the way to wield knives and forks and spoons; and they don't eat hay, for if they did, hay would be costly enough. I have an idea that eventually America will relieve us of part of this burden of princes.

Sooner or later Presidents of Republics will turn into monarchs, and then they will require consorts of genuine royal pedigree; and so they will be delighted to take our princesses from off our hands; and if they want half a dozen, we will throw a seventh into the bargain. As time proceeds they may even find our young princes most useful for their daughters. So it was a very shrewd thing for the mediatised princes to fight for the retention of their privileges of birth. They value their pedigrees as much as an Arab values the pedigree of his steed, and, indeed, for the same reason, as they are well aware that Germany has always been the great princely stud, which has had to supply the reigning families of Europe with breeding horses.

In all watering places it is an old-established privilege for the visitors to criticise those who are departing, and as I am the last visitor left in the house, I feel justified in exercising my privilege to the full extent.

The island is now so lonely, that I feel like Napoleon on St. Helena; except that I have found an occupation, which was not the case with him. My occupation has been a study of the great Emperor himself. A young English friend has sent me Maitland's book, which has just been published. The sailor gives a full account of the circumstances of Napoleon's surrender, and of his behaviour on board the *Bellerophon*, till by command of the English Ministry he was taken on board the *North-*

*umberland.* The book makes it clear as daylight that the Emperor, in a spirit of romantic confidence in English magnanimity, put himself in the hands of the English in order to give peace to the world, and considered himself their guest rather than their prisoner. That was a mistake such as no other man, least of all a Wellington, would have fallen into; but the verdict of history will be that this error was noble, grand, and so glorious, that it required more greatness of soul than is to be found in the highest deeds of most mortals.

The motive that has induced Captain Maitland to publish his book appears to be the need of a moral whitewashing that every man of honour must feel who has had the bad luck to be mixed up in a dubious piece of business. The book itself is a priceless contribution to the history of Napoleon's captivity, as it shows us the last act of his life, helps greatly to solve the riddle of the previous acts, and astonishes, calms and purifies the mind, like a true tragedy should. If we would appreciate properly the different characteristics of the four principal writers who have dealt with Napoleon's captivity, and the peculiar style of each, and their way of looking at things, we must compare them side by side.

Maitland, the cold, stern, English seaman, describes events impartially and as carefully as if he were entering the day's observations on his log-book. Las Casas, an enthusiastic courtier, pros-

trates himself, in every line that he writes, at the feet of the Emperor, not like a Russian serf, but rather as a free-born Frenchman, who cannot help bowing the knee before unprecedented grandeur and heroic renown. O'Meara, the physician, though by birth an Irishman, is quite a Briton, and therefore was an enemy of the Emperor; but at last compelled to acknowledge the majesty of misfortune, he writes plainly, boldly, baldly, conscientiously, like the work of an engraver in stone or metal. As for Automarchi, the Italian, we recognise in his pointed stiletto, a writer who is half intoxicated with the vindictiveness and poetry of his native land.

Both nations, the English and the French, supplied men of ordinary intelligence, and uncorrupted by the ruling powers, to form the jury which judged the Emperor, and their verdict was that his fame should be immortal, and that he should ever be the object of amazement and of commiseration.

Many great men have trod the earth. Here and there we see the shining marks of their footsteps, and in our solemn hours their shadowy forms float before our souls. But an equally great man sees his predecessors more clearly and significantly. From solitary sparks that mark their meteor path of earthly glory, he comprehends their most secret actions; from a single word they have left behind, he follows all the windings of their hearts. And thus in a mystic brotherhood live the great men of all times; across the ages they bow to one an-

other, exchanging significant looks, and their eyes meet across the graves of departed generations whom they have thrust aside, and they understand one another and love one another. But we little men, who do not enjoy this intimate relation to the great ones of the past, and seldom see their tracks and shadowy forms, for us it is an inestimable privilege to learn so much of them that we can take their image, as it were, into our own souls, and thereby enlarge our minds. Such a man is Napoleon Buonaparte. Of him, his life and his works, we know more than of the other great ones of this earth, and we are daily learning more and more. We see the godlike form slowly emerging from the rubbish that covered it, and as each spadeful of earth is cleared away, our joyous wonder is increased at the symmetry and beauty of the noble figure which is revealed, and the lightnings with which his foes would shatter the colossal figure serve only to illumine it the more brilliantly. Such are the lightnings of Madame de Staël, who with all her bitterness has to admit that the Emperor was not an ordinary mortal, and that we cannot measure his genius by any standards known to us.

Kant must have alluded to such a genius when he says that we can imagine an intellect which, because it is not like our own, but intuitive, proceeds from the general synthetic observation of the whole, to the particular, that is, from the whole to a part. Napoleon saw at a glance, and under-

stood by simple intuition, that which we only comprehend by a long process of analytical thought and deduction. And that was the secret of his ability to understand the spirit of his age—and how to enjoy it, and to employ it to his advantage. But inasmuch as the spirit of this age is not merely revolutionary, but that it is the product of two antagonistic forces, the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary, Napoleon's policy was never wholly the one or the other. It was always in harmony with both principles, both tendencies, and in his person both were united. Therefore his policy was invariably natural, simple and great, and never spasmodic, or harsh, or discomposed, or intriguing, and his master-strokes were attributable to his comprehension of the will of the masses and knowledge of how to guide it. Intrigues are found in petty analytical minds; but synthetic minds understand intuitively how to avail themselves of the means at their disposal, and how to employ them to their immediate advantage. The former class often come to grief, because no human wisdom can foresee all the future events of life, and the conditions of life are mutable. But the latter class, the men of intuition, succeed most easily in their designs, because they only need a fair estimate of present circumstances, and act so rapidly that their calculations are not liable to be upset by any sudden and unforeseen changes in the course of life.

It is a fortunate coincidence that Napoleon lived at an age when the taste for history, research and writing flourished greatly. On account of this, and thanks to contemporary memoirs, nearly all the particulars of Napoleon's life have been transmitted to us, and every day adds to the number of historical works which pourtray the relations in which he stood towards the rest of the world. Therefore the announcement of a new History of Napoleon by Walter Scott excites the liveliest anticipation. All who honour the genius of Scott must tremble for his fame. Such a book might easily prove to be the Moscow of a splendid reputation that he has laboriously gained by a series of historical novels, which, more by reason of the subject than of the poetical power, have moved every heart in Europe. The subject is not simply an elegy over the decay of Scottish independence and glory, which has been undermined by foreign rule and foreign manners and modes of thought, but it is a tragic lament for the loss of those national peculiarities which are swallowed up in the universality of modern culture; a lament that finds an echo in the heart of every nation, for national instinct has deeper roots than we commonly imagine. If you attempt to bury the ancient forms, you will see in a single night the old love springing up and blossoming with new flowers. This is no figure of speech, but a fact. A few years ago Bullock dug up an ancient stone idol in Mexico, and the next day

he found that it had been crowned during the night with flowers; and yet Spain had exterminated the old Mexican religion with fire and sword, and for three centuries had been engaged in ploughing and harrowing the souls of the natives and sowing the seeds of Christianity. Such are the flowers which blossom in the romances of Walter Scott; the romances themselves awaken old feelings; and as once in Granada men and women rushed from their houses with a wail of despair when they heard the song of the Moorish King's departure being sung in the streets, so that it was forbidden on pain of death to sing it, even so the dominant note in Scott's romances has sent a thrill of pain throughout the whole world. It has found an echo in the hearts of our nobility, who see their castles and escutcheons crumbling to dust; it rings again in the hearts of the burghers, who have been swept out of the comfortable, narrow way of their forefathers, by the overwhelming tide of comfortless modern fashion. We hear it in Catholic cathedrals from which faith has fled, and in Rabbinical synagogues from which even the faithful are fleeing.

It resounds over the whole world, even to the banyan groves of Hindustan, where the Brahmin sighs as he predicts the destruction of his gods, the demolition of their ancient cosmogony, and the universal triumph of England.

But this tone—the most stirring of all that the Scottish bard can evoke from his mighty harp—is

not the Imperial tone of Napoleon, the new man, the man of the new age, in whom the times are reflected so gloriously that we are almost dazzled, and lose sight of the dim past with its faded splendour. One would expect that Scott, with his tastes and tendencies, would seize the element of stability in Napoleon's character, the anti-revolutionary element, while other writers emphasise that revolutionary side. Byron, for example, would have dealt with him from that point of view; for Byron is the very opposite to Scott in most respects, and instead of deploring the destruction of the old forms, as Scott does, he would rather feel himself circumscribed and fettered by such of the old forms as still remain, and, if he could, he would demolish them with revolutionary laughter and gnashing of teeth. In his blind rage he destroys the most sacred flowers of life with the poison of his poetry, and like a mad harlequin he stabs himself to the heart in order mockingly to bespatter with the blood that gushes from the wound the lords and ladies around.

At present I know I am not a worshipper of Byron, at any rate I am not one of those who almost blasphemously adore him. My blood is not so splenetically black, all my bitterness is in the gall of my ink, and, if I am venomous, my venom is nothing but an antidote against the poisonous serpents which lurk menacingly beneath the rubbish of old cathedrals and castles. Of all great authors Byron

excites in me the least passion. Scott always enchants and soothes and invigorates my heart. Even his imitators delight me, as, for example, Willibald Alexis, Bronikowski, and Cooper. The satiric "Walladmoor" of Alexis is closely modelled after Scott, and in one of his later works the author displays such a wealth of characters and invention as to prove his ability to set before us a series of living, historical pictures of German history worthy of Scott, while preserving his own poetical originality.

But no true genius will allow himself to be dictated to as to the paths he should follow, nor can any critic offer any reliable computation, so that judgment by anticipation on Scott's history of Napoleon must be regarded as an innocent play of the imagination. I know of no better term than "judgment by anticipation." Only one thing is certain, which is, the book will be read from the uprising of the sun even to the down-setting thereof, and will be translated by us into German.

We already have a translation of Segur. It is a fine epic poem, is it not? We Germans can write as well as translate, but the heroes of our epics only exist in our imaginations. On the other hand, the heroes of the French epics are real men, who have accomplished braver deeds, and suffered far greater hardships than we in our garrets can imagine. And yet we Germans have plenty of imagination, while the French have very little. Perhaps that

is the reason why Providence has compensated them in another way: they have only to relate what they have seen and done during the past thirty years, and they would possess such a literature, true to the life, as no nation or age has ever yet brought forth. The memoirs of statesmen, soldiers, and noble women which are published every day in France, form a cycle of legends which will supply posterity with material enough for thought and for song, and in the centre of this cycle the great Emperor will tower aloft like a giant tree in the forest. Segur's "History of the Campaign in Russia" is a song: a French Volkslied, which forms part of this cycle of legends, and in its form and tone it bears comparison with, and is equal to, the epic poetry of all ages. A poem of heroes, who, at the sound of the magic words "Liberty and Equality" leaped up from the soil of France, and, in triumphal procession, intoxicated with glory, led by the embodiment of Fame, swept in startling and amazing glory over the world. And at last upon the ice-fields of the North, they dance and clatter to the music of their swords until the ice breaks, and the sons of fire and freedom perish by cold and by Sclavs.

Such a description of the destruction of a world of heroes is the keynote and theme of the epics of all nations. On the rocks of Ellore and other Indian grotto temples, just such colossal epic catastrophes are hewn in gigantic hieroglyphics, the key

of which is to be found in the Mahabharata. The North, too, has its tables of stones, which tell of the legends and the twilight of the gods in its "Eddas." The *Niebelungen-Lied* sings of the same tragic ruin, and its conclusion bears a strong resemblance to Segur's description of the burning of Moscow. The "*Chanson de Roland*," on the battle of Roncesvalles, the words of which have perished, though the story has not died out, and which has quite lately been revised by Immermann, one of the greatest German poets, is the same old song of woe. The story of Troy, even, is the grandest illustration of the old theme, and yet it is not grander or more tragic than the French Volkslied in which Segur has sung the destruction of his world of heroes. And this is a true epic; the heroic youth of France is the beautiful hero who dies young, the fate of all such heroes who perish through misfortune and treachery, as we see in the deaths of Baldur, Siegfried, Roland and Achilles; and the heroes whom we admired in the Iliad we find again in the song of Segur, we see them consulting, quarrelling, fighting, as once of yore before the Skaic gate; and if the coat of the King of Naples is rather too gaudy and modern, still his pride and courage are equal to those of Pelides; we have a Hector in gentleness and bravery in Prince Eugene, the noble knight; Ney fights like an Ajax; Berthier is a Nestor, but without wisdom; in Davoust, Daru, Caulincourt, and others, are the souls of

Menelaus, Odysseus, of Diomede—only the Emperor himself has no counterpart; his head is the Olympus of the poem; and if I compare him to Agamemnon, it is by reason of the tragic fate that awaited him and most of his companions in arms, and because his Orestes is still living.

There is a theme in Segur's epic, which like Scott's romances strikes a chord that vibrates in our hearts, but it does not awaken our love for a past that is dead and buried. Its keynote is the present, and that note inspires us with enthusiasm for its spirit.

We Germans are the real Peter Schlemihls. Even in these later days we have seen much and endured much—soldiers have been billeted upon us, nobles have spurned us, and we have spilt our noblest blood—e.g. for England, which still has to pay yearly a considerable sum for German arms and legs, which have been shot off. We have achieved many great deeds on a small scale, as for example in the Tyrol, that if all were reckoned up they would form a grand sum total: we have lost much, for example, our great shadow, the Holy Roman Empire, and yet, with all our losses, sacrifices, privations, misfortunes and achievements our literature has not gained one monument of fame like those immortal trophies which we see our neighbours erecting daily. Our Leipzig fairs have profited but little out of the battle of Leipzig. A gentleman of Gotha, I am told, intends to sing them

in the form of an epic, but as he cannot yet tell whether he belongs to the hundred thousand souls of Hildburghausen, or to the hundred and fifty thousand of Meiningen, or to the hundred and sixty thousand of Altenburg, he cannot yet begin his epic, without opening: "Sing, oh! immortal souls; souls of Hildburghausen, of Meiningen, or even of Altenburg, sing, no matter where you belong, sing to the deliverance of sinful Germany!" This traffic in human souls in the very heart of the Fatherland, and its native ruggedness, permits of no pride of thought nor of word. Our bravest deeds become ridiculous through stupid consequences, and while we suddenly wrap ourselves around in the purple robe of the blood of our heroes, behold a political wag comes along and places the cap and bells on our head!

We must also compare the literature of our neighbours across the Rhine and the English Channel with our own trivial stuff, in order to discern the hollowness and futility of our own trivial life. Often when I read the "Morning Chronicle," I see in every line the inner life of the English people—horse-racing, prize-fighting, cock-fighting, Assizes, Parliamentary debates, etc., etc. I then turn despairingly to a German newspaper, and find there nothing but old woman's gossip, and twaddle about the drama.

And yet what else could one expect? If the public life of a people is suppressed, it will find some

topics of common interest, and we find these in writers and actors. Instead of horse races we have the book races at Leipzig Fair. Instead of prize-fights, we have our mystics and our rationalists, who fight in their pamphlets until the one is brought to reason and the other is blinded and deafened, and so converted to the true faith. Instead of cock-fighting, we have journals which maintain poor devils and feed them up in order to vilify each other, while the Philistines shout with joy: "That young fellow is the cock of the walk!" "Yonder one has his comb up ready for the fray!" "That one pecks very sharply." "That bird's comb wants cutting." "Yonder pullet would be all the better for having his quills cut. Let us do it!" etc., etc. In this manner we hold our Assizes—in the grey sponge-like journals of Saxony, where every fool is judged by one of his peers, according to the principles of literary criminal law, which smiles on all discouragement, and which regards the publication of a book as a misdemeanour. If its writer shows undeniable intelligence, then his offence is regarded as aggravated; and if he can prove an alibi—or absence of mind—then his penalty is modified. Of course it is a weak point of this system that so much is left to the prejudice of the judges, especially as they, like Falstaff, refuse to be forced into giving their reasons, and are very often themselves secret offenders, and are aware that it is quite possible they themselves may be standing in

the dock to-morrow, to be tried by the delinquents whom they have condemned to-day. In our literary Assizes, youth is always an extenuating circumstance, and the reason why many an old offender is let off with a light sentence, is because he is regarded as being in his second childhood. Indeed, the recent discovery that young men at about the age of puberty often develop a tendency for incendiarism, has influenced the æsthetic judgment of many people, and in this way we may account for the comparatively merciful judgments which are now passed on such sensational tragedies as that of the fiery youth who stops short of nothing less than the burning of the royal palace at Persepolis. In order to continue the comparison, we have also to study our Parliamentary debates—by which I mean our dramatic criticisms, as our drama may fairly be called our House of Parliament, on account of the large proportion of commonplaces and vulgarity that abound therein, and of the worn-out French obscenities which the German public devours with avidity, even when one of Raupach's comedies has been played the same night, just as a fly, after being driven from the honey-pot, settles down at once on offal. I am thinking in particular of Raupach's "The Converts," which I saw played last winter at Hamburg by a first-rate company of actors, and with quite as much applause as was given to the "*Schulerschwänke*" (Students' Pranks), a perfumed piece of obscenity that was

played the same evening. But in our literature there is not only obscenity, but poison also. When I hear the purest and most sacred feelings of our nature parodied and vulgarised by playwrights, in such a way that the audience itself gets accustomed to it as matter of course—when I hear declarations of love and sentimental vows of friendship exchanged for purposes of deceit, comic plots to deceive parents, or husbands, and all the other stereotyped themes of comedy—then my heart is filled with grief and infinite sadness, and I look with sorrowful anxiety at the poor little angel-faces in the boxes and wonder what the results will be.

The lament over the decay and ruin of our drama which every honourable German has uttered; the vigorous criticisms of Tieck and Zimmermann, who have a worse task to purify our stage than Hercules had when he cleansed the Augean stables, inasmuch as the cattle are still in them; the efforts of highly-gifted men to found a romantic drama; the most cutting satire, as, for example, Robert's "Bird of Paradise" all is useless; lamentations, advice, experiments, floggings, all merely beat the air, and all our preaching about it is futile.

Our Upper House, Tragedy, is a far more brilliant display, especially the scenery, wardrobe, and stage decorations. But even this has its limits. On the Roman stage were elephants who danced and jumped on the tight-rope, but that was as far

as one could go, and the Roman Empire perished, and with it the Roman stage. On our German theatres, too, there is no lack of dances and capers, but here the performers are our young tragedians, and as we read of girls turning into boys by taking one great bound, so it is a shrewd stroke of business when a lady-like poetaster attempts gigantic Alexandrine leaps with her lame iambics.

As I intend to deal more fully, later on, with this subject of German literary-sadness, I will offer some compensation by interpolating the following "Xenien" which have emanated from the pen of my distinguished colleague Immermann. All congenial spirits will, I am sure, thank me for communicating these verses, and, with a few exceptions, indicated by asterisks, I readily endorse them as expressing my own opinions.

## THE LITERARY POET.

Stop thy laughing, stop thy crying, let the simple truth be said,
When Hans Sachs first saw the daylight, Weckherlin himself was dead.

"Every man must die, 'tis certain," said the dwarf, and it is true;
Ancient youth, the news you tell us, we believe, but 'tis not new.

In forgotten old black letter, still the author's slippers lie,
And he eats poetic onions—see they make him weep and cry.

In your comments that you publish, spare, oh! Frank, old Dr. Luther;
He's a fish that's better plain, than cooked with sauce and melted butter.

## THE DRAMATIST.

1.

"That I may spite the public, Tragedy I'll write no longer!"
If you will keep your word, we'll let you curse us more and stronger.

2.

This officer of cavalry writes spur-like verse we favour.
He orders things like sergeants who teach raw recruits behaviour.

3.

Were Melpomene a maiden, a good and loving child,
I would bid her marry this one, he is tidy, trim and mild.

4.

For all the sins we know of, goes the dead old Kotzebue,
In the body of this Ogre, without stocking, without shoe.
Thus there comes to us the knowledge from the world's remotest years,
That the soul which has departed, now a dumb beast's body wears.

## EASTERN POETS.

Great praises now are showered on the poet Saadi's School:
It seems that in the East as in the West you'll find your Fool.

Once there sang in summer moonlight, Philomel, sweet nightingale;
Now the bulbul tries to charm us, but it tells the self-same tale.

Ancient poet, of the Hameln rat-destroyer you remind us,
Singing mornings, while the little singers follow close behind us.

The sacred cows of India are worshipped—we know why—
Each cow-stall soon they'll find is in Olympus far on high.

Of the fruit which they have stolen from old Schiraz's garden, still
Too much they now have eaten, poor "Gazelles," it makes them ill.

## * BELL TONES.

See yonder fat old Pastor, sitting by his door in state,
Loud ring the bells and folks admire his presence as they wait.

And they come and gaze upon him; yes, the blind and halt and lame
The wan and limping sufferers, and the wild ecstatic Dame.

White ointment is quite futile, a wound it will not cure;
White ointment, therefore, on the bookshelf, you may find, be sure.

And if things are thus agreed on, and they worship every Priest,
I will join once more the Faithful, and indulge in the Love Feast.

There is but one Pope they honour, and adore a *præsens numen,*
But every one ordained a *numen* hopes a *lumen* to become.

## * ORBIS PICTUS.

Had the mob who spoilt the world but one neck, and would show it,
Just a single neck, high Gods, Priests, Actors and ye Poets!

We got to church each morning, and see the farce that's played,
To the playhouse in the evening, when the Priest for us has prayed.

Even God Himself oft loses in importance and uprightness,
When so many thousand people try to mould him in their likeness.

When I try to please the People, I appear a graceless giver;
When I find I have annoyed them, then it stirs my very liver.

"What a wondrous flow of language!" yes, he makes us shake with laughter,
See how well he makes his most unhappy victim hobble after.

Most things now my taste can swallow, but some it will not pass,
For instance, when your nerveless toady acts the ass.

Once on a time, Lucinda's smile being given to
you did seem to please me,
But oh, most audacious flirt, you try with Mary's
help to tease me.

First in England, then in Spain, and then in
Brahma's pitchy night,
Everywhere the same old tattered German coat
and shoes in sight.

When the ladies take to writing, all their sorrows
they reveal,
*Fausses couches*, injured virtue—ah! our hearts
their sorrows feel!

Let the ladies take to writing, 'twill be an occu-
pation sweet.
With a lady biographer, I for one no fear should
meet.

I fear that Literature will soon a small tea-fight
resemble,
Where all the ladies gossip, and intruders hear
and tremble.

If I were Ghenghiskhan, O China, I would clip
thy pig-tail holy.
From thy d——d invention, Tea, came tea-fights
which kill me slowly.

Peace and calm o'er all are lying, and the greatest
in the land,
Reckons up his early follies on the fingers of his
hand.

The town is full of pictures, music, statues, verses
long;
Hans Wurst boldly holds his trumpet, at the door
crying "Come along."

"These verses have no measure, they are vile, I
can't endure 'em!"
Why should not uniform be worn by all scribbling
*Panduren?*—

"Say, why do you use such phrases when we're
trying to make our way?"
Friend, the streets are very crowded, use your
elbows—market day.

"But you have also written rhymes, both good
and common too."
Mix the best up with the worst, you'll find a
common mixture too.

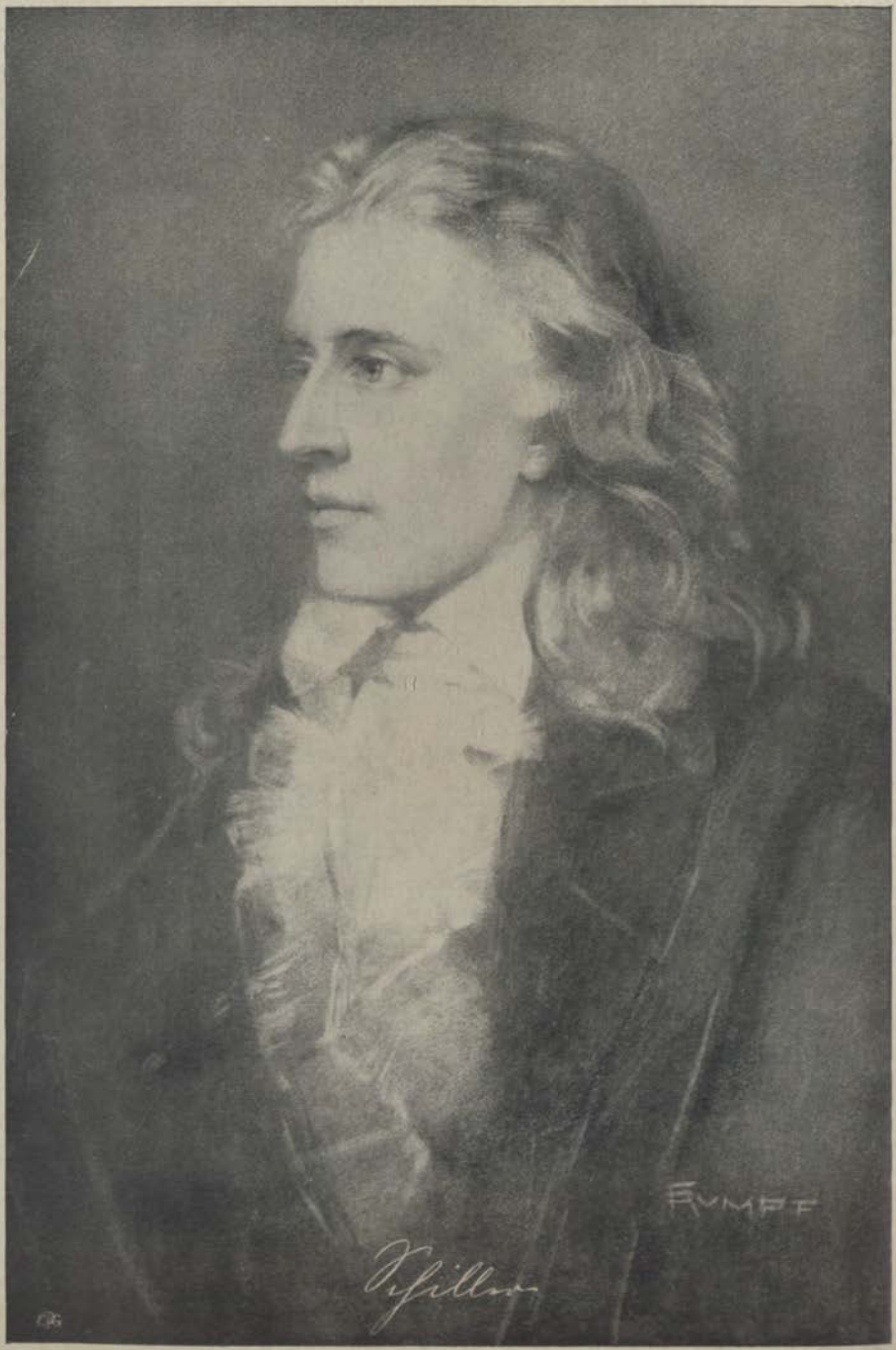
When the summer flies are swarming, you should
kill them with a flap.
Why not kill these rhymes or verses with a good
blow from your cap!

# IDEAS.

## BOOK LE GRAND

*(Das Buch le Grand).*

1826.


RUMPF

# FOREWORD TO "IDEAS."

## "*Book le Grand.*"

By the Translator.

HEINE'S "Ideen" is, perhaps, the most brilliant, and in many respects the most characteristic, of all his prose works. Although it forms the fourth book of his "Reisebilder," it is not in a literal sense a Picture of Travel. It may be described as a feat of literary gymnastics rendered possible only by the pictures of travel with which Heine's mind had been so well stored. Some of these were excursions in the realms of thought. Some reflected the enthusiasm of others. Many reflect Heine's own enthusiasm for the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, of whom he was so devoted a hero-worshipper. The "Ideas" also reflect Heine's pro-French tendencies—Heine the German, whose youthful impressions were gathered from the days when the old state of things was resigning its place to the new, and the world was not accustomed to the prospect and process of change. Here he tells us of the novel charm of those revolutionary ideas which set all Europe on fire after the tragic march of the aristocrats to "the lantern." Germany had no patriotism then, in the sense in which we now understand it. And this is not remarkable, for verily Germany was not then much more than "a geographical expression." Cut up into scores of petty principalities, temporal and *soi-disant* spiritual, full of old formalities, bound by the traditions and etiquette of liliputian Courts, stifled by the Prussianised censorship that was the foretaste of that Prussianisation of the whole of Germany which is now so potent, and sometimes so ominous, a factor in the

politics of the world: such was the Germany of Heine's childhood. Paris was then the Mecca of literature, music, and art. Napoleon represented in a concrete form the highest ambitions of French glory. He was the heroic figure who waved the flag of liberty from the Pyrenees to the Nile, from the Vistula to the Scheldt. "Ancientum documentum, veneramur cernui!" At his magic touch the mouldering old corpses of German Court life and mental intolerance seemed to crumble. The products of his rule were aggrandisement, the serving of heads of little tyrannies on chargers (alas! how soon a grosser tyranny took their place). Monsieur le Grand is a figure who belongs to Heine, and to the youthful impressions of the poet. We cannot even now read, without emotion, those lessons in modern history on his old drum, nor of the red guillotine march, nor of the return from Moscow, when, despite the dilated eyes and still and frozen tongue, the old drummer recognised his pupil, and began to teach him what he had learnt since last they met. The corpse-strewn battlefield of the Moskwa; the pinging of the bullets over the ice; and, dumm, dumm, dumm, the stupid, blundering, waddling march of the Kaiserlichs at Jena! Not even the knowledge and sense of proportion gained in after years could shake the glamour of Heine's heroics. He was an Anglophobe of the most strenuous type, because his sentiments were bound up with a hatred of all that was unimaginative, unpoetical, and Philistine. Rather a thousand Napoleonic tyrannies, with fire and slaughter and glory, than the smug monotony of a fat merchant's counting-house in the city. Of all things, the commonplace was to Heine the most accursed. His religion was beauty, and glory be to the man who made the means achieve the end. In his rhapsody he wanders through the lotus gardens of India, and tells of his dead loves. His glowing youth, with its never-to-be-forgotten events; his pointed arrows of retort and irony—these are some of the notes we have in the brilliant jumble of the "Ideen." Its first ten chapters are to the literature of Germany what the music of Chopin was to the sister art of sound. Its second half is a kind of German Dunciad, with the satire of Swift—and the irony of Heine. The book may be taken

with "Norderney" as an interval of mental Reisebilder between and amongst the charming pictures of travel which comprise the Harzreise, the Nordsee, and the Heimkehr, and it marks the summit of Heine's genius as a prose writer.—R. D. G.

EVELINA,

ACCEPT THESE PAGES

AS

A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

FROM THE AUTHOR.

# IDEAS

*(Book le Grand).*

"Mighty Race of Oeriunder,
Pillars of our Throne,
Shall endure, though Nature perish,
For ever and alone."

*Müllner.*

## CHAPTER I.

"She was lovable, and he loved her; but he was not lovable, and she loved him not."—*Old Play.*

MADAME, do you know that old Play? It is quite an extraordinary Play, only perhaps it is rather too melancholy. I have once played the leading rôle in it myself, and all the ladies wept. But one of them did not weep—not a single tear—and that was precisely the point of the Play, the real catastrophe.

Oh, that single tear! Still it tortures my memory; and Satan, when he tries to steal my soul, whispers in my ear the song of that unwept tear—a fatal song with an even more fatal melody. Ah! only in Hell is such a melody heard!

* * * * *

What life in Heaven is like, you, Madame, best can tell, for you are married. The amusements are quite superb; every imaginable pleasure is provided; one dwells in a very atmosphere of pleasure, "like a god in France." One plays from morning till evening, and the cooking is as good as at Jagor's. Roasted geese fly about with sauce-boats in their bills, and consider it a high compliment to be eaten. Buttered tarts grow wild like the glowing sunflowers. Everywhere are streams of bouillon and champagne; everywhere are trees on which serviettes flutter; one eats and wipes one's month, and eats again without fear of indigestion. You sing psalms, or dally and jest with the sweet tender little angels, or you take a walk in the green Hallelujah Meadows, and feel so comfortable in your white flowing robes, and nothing disturbs your serenity—no pain, no discomfort. Even if somebody happens to step on your toes, and says "Excusez," you sweetly smile and reply: "Your step, my brother, gives no pain, but, on the contrary, it sends through my heart a sweet and heavenly thrill of joy."

But as for Hell, Madame, you can have no idea of it. Of all the devils, you are probably only acquainted only with the smallest—that little Balzebub Amor, the pretty croupier of Hell, and of him your ideas are taken from Don Juan, and for such a gay deceiver doubtless you think nothing can be too hot, even though our estimable Theatre

Managers expend on him as much powder, brimstone, blue flames and fireworks, as any good Christian could devise for Hell itself.

Yet really Hell is very much worse than even our Theatre Managers are aware of, and that is the reason why they permit such inadequate representations of it to be played. In Hell it is quite hellishly hot, and once when I was there in the dog-days, I was really unable to endure it. You have no sort of idea of Hell, Madame. We get very little official intelligence from it. That the poor souls who dwell there are condemned all day long to read the dreary sermons preached here on earth, I refuse to believe. It is a calumny! Even in Hell it has not yet come to that; such refinement of torture will never be invented even by Satan. On the other hand, Dante's description is, on the whole, rather too mild and poetical. To me Hell appeared like a large burgher's kitchen, with an endless stove on which stood three rows of iron pots where the damned were stewing. In one row were placed the Christian sinners, and—would you believe it?—their number was not insignificant, and the devils were making up the fire below them with especial zeal. In the second row were the Jews, who howled continually. Occasionally the devils would jeer at them. I could not help laughing to see a fat pawnbroker, who complained of the excessive heat, so a little devil poured a few pails of cold water on his head, to show him

the comfort and refreshment of Baptism. In the third row were the Heathen, who, like the Jews, can never go to Heaven, but must remain in everlasting fire. I heard one of these, as a clumsy demon was adding fuel to the fire beneath him, cry out from his pot: "Spare me! I was Socrates, the wisest of Mortals; I taught truth and justice, and sacrificed my life in the cause of virtue." But the clumsy demon went on with his work muttering: "Eh, what! all heathen must burn; we cannot make an exception for a single case like yours." I assure you, Madame, the heat was fearful, and the shrieking, groaning, quaking, sighing, wailing, sobbing were appalling. But through all this horrid uproar I could still hear the fatal melody of the song of the tear that never fell!

## CHAPTER II.

"She was lovable and he loved her; but he was not lovable, and she loved him not."—*Old Play.*

MADAME! That old Play is a tragedy, though the hero is not murdered nor does he commit suicide. The eyes of the heroine are lovely, most lovely. Madame, do you not feel the scent of violets? Oh, most lovely, and yet so piercing that those eyes penetrated my heart like crystal daggers and came out at my back—but I was not killed by those deadly eyes. How beautiful also

is the heroine's voice! Madame, hear you not the nightingale warbling? A beauteous, silken voice; a sweet web of sunniest sound, and my soul was caught therein, and choked and tortured. I myself —it is the Count of the Ganges who is now speaking, and the scene of the Play is in Venice—I myself was growing tired of these tortures, and already in the first act of the Play I contemplated putting an end to things in the early scenes, by blowing out my brains, cap and bells and all. So I went into a curiosity shop in the Via Burstah, where there was a beautiful pair of pistols in a case. I remember quite well that they were lying by the side of many pretty playthings of mother-of-pearl and gold, iron hearts or golden chains, china cups with charming devices, snuff-boxes with pretty pictures, such as the godly story of Susannah, the swan song of Leda, the rape of the Sabines, or Lucretia, a buxom virtuous body, with bosom bared to receive the thrust of the dagger, though in no hurry about it; the late Bethmann, "La belle Ferrionière," and numerous alluring faces; but I bought the pistols without much bargaining, then the bullets, and the powder, and then I went to Signor Unbescheiden's cellar, and treated myself to oysters and a glass of Rhine wine.

I could not eat, and I could only drink very little. The warm teardrops fell into my glass, and in that glass I saw my beloved home, the blue waters of the sacred Ganges; the eternal shining

Himalayas; the giant banyan forests, in whose glades there roamed sagacious elephants and white pilgrims; strange dreamy flowers gazed at me with mystic meaning; strange golden birds warbled their delicious song; flickering sunbeams smiled at me, and laughing apes chattered and stared. From distant pagodas came the voices of praying priests, and louder than their prayers was the melting wail of the Sultana of Delhi. She was storming up and down her tapestried chamber like a lioness in her cage, tearing to shreds her silver veil, striking to the ground her black slave with her peacock fan, weeping, raging, shrieking—I know not why. From Signor Unbescheiden's cellar to the Harem at Delhi is 3,000 miles (moreover, the fair Sultana died 3,000 years ago); and I drank up my wine, the bright joyous Rhine wine, but my spirit grew only darker and sadder. I was sentenced to death.

As I was ascending the steps of the cellar, I heard the death-knell tolling. The crowds streamed by, but I stood by the corner of the *Strada San Giovanni* and uttered the following monologue:—

In olden tales are golden castles
Where harps are sounding, maidens dance,
The gaudy servants, and the scent
Of jasmine, rose and myrtle sweet—
And yet one word of disenchantment
Breaks at once the magic spell.

Naught remains but crumbling ruins,
Croaking night-birds, drear morasses!
So have I thus disenchanted
With one word all Nature's glory.
There it lies so pale and lifeless,
Like a mighty Monarch's corpse,
Whose cold cheeks with rouge are tinted,
In whose hand a sceptre lies.
But the lips are pinched and yellow,
For no rouge was placed thereon—
O'er the regal nose are springing
Mice that mocked the sceptre's power

It is quite the usual thing, Madame, to utter a monologue before shooting one's self. Most people employ the occasion to quote Hamlet—"To be or not to be." It is very good quotation, and I should like to have given it here, but every man must speak for himself, and when, as in my case, he has written tragedies, with such celebrated dying speeches as in my "Almansor," it is only natural that he should prefer his own words even to those of Shakespeare's. At all events the delivery of such speeches is a very useful custom, for they give one a little time to think. And so I found it, as I stood by the corner of the *Strada San Giovanni*, and as I waited there, a doomed man awaiting death—behold I saw HER before me!

She wore her blue silk dress, and her rose-coloured hat, and her eyes dwelt on me with such a mild,

death-vanquishing, life-giving gaze—Madame, you well know from Roman history, that when the vestals of ancient Rome met a poor wretch on his way to execution, they enjoyed the privilege of granting him a pardon and graciously restoring him to life. So had she with one single glance rescued me from death, and I stood before her newly created, almost blinded by the sunlike radiance of her beauty; and she passed on—leaving me to live.

## CHAPTER III.

And she let me live, and I live, and that is the main point.

Others may, if it affords them any pleasure, have their tombs adorned by their sweethearts with wreaths of flowers, and watered with faithful tears. Oh, woman! hate me, laugh at me, jilt me—but let me live! Life is so sweetly droll, and the world is so delightfully bewildering; it is the dream of an intoxicated god, who has taken leave *à la Française* of the godlike, carousing throng, has laid down to sleep on a star, and does not know that he creates all that he dreams. The dream pictures form themselves in a fantastic jumble of harmonious design. The Iliad, Plato, the Battle of Marathon, Moses, the Venus de Medici, Strasburg Minster, the French Revolution, Hegel, steamboats, etc., are some of the happy thoughts in this sleeping god's dream; but it will not last long, and the god

will awake, rub his drowsy eyes, smile—and our world has melted into nothing—yes, it has never been.

No matter! I live. If I am only the shadow picture in a dream, yet this is better than the cold, black, empty nothingness of death. Life is the highest good, and the worst evil is death. Berlin lifeguardsmen may sneer as they like, and say it is cowardice because the Prince of Homburg shudders when he sees his open grave. Heinrich Kleist had as much courage as his padded-breasted, tightly-laced comrades, as we know to our sorrow. But all strong men love life. Goethe's Egmont does not willingly quit "the cheerful habit of being and doing." Immermann's Edwin clings to life "like an infant to its mother's breast," and though it pains him to live by mercy of a stranger, yet does he beg for it:—

"Since life and breath are still the highest boon."

When Odysseus in the under-world sees that Achilles is the leader of the dead heroes, and praises his renown amongst the living, and his fame even with the dead, Achilles replies:—

"Speak not of comfort in Death, speak not thus, Oh noble Odysseus!
Rather would I in the field as a labourer toil with the living;

A Slave to the poorest of men, without land, without wealth, or possessions,
Than reign here below as a Monarch, the ruler of realms of the dead."

Yes, when Major Duvent challenged the great Israel Löwe to fight with pistols, and said, "If you will not meet me, Herr Löwe, you are a dog," the answer was, "I would rather be a living dog than a dead lion" (Löwe). And he was right. I myself have so often fought, Madame, that I do not fear to say "God be praised! I live!" In my veins the red blood flows, under my feet the earth throbs, in the glow of life I embrace trees and marble statues, and they live in my embraces. Every woman is to me a world. I revel in the melody of her countenance; with a single glance of my eye I can enjoy more than other men with their whole bodies in a whole lifetime. Every moment is to me an eternity; I do not measure time with the Brabant yard or the short Hamburg ell; I desire no priest to promise me a second life, for I can live enough in this life by living backwards in the life of my forefathers, and live an eternity in the realm of the past.

And I live! The great pulse of nature beats in my heart, and when I sing a thousand echoes answer me. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring has sent them to waken the earth from her morning slumbers, and the earth trembles with rapture;

her flowers are hymns that she pours forth in inspiration to the sun ; the sun moves too slowly, I would that I might lash and quicken his fiery-footed steeds. But when he sinks hissing into the sea, and the great Night advances with her large languorous eyes, oh, then do I thrill with real pleasure ; like fluttering maidens the evening breezes fling themselves on my impetuous heart, the stars twinkle, and I rise and soar far, far above the little earth and the little thoughts of men.

## CHAPTER IV.

But the day will come when the glowing life in my veins shall be cold ; in my breast winter shall dwell, and its white flakes will flutter round my head, its fogs dim my eyes. My friends are all then laid in weather-beaten graves, and I alone am left like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper.

A new generation has sprung up, with new desires and new thoughts. With wonder shall I hear the new names and the new songs. The old names are forgotten, and I also am forgotten—though perhaps honoured by a few, though scorned by many, loved by none ! And the rosy-cheeked boys come running up to me, and place the old harp in my trembling hand, laughing and saying : " Lazy old grey-beard, how long hast thou been silent ! Sing us again the songs of thy youthful dreams ! "

Then will I seize the harp, and the old joys and sorrows awaken, the mists are dispelled, tears once more flow on my pale cheeks; again there is spring in my heart, sweet tones of melancholy tremble over the harp strings; again I see the blue river, and the marble palaces, and the beauteous faces of women and maidens—and I sing a song of the Flowers of Brenta.

It will be my last song. The stars will shine on me as in the days of my youth. The sweet moonlight will once more kiss my cheeks. The ghostly chorus of dead nightingales will softly float over the breeze. My eyes, drunk with sleep, will close; my soul responds to the tones of my harp, and the fragrance of the Flowers of Brenta is around me.

A tree will overshadow my grave. I would have chosen a palm tree, but palms will not grow in the North. So let it be a linden, and in the summer evenings lovers will sit and whisper their vows of love beneath it. The greenfinch, swinging on the branches, hushes his song to listen, and my linden rustles tenderly over the heads of the happy ones —so happy that they will have no time to read what is written on my white tombstone. But afterwards, when the lover has lost his maiden, he will return to the familiar linden and sigh and weep, and look long and often at the tombstone, and read what is there written: "He loved the Flowers of Brenta."

## CHAPTER V.

MADAME, I have deceived you, I am not the Count of the Ganges. Never in my life have I beheld the sacred stream, nor the lotus blooms mirrored in its magic depths. Never have I laid dreaming beneath Indian palms; never did I pray to the diamond god Juggernaut: if I had, perhaps he would have helped me. I have no more been to Calcutta, than the Indian curry that was cooked yesterday for my dinner. But my ancestors come from Hindostan, and that is why I feel at home in the great Valmiki's forest of song; the heroic sufferings of the godlike Ramo touch my heart like a familiar tale of woe; Kalidasa's flowery lays cause sweet memories to revive; and when, a few years ago, a kind lady in Berlin showed me some little pictures which her father, who had been a Governor in India, had brought home with him, the delicately painted calm and solemn faces were so familiar to me that I seemed to be looking at a gallery of family portraits.

Madame, of course you have read Franz Bopp's "Nalus" and his Sanscrit conjugations. He has given me much information respecting my ancestors, and I now know for certain that I am descended from Brahma's head; not from his corns. I also believe that the whole of the Mahabharata, with its 200,000 verses, is simply an allegorical love-letter from my great-great-great-grandfather to

my great-great-great-grandmother. Ah! how they loved then! Their souls kissed, their eyes kissed, they both became one single kiss.

An enchanted nightingale sits on a red coral branch in the calm ocean, and sings a song of the love of my ancestors. Pearls peep curiously from their shells; the wondrous water-blooms tremble with deep emotion; wise sea-snails, with glistening porcelain towers on their backs, come creeping onward; the sea roses blush with confusion; the yellow pointed starfish and the glassy, thousand-hued jelly-fish stir and quiver, and all swarm and listen.

However, Madame, the song of this nightingale is much too long to be set down here. It is as great as the world itself. Even the dedication to Anangas, the god of love, is as long as the entire collection of Walter Scott's novels; there is a reference to it in Aristophanes, which being interpreted in German is:—

> "Tiotio, tiotio, tiotinx,
> Totototo, totototo, totot*i*nx."
>
> (*Voss' Translation.*)

No, I was not born in India. I first saw the light on the banks of that beautiful river, on whose green hills Folly grows and is gathered in autumn, stowed away in cellars, and sent away in vats to foreign lands. In truth, only yesterday I heard some one talking folly which, in the year 1811, I

myself saw growing in a bunch on the Johannisberg! But all the folly is not sent abroad, and people are very much the same everywhere. They are born, they eat, drink, sleep, laugh, weep, backbite, concern themselves with the propagation of their race, try to appear what they are not, and to do what they cannot, will not shave until they have a beard, and often have a beard before they have reached the age of discretion; and when they get discretion they mystify themselves again with red and white folly.

*Mon Dieu!* If I had sufficient faith to move mountains, the Johannisberg is the mountain I would take everywhere with me. But my faith is not strong enough, therefore must I call upon imagination to help me, and quickly she places me by the glorious Rhine.

Oh! it is a fair land, full of loveliness and sunshine. The blue stream reflects the rocky heights with their ruined castles, forests and ancient towns. There the townsfolk sit before their doors on summer evenings and drink from deep cans and gossip about the wine. "Thank God! for a good vintage. How justice should be free to all; and so they have guillotined Marie Antoinette, which does not concern us! How tobacco has risen since it has been taxed. All men are equal, and Görres is a jolly good fellow."

I never troubled myself much with all this gossip, but preferred sitting with the girls in the large

window, laughing at their laughter, letting them pelt me with flowers, and pretending to be angry till they told me their secrets or some other important matter. Pretty Gertrude was wild with joy when I sat beside her. She was a maiden like a glowing rose, and once when she fell on my neck, I thought she would have burned like perfume in my arms. Fair Catherine melted into tenderest music when she spoke to me, and her eyes were a pure intense blue, such as I have never seen in men or animals, and very seldom in flowers; one could gaze into them and think the most delicious thoughts. But beautiful Hedwig loved me, for whenever I approached her, she bent her head so low that her black curls fell over her blushing face, and her bright eyes shone stars in a dark sky. Her bashful lips were silent, and I also could not speak. I coughed and she trembled. Often she sent me messages by her sisters, begging me not to climb the rocks so carelessly, or not to bathe in the Rhine when I was hot with walking or with wine. Once I heard her praying before a little picture of the Virgin Mary standing in a niche in the hall, which she had devoutly decked with gold leaf that glittered in the flickering light of the little lamp. And plainly I heard her beseeching the Mother of God to keep me from climbing, bathing, and drinking. I should certainly have loved this fair maiden, if she had been indifferent to me. But I was indifferent to her because I knew that she loved me.

Madame, if you would retain my love, you must treat me *en canaille.*

The fair Johanna was a cousin of the three sisters, and I enjoyed her company. She knew all the charming old legends, and when with her white hand she pointed out of the window to the mountains, where all she narrated had happened, I was enchanted. Under her magic spell I saw the old knights rise from the ruined castles, and blows rained on their coats of mail. The Lorelei again sat on the mountain peak, and her sweet fatal song came floating down to my ears. The Rhine rolled on, peacefully, soothingly, treacherously—and the beauteous Johanna gazed at me so strangely, so weirdly, so mysteriously, as though she herself was part of the tale she had told. She was a pale and slender maiden, sickly and pensive. Her eyes were clear as truth itself. Her lips piously compressed. Some great story was written on her face —but it was a sacred story—was it a legend of love ? I know not, and I never had the courage to inquire. When I gazed at her long, a holy calm pervaded me, like a peaceful Sabbath in my heart, wherein the angels prayed to God.

In such happy hours, I told her tales of my childhood, and she listened with rapt attention. And, strangely, when I had forgotten names, she remembered them and recalled them to me ! When I wonderingly asked her how she came to know them, she would answer with a smile that the birds

who built their nests under her window-sill had told her. She even tried to make me believe they were the same birds that I had bought as a boy with my pocket-money, from the hard-hearted peasant boys, and let them fly away again. But I believe she knew everything, because she was so pale, and had so soon to die. She also knew when she would die, and wanted me to leave Andernach the day before. When we parted she gave me both her hands—white soft hands, and pure as the Host—and said: "You are very good, and if ever you are wicked, remember your little dead Veronica."

Did she get this name, too, from the chattering birds? Often when thinking of past times, I had wearied my brains in trying to recall that beloved name—but in vain.

Now that I have got it again, the memories of my earliest childhood will revive, and I am a child once more, playing with other children in the Schloss-Platz, at Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

## CHAPTER VI.

YES, Madame, there was I born, and I inform you of the circumstance lest, after my death, seven cities —Schilda, Krähwinkel, Pollwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen and Schöppenstedt—should contend for the honour of being my birthplace. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine, with 16,000 inhabitants, to say nothing of many hundred thousands that are

buried there. Among the latter are many of whom my mother says it would be better if they were still alive—for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr von Geldern, and the young Herr von Geldern, who were both such celebrated doctors, and saved so many men from death, and yet were obliged to die themselves. And the pious Ursula, who carried me as a child in her arms, also lies buried there, and a rosebush grows over her grave—she loved rose-perfume so much in her life, and her heart was all rose-scent and goodness. And the crafty old Canon lies there also. Lord, how wretched he looked when last I saw him, he seemed to be nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he studied night and day as though he feared the worms might find a few ideas lacking in his head. Little William lies there also, and that is my fault. We were schoolmates in the Franciscan cloister, and were playing on that side of it where the Düssel flows between stone walls. I said, "William, can you save that kitten, which has just fallen in the water!". He cheerfully ran out on the board which crossed the stream, and pulled the kitten out of the water, but fell in himself, and when they took him out he was drowned. The kitten lived to a good old age.

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and if you happen to have been born there and think of it when you are far away, strange feelings come over you. I was born there, and feel a longing to return

to my native home. When I say home, I mean the Volkerstrasse, and the house in which I was born. Some day this house will be famous, and I have told the old lady who owns it, that she must not sell it as she values her life. For the whole house she would now hardly get as much as the gratuities which green-veiled, genteel English ladies will give to the housekeeper who shows them the room where I first saw the light, and the fowl-house where my father used to lock me up for stealing grapes, and the barn-door on which my mother taught me to write my letters with chalk. Lord! Madame, if I ever become a celebrated writer, it cost my poor mother trouble enough to make me one.

But at present my fame still slumbers in the marble quarries of Carrara. The laurel wreath of waste paper with which they have crowned my brows, has not yet spread its perfume over the world, and when the genteel green-veiled English ladies visit Düsseldorf, they pass by the famous house and go straight to the Market Place to look at the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in the middle of it. That is the statue of the Elector Jan Wilhelm. He wears black armour, and has a long pig-tail. As a boy, I was told that the artist who made the statue discovered to his horror, during the casting, that he had not metal enough, so all the burghers came running with their silver spoons to supply the deficiency. I used to stand

before the statue for hours wondering how many silver spoons it contained, and how many apple tarts all this silver might have bought. For apple tarts were then my passion—now it is love, truth, freedom, and crab soup. Close to the Elector's statue, at the corner of the theatre, there generally stood a queer-looking bandy-legged fellow, with a white apron and a basket of steaming hot apple tarts, the merits of which he used to proclaim with an irresistible soprano voice: "Apple tarts, quite fresh, just hot from the oven, smelling deliciously!" Truly, whenever in my later years the tempter tried to seduce me, he spoke in just such an insinuating soprano tone, and I should certainly never have remained twelve hours in Signora Giulietta's company if she had not thrilled me with her sweet, fragant, apple-tart tones. Indeed! the apple tarts would never have enticed me so much, if the bandy-legged Hermann had not covered them up so mysteriously with his white apron; and it is aprons, which—but I must bring myself back to my subject. I was speaking of the equestrian statue which has so many silver spoons in its body and no soup, the statue of the Elector Jan Wilhelm.

He must have been a brave gentleman, very fond of art, and skilful himself. He founded the picture gallery of Düsseldorf, and in the observatory there they show a very artistic piece of woodwork, which he carved in his leisure hours—and he had four and twenty of them every day.

In those days princes were not so plagued as they are now. Their crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew on their caps and slept peacefully; and their people slumbered peacefully at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning they said, "Good morning, father!" and the Prince replied, "Good morning, dear children."

But suddenly all was changed. One morning when we awoke in Düsseldorf to say "Good morning, father!" the father had gone away, and in the whole town there was nothing but sorrow and a gloomy, funereal air. Quietly the people walked up to the Market Place, and read a long placard on the door of the Rathaus. It was wet weather, and yet Kilian, the lean tailor, was standing in his nankeen jacket, which he generally kept for home wear, his blue woollen stockings sorrowfully hung down and exposed his little bare legs, and his thin lips quivered while he muttered to himself the proclamation. An old Bavarian pensioner read in a somewhat louder tone, and at times, as he read, a shining tear dropped on his honest grey moustache. I stood by his side and asked why he wept. He answered, "The Elector thanks you," and began reading again, and at the words "for your tried loyalty," and "releases you from your allegiance," the tears fell faster. It is a strange sight to see an old man, with faded uniform and scarred face, suddenly bursting into tears. While we were reading, the electoral escutcheon was taken

down from the Rathaus, and everything seemed to be dark and chilly, as if an eclipse of the sun were coming. The town councillors went about with a weary, unofficial sort of gait; even the mighty beadle looked as if he had no more orders to give, and stood calmly indifferent, though crazy Aloysius stood on one leg and chattered out the names of the French generals with foolish grimaces, whilst the drunken cripple Gumpertz rolled in the gutter singing, "Ça ira! ça ira!"

But I went home sobbing because the Elector had abdicated. "The Elector thanks you!" My mother must have had a bad time of it in explaining things. I knew what I knew and would let nobody speak to me. I went to bed weeping, and that night I dreamt that the world was coming to an end; flower gardens and green meadows were rolled up and put away like carpets; the beadle climbed up a high ladder and took down the sun; tailor Kilian looked on and said to himself, "I must go home and put on my best clothes, for I am dead and am to be buried to-day"—and it grew darker and darker: a few stars glimmered on high, and even these fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; everybody gradually disappeared, and I, poor child, wandered about disconsolately until I found myself before a willow fence of a deserted farmhouse, where I saw a man digging the earth with a spade, and near him was a hideous spiteful woman holding something in her apron like a human

head ; but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave—and behind me stood the soldier sobbing, and spelling, "The Elector has abdicated."

When I awoke the sun was shining through the window as usual ; in the street the drums were beating, and as I entered our sitting-room and wished my father good morning—he sat in his white dressing-gown—I heard the light-footed barber, as he made up his hair, tell him that that very morning the Archduke Joachim was to be proclaimed at the Rathaus, also that he was of excellent family, and that he had married the sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and was a man of fine presence ; that he wore his beautiful black hair in curls, and that he would shortly enter the town, and would certainly please all the ladies. Meanwhile the drumming in the streets continued, and I stood before the door and looked at the French troops marching in ; those gay and glorious people who swept over the world, singing and playing, the semi-serious faces of the grenadiers, the bearskin shakoes, the tri-coloured cockades, the glittering bayonets, the *voltigeurs* full of vivacity and *point d'honneur*, and the all-potent, silver-laced tall drum-major, who threw his staff, with gilded knob, as high as the first storey, and his eyes as far as the second, if there happened to be any pretty girls at the window. I was charmed to think that some of the soldiers would be quartered on us—though my mother was not—

and I ran to the Market Place. There everything was altered, as though the world had been newly painted. On the Rathaus was a new coat of arms; the iron railings of the balcony were hung with embroidered velvet; French grenadiers were on guard; the old town councillors had changed their faces and wore their Sunday suits, and bowed to one another in French fashion, and said *bon jour;* ladies were peeping out of all the windows; curious burghers and gay soldiers filled the square, and I with other boys clambered up the colossal horse of the Elector, and looked down on the motley throng in the market square.

Neighbour Pitter and long-legged Kunz nearly broke their necks on this occasion, though that would not have mattered very much, for one of them soon afterwards enlisted, deserted, and was shot at Mayence, while the other, being engaged in explorations in other people's pockets, became an active member of a public treadmill company; but he broke the fetters which bound him to his country, crossed the water in safety, and died in London from wearing a tight cravat which tied of itself when a Government official pulled away the board on which he was standing.

Long Kunz told us there was no school to-day on account of the proclamation. We had a long time to wait for the show. At last the balcony of the Rathaus was filled with gentlemen in uniform, and flags and trumpets, and Herr Burgo-

master, in his famous red coat, made a speech which expanded like an india-rubber nightcap with a stone in it (not the stone of wisdom), and I could catch a few sentences: for instance, that they would make us all happy—and as he sat down the trumpets blew, the flags waved, the drums beat, and there were shouts of *Vivat!* and I too shouted *Vivat!* holding fast to the old Elector. That was necessary, for I began to grow giddy; it seemed to me that the people were standing on their heads while the world whizzed round, and the Elector with his long wig nodded and whispered, "Hold fast to me!" and it was only the cannon being fired off by the wall which sobered me, and I climbed slowly down from the Elector's bronze horse again.

As I went home I saw crazy Aloysius again dancing on one leg, while he chattered the names of French generals, and the cripple Gumpertz was rolling in the gutter, drunk, and shouting *ça ira, ça ira*—and I said to my mother that we were all to be made happy, and so there was no school to-day.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE next day the world was again quite in order, and we had school as before, and continued to learn the same old lessons—the Roman kings, chronology—the *nomina* in *im*, the *verba irregularia*—Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic—Lord! my head swims with it still!—all

must be learnt by heart. And much of it was eventually of service to me. For if I had not learnt the Roman kings by heart, it would subsequently have been a matter of supreme indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learnt chronology, how could I ever, in later years, have found my way about the great Berlin, where one house is as like another as two drops of water, or as two grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head. Therefore I associated every new acquaintance with some historical event which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one thing brought to mind the other. Thus, when I met my tailor, I was immediately reminded of the battle of Marathon. The smart banker, Christian Gumpel, reminded me at once of the destruction of Jerusalem; on seeing my Portuguese friend who was always encumbered with debt, I immediately thought of the flight of Mahomet; if I saw one of the University judges, whose strict integrity is proverbial, I instantly thought of the death of Haman; while Wadzeck brought to my mind Cleopatra. Alas! the poor creature is dead now, the tearful ducts are dry, and one may say with Hamlet, "Take all in all, she was an old woman, the like of which we oft shall see again." Dates, I know, are indispensable. I could name men who had nothing in their brain

but a few dates, and yet by help of them, made their way at once to the right houses, and are now appointed professors. But at school I hated these endless numbers; arithmetic proper was even worse. I understood subtraction best; for there is a very useful rule, "Four from three gives none, so you must borrow one," only I should advise you to borrow a few pence more; one never knows what may happen. But as for the difficulties of Latin, Madame, you can have no idea. The Romans would certainly not have had enough time for conquering the world if they had first had to learn Latin. Those happy people must have known in their cradles what nouns formed their accusatives in *-im.* I had to learn them by heart; by the sweat of my brow; but still it is a good thing that I know them. If, for example, on July 20, 1825, when I had to maintain my Latin disputation for a doctor's degree in the Senate Hall at Göttingen—it would have been worth your while to be present, Madame—if I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim,* it is even possible that some of the freshmen present would have noticed it, and that would have been an indelible disgrace upon me. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis*—these words have attracted so much attention in the world, because they belong to a definite class, and yet were exceptions; and that is why I esteem them so highly. This and the fact that I have them ready at hand if ever I have to use them,

afford me much internal peace and consolation in the darker hours of life. But, Madame, the *verba irregularia*—they are distinguished from the *verbis regularibus* by the fact that in learning them one gets more floggings—are fearfully difficult. In the damp cloister of the Franciscan Convent near our school, there hung a large crucifix of grey wood, a dismal image, that even now at times haunts my dreams and gazes sorrowfully on me with fixed bleeding eyes—before this image I often stood and prayed, "Oh, thou poor God, tormented as I am, if it be possible for thee, help me to learn the *verba irregularia!*"

As for Greek, I will say nothing—I dare not. The monks of the Middle Ages were not so very far wrong when they asserted that Greek was an invention of the Devil. God knows what sorrow it caused me; but I did better with Hebrew, for I always had a weakness for the Jews, although to this very hour they have crucified my good name. But I never could get so far in Hebrew as my watch, which had an intimate acquaintance with pawnbrokers, and consequently learned much of the manners and customs of the Jews. For example, not to go on a Saturday—and it learnt the language of Holy Scripture, and even some of the grammar. Often in the night as I lay awake, I have been surprised to hear the watch ticking to itself: *Katal, Katalta, Katalti—Kittel, Kittalta, Kittalti—pokat, pokadeti—pikat—pik—pik——*

But I got on far better with the German language, though that, I can assure you, is by no means child's play. For we poor Germans, what with soldiers being billeted on us, military duties, poll-taxes, and a thousand other evils, have quite enough to bear; yet do we plague ourselves with Dr. Adelung and his accusatives and datives. Much German grammar I learnt from Rector Schallmeyer, a godly old man who took an interest in me from my childhood. I was also indebted to Professor Schramm, who wrote a work on eternal peace, and in whose class we were always fighting.

But while hurrying on in this gossip about my old school-days, I will avail myself of the occasion to assure you, Madame, that it was not my fault if I learnt so little geography at school, that in after life I failed to make my way in the world. The fact is, when I was at school the French had altered all the boundaries; every day some country was freshly coloured; the blue suddenly turned green, many actually became blood-red; the old rules and facts in our books got so mixed and altered that the Devil himself could not comprehend them. In the products of the countries there was also confusion, chicory and beetroot now growing where before there was nothing but hares and hunting country squires. In national characters there was similar alteration. Germans became witty, Frenchmen paid no compliments, Englishmen ceased

to throw money out of window, Venetians were no longer subtle; princes got rapid promotion, old kings got new uniforms, new kingdoms were cooked up and sold like hot cakes; many potentates, on the other hand, were hunted from house and home, and were compelled to find some new way of earning their bread, while others went at once to learn a trade, and manufactured, for example, sealing-wax, or—Madame, this period must be brought to an end, or I shall be out of breath—to cut a long story short, you cannot in times like this go very far in geography.

I did better in Natural History, as there are fewer changes; there are the stereotyped pictures of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, etc. And having many such pictures stamped on my mind, it follows that at first sight many people appear to me like old acquaintances.

I did well also in my mythology. I was delighted with the rabble of gods and goddesses who ruled the world in joyous nudity. I do not believe there was a schoolboy in ancient Rome who knew the chief articles of his catechism—that is, the loves of Venus—better than I.

To be frank, it seems to me that if we must learn all the heathen gods by heart, we might as well have kept them. Perhaps we are not so much better off with our New Roman Trinity, or even with our Jewish Monotheism. Perhaps that old mythology was not really so immoral as it is represented, and

it was, for example, a very delicate idea of Homer's to give the much-loved Venus a consort.

But I did best of all in the French class of the Abbé d'Aulnoi, a French *émigré* who had written several grammars, and who wore a red wig, and hopped about very nervously when he recited his *Art poétique* and his *Histoire Allemande.* He was the only master in the whole school who taught German history. But French, too, has its difficulties, and before you are proficient in it you must have had a lot of soldiers billeted on you, much drumming, much *apprendre par cœur*, and, above all, you must not be a *bête allemande.* In the French lesson, there were many hard words; I remember quite well as if it were only yesterday the difficulties I found over *la religion.* Six times, at least, I was asked: "Henry, what is the French for 'der glaube?'" and six times I answered, each time with more weeping "*le crédit*"; and the seventh time my examiner, turning purple with rage, shouted, "It is *la religion,*" and a reign of blows followed, and all my comrades laughed. Madame, since that day, I never heard the word religion without feeling a cold shudder down my back and my cheeks reddening with shame. And in truth I have found *le crédit* more useful to me through life than *la religion.* At this moment I remember that I still owe the landlord of the Lion Hotel at Bologna five thalers, and I will pledge you my word, I would gladly give him another five if I were sure

of never having to hear in this life again that luckless word *la religion.*

*Parbleu,* Madame! I have attained considerable proficiency in French. Not only do I understand *patois,* but even aristocratic nursemaid French. Not long ago, in very fashionable society, I understood nearly half the discourse of two German Countesses, each of whom could reckon more than sixty-four years, and as many ancestors. Yes, and at the Café Royal in Berlin I once heard Monsieur Hans Michel Martens speak French, and I understood the sense of all he said, though there was no sense in it. One must get to know the spirit of the language, and that is only taught by drumming. *Parbleu!* how much I owe the French drummer who was so long billeted on us, who looked like a very devil, and yet he had the heart of an angel, and how incomparably he drummed!

He was a little nervous figure, with a fierce black moustache, beneath which the red lips turned suddenly outwards, while his fiery eyes glanced hither and thither.

I, a youngster, stuck to him like a leech, and helped him polish his military buttons like mirrors, and pipe-clay his vest—for Monsieur Le Grand liked to look well—and I followed him to the watch, to the roll-call, to the parade—in those times there was nothing but the gleam of weapons, and gaiety—*les jours de fête sont passés!* Monsieur Le Grand knew only a little broken German, only some of the

chief expressions—"Bread," "Kiss," "Honour"—but he could make himself quite well understood with his drum. For instance, if I did not know what the word liberty meant, he drummed the *Marseillaise*—and I understood him. If I did not understand the word *égalité*, he drummed the march, "*Ça ira . . . les aristocrats à la lanterne*"! and I understood him. If I did not know what *bêtise* meant, he drummed the Dessauer March, which we Germans, as Goethe admits, have drummed in Champagne—and I understood him. He once wanted to explain to me the word Germany, and he drummed the all too simple, primeval melody, which on market days is played to dancing dogs—namely, dum-dum-dum—I was angry, but still I understood him.

In the same way he taught me modern history. I did not understand a word he said, but as he constantly drummed while speaking, I knew what he meant. This is, really, the best method. The history of the storming of the Bastille, of the Tuileries, we best begin to understand when we know what the drumming was like. In our history books we just read: "Their excellencies the Barons and Counts and their noble Consorts were beheaded; their highnesses the Dukes and Princes and their very noble Consorts were beheaded; his Majesty the King and his most noble Consort were beheaded"; but when one hears the drums beating the red guillotine march, one begins to realize the scene, and per-

ceives the why and the wherefore. Madame, that is a marvellous march! it thrilled me to the very marrow when first I heard it, and I was glad when I forgot it. One does forget things as one grows older; a young man has nowadays so much else to carry in his head—whist, Boston, genealogical tables, acts of the Diet, dramaturgy, liturgy, carving at table—and for a long time I was unable to recall that tremendous tune, though I often racked my brains for it. But strange to say, Madame, I was dining the other day with a regular menagerie of Counts, Princes, Princesses, Chamberlains, ladies in waiting, seneschals, mistresses of the robes, keepers of the plate, mistresses of the chase, and whatever else these noble domestics are termed, and their under domestics were waiting behind their chairs and filling up the plates as they ate, while I sat idly by unheeded and unserved, with nothing to occupy my jaws, making pills of bread-crumbs, and drumming on the table to pass away the time—when to my amazement I suddenly found myself drumming the long-forgotten red guillotine march!

"And what happened?" Madame, these people never let themselves be disturbed when eating, and do not appear to know that other people, when they have nothing to eat, suddenly begin to drum, and drum some strange and curious marches too, which one believes to be long since forgotten. Is drumming, I wonder, an inborn talent? Perhaps I acquired it at a very early age. At any

rate it is in my very bones, in my hands, in my feet, and it often shows itself quite involuntarily. For example, I once sat at Berlin in the class-room of the Privy Councillor Schmaltz, a man who had saved the country by his book on the "Red Coat and Black Coat Danger." You remember, perhaps, Madame, Pausanias told how by the braying of an ass an equally dangerous plot was once discovered, and you also know from Livy, or from Becker's "History of the World," that geese saved the Capitol, and you know from Sallust that a gossiping bawd, the Lady Livia, brought to light the terrible Cataline conspiracy. But to return to our mutton, I listened to international law in the class-room of the Herr Privy Councillor Schmaltz one drowsy summer afternoon, and I sat on the bench and heard less and less—my head had gone to sleep—when all at once I was wakened by the noise of my own feet, which had stayed awake, and had apparently noticed that the exact reverse of international rights and constitutionalism was being propounded, and my feet which, with the eyes of their little corns, had seen more of the tendency of the times than the Privy Councillor with his great Juno eyes—my poor dumb feet, incapable of expressing their meaning by words, tried to make themselves intelligible by drumming, and they drummed so loudly that they brought me to grief.

Damned, unreflecting feet! They once played

me a similar trick, when at Göttingen I attended (without subscribing) the lectures of Professor Saalfeld. He, with his angular activity, danced about here and there in his desk, and aroused himself in order to curse the Emperor Napoleon.

No, my poor feet, I cannot blame you for drumming then, nor could I have blamed you if you had protested in an even more forcible fashion. How dare I, a pupil of Le Grand's, hear the Emperor denounced? The Emperor! the great Emperor! When I think of the great Emperor, all is summertime again, all gold and green. A long avenue of blooming lime-trees rises up before me; on the leafy branches sit nightingales singing; the waterfall ripples; in the borders are flowers dreamily waving their beautiful heads.

Once I knew them very closely; the painted tulips bowed to me with the assumed humility of proud beggars; the neurotic lilies nodded to me with tender sensibility; the roses, with wine-flushed cheeks, laughed a welcome from afar; the night violets sighed; with myrtles and laurels I was not then acquainted, for they did not attract me with any bright blossoms. But with the mignonette, with which I am now on bad terms, I was then quite in favour. I am speaking of the Court Gardens at Düsseldorf, where I used to lie on the grass devoutly listening to Monsieur Le Grand as he told of the great Emperor's heroism, and beat the marches to which those heroic exploits were per-

formed, so that I saw and heard the very life of it all. I saw the march across the Simplon—the Emperor in front and the brave grenadiers climbing up behind, while the startled wild birds screamed around, and the glaciers thundered in the distance; I saw the Emperor, flag in hand, on the bridge of Lodi; I saw the Emperor in his grey cloak at Marengo; I saw the Emperor on horse-back at the battle of the Pyramids—nothing but smoke and Mamelukes; I saw the Emperor at Austerlitz—hui! how the bullets pinged over the glassy ice; I saw, I heard, the battle of Jena—dum, dum, dum; I saw, I heard the battle of Eylau, of Wagram—— no, it was more than I could bear! Monsieur Le Grand drummed so that my own ear-drums nearly cracked.

## CHAPTER VIII.

But what were my feelings, when, with my own highly-honoured eyes, I saw him himself! Hosannah! the Emperor!

It was in the same *allée* of the Court Garden at Düsseldorf. As I pushed my way through the gaping multitude I thought of the great deeds and the battles which Monsieur Le Grand had drummed to me, and my heart beat the "grand march"—yet at the same time I thought of the police regulation, that no one should ride through the *allée* under a penalty of five thalers. And the Emperor

with his suite rode directly down the avenue. The trembling trees bowed toward him as he passed, the sunbeams shook and peeped curiously through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there floated a golden star. The Emperor wore his invisible green uniform and the little world-renowned hat. He rode a white horse, which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly—if I had been the Crown Prince of Prussia I should have envied that horse. Carelessly, and easily, sat the Emperor, holding his rein with one hand, and with the other good-naturedly patting the horse's neck. It was a sunny marble hand, one of those hands which bound fast the hydra-headed monster of anarchy, and put in order the war of nations; and it good-naturedly patted the horse's neck. His face also was of that hue which we find in the Greek and Roman marble busts; the features were as noble as those of the ancients, and on his face was written: "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." A smile that warmed and soothed every heart played about his lips, and yet we knew that those lips had only to whistle and there would be no more Prussia; those lips had only to whistle, and clericalism would stop its bell-ringing; those lips had only to whistle, and the whole holy Roman Empire would dance. But now those lips smiled, and the eye smiled also. That was an eye! as clear as heaven; it read men's hearts at a glance; it saw at once all earthly things, while

we see them only one by one, and then only their painted shadows. The brow was not so clear; it was haunted by the ghosts of coming battles, and at times a frown passed across it; these frowns were the creative thoughts, seven-mile boot thoughts, with which the Emperor's spirit invisibly covered the world. I believe each of these thoughts would have furnished a German writer with material to occupy his whole life.

The Emperor rode calmly down the *allée;* no policeman stopped his way; behind him, on prancing chargers, bedecked with gold and jewels, rode his suite; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded; at my side danced mad Aloysius, and chattered the names of his generals; close by drunken Gumpertz shouted, and the people cried with a thousand voices, "Long live the Emperor!"

## CHAPTER IX.

THE Emperor is dead. On a desolate island in the Atlantic Ocean is his lonely grave. He, for whom the whole world was not wide enough, rests peacefully beneath the little hill, where five weeping willows sorrowfully droop their green tresses, and a little murmuring brooklet ripples by. There is no inscription on the tombstone; but Clio, with unerring justice, has written upon it invisible words, which like spirit-tones will ever resound through the ages.

Britannia! Thine is the sea; but the sea has not water enough to wash from thee the shame which the death of that great dead hero hath bequeathed thee! Not even the windy Sir Hudson; no, thou thyself wast the Sicilian brigand with whom the perfidious kings bargained, that they might secretly avenge on the man of the people what the people had once inflicted on one of the kings. And he was thy guest, and had seated himself at thy hearth!

Until remotest ages will the youth of France sing and speak of the terrible hospitality of the *Bellerophon*, and when those songs of tears and mockery resound across the Channel, the cheeks of every honourable Briton will redden. And some day, this song will ring so loudly that Britannia will be no more; the people of pride will be humbled to the earth. The tombs of Westminster will be shattered, and the ashes of monarchs will be forgotten.—And St. Helena is the Holy Sepulchre, whither the peoples of the East and of the West will make their pilgrimage in ships with many coloured flags, and their hearts will swell with great memories of the deeds of the Saviour of the world who suffered under Hudson Lowe, as it is written in the gospels of Las Casas, O'Meara, and Autommarchi.

Strange! the three greatest enemies of the Emperor have already found an awful fate. Londonderry has cut his throat, Louis XVIII. has

rotted away on his throne, and Professor Saalfeld is still Professor in Göttingen!

## CHAPTER X.

It was a clear, frosty, autumn day, when a young man of studious appearance strolled slowly through the *allée* of the Düsseldorf Court Gardens; with child-like pleasure he kicked aside the rustling leaves which covered the ground, and often gazed sorrowfully towards the bare trees, on which a few golden leaves still hung. As he thus gazed, he thought on the words of Glaucus:—

"Like to the leaves of the forests, so are the races of mortals;
Leaves that are blown to the earth by the wind, while the others are driven
Away by the blossom and bud uplifting, when Springtime reneweth the forest:
So are the races of men—one grows and the other departeth."

In earlier days the young man had gazed up at these same trees, though with other thoughts. He was then a boy looking for bird's-nests, or for butterflies, which enchanted him when they merrily flew by, rejoicing in this fair world, and contented with a soft green leaf, with a drop of dew, with a warm sunbeam, and with the sweet scent of plants. Then the boy's heart was as joyous as the creatures that

fluttered round him. But now his heart had grown older, the rays of sunlight had died, the flowers had faded, even the beautiful dream of love had vanished, and in his poor heart remained nothing but sorrow and care; and, saddest of all, that heart was my heart.

On that day I had returned to my old native town, but not with the intention of spending the night there, as I longed to reach Godesberg, in order to sit at my fair friend's feet, and to tell her of the little Veronica. I had visited the graves of my dear ones. Of all my living friends and relations, I was only able to find one uncle and one aunt. Even those whom I met and recognised in the street knew me no more. The town itself looked on me as a stranger. Many houses had been newly painted; strange faces gazed on me through the window-panes, worn-out old sparrows hopped round the old chimneys, everything looked dead-alive and yet fresh, like a salad growing in a graveyard. Where French was once spoken I now heard Prussian; and a little Prussian Court had been modestly established there. The people rejoiced in court titles. My mother's old friseur had now become the Court-Hairdresser, and there were Court-Tailors, Court-Shoemakers, Court-Vermin-destroyers, Court-Gin-shops—the whole town seemed to be a Court-Asylum for Court-Lunatics. Only the old Elector knew me; he still stood in the same old square; but he seemed to have

grown thinner. And as he stood in the square he could see all the miseries of the time, and people seldom grow fat on such sights. I was in a dream, and thought of the legend of the enchanted city, and hurried out of the gate, lest I should awake too soon. I missed many a tree in the Court Garden, and many had become dwarfed with age. The four great poplars, which once seemed to me like great giants, had become smaller. Pretty maidens walked here and there, dressed as gaily as wandering tulips. And I had known these tulips when they were but little buds; ah me! they were the neighbour's children with whom I had once played "Princes in the Tower." But the fair maidens, whom I had once known as blooming roses, were now faded roses, and in many a lofty brow whose pride had once filled my heart, Saturn had cut deep wrinkles with his scythe. And now, for the first time, and alas! too late, I understood what those glances meant which they had once cast on the growing boy; for in the meantime I had, in other lands, learned the meaning of similar glances from other lovely eyes. I was deeply moved by the humble bowing of a man whom I remembered as a rich person of high repute; now he had sunk to beggary—an instance of the Newtonian theory that when once an object begins to fall, it goes faster and faster in its descent. The only person who seemed to be quite changed was the little Baron, who was dancing gaily as of old through the Court

Gardens, holding up his left coat-tail with one hand, and swinging his dainty cane with the other. It was the same friendly little face, its ruddy glow concentrated in the nose; the same old hat; the same old pig-tail, only from beneath it there peeped a few white hairs instead of the black locks of old days. But, in spite of his merry air, I knew that the poor Baron had seen suffering. His face would have hidden it from me, but the white hairs of his pig-tail betrayed him behind his back. And the pig-tail would have dissembled, as it wagged with melancholy merriment.

I was not tired, but a longing seized me to sit once more on the wooden bench whereon I had once carved the name of my sweetheart. I could hardly find the name, so many new ones had been carved over it. Alas! I once fell asleep on this bench, and dreamt of joy and love; dreams are but bubbles! My old childish games, too, came back to me, and the strange, weird, old fairy tales; but a new perfidious game, and a new and horrible tale came up and eclipsed them. It was a tale of two poor souls who were faithless to each other, and went on from bad to worse until they were faithless to the good God Himself. It is a sorrowful story, and when you have nothing better to do you can weep over it. O God! the world was once so lonely, and the birds sang Thy everlasting praises; and the little Veronica would gaze at me with her silent, gentle eyes, as we sat before the

marble statue in the Schloss-Platz. On one side is a ruined castle, which is haunted, and at night a lady, without a head, dressed in a long, black, silken robe, wanders to and fro. On the other side is a lofty white building, whose upper chambers are bright with paintings in gleaming golden frames. In the lower apartments stand thousands of mighty books, which I and the little Veronica so often regarded with wonder when the good Ursula lifted us up to look into the great window. In later years, when I had grown a big boy, I climbed every day to the top of the library ladder, and brought down the highest books, and read them so long, that I feared nothing—least of all ladies without heads; and grew so clever that I forgot all the old games and stories and pictures, and little Veronica, and even her name.

But while I sat upon the old bench in the Court Gardens, and dreamed my way back into the past, I heard behind me a sound of confused men's voices, lamenting the fate of the poor French soldiers who had been taken prisoners in the Russian War and sent to Siberia, and had been kept for many a long year, though peace had been proclaimed, and who were now returning home. As I looked up I saw with my own eyes these orphans of Glory. Through their tattered uniforms peeped naked misery, hollow sorrowing eyes lay in their desolate faces, and though crippled, weary, and mostly lame, there was still some military manner in their bearing.

Strangely enough they were preceded by a drummer who staggered along with a drum, and I shuddered as I recalled the old legend of the soldiers who had fallen in battle, and who by night, rising again from the battlefield, and with the drummer at their head, marched back to their native city. And then the old ballad sings :—

"He proudly rapped his sounding drum,
Home from the battlefield they come ;
Through the lighted streets they pour,
Trallerie—trallerie—trallera,
And halt before their sweethearts' door.
There in the morning are their bones—
A fell array like churchyard stones,
The drummer too is there.
Trallerie, trallerie, trallera,
She sees them everywhere."

In truth the poor French drummer seemed to have risen, half decomposed, from the grave. He was but a mere shadow in a soiled and tattered grey capote, a death-like ashy face with heavy moustache hanging down over his livid lips, his eyes were like burnt tinder in which a few sparks still glimmered ; and yet by the glimmer of one of these sparks I recognised Monsieur Le Grand !

He recognised me too, and pulled me down on to the grass, and there we sat as we used to do when I attended his French language and Modern

History lectures on the drum. It was the same well-known drum, and I wondered to myself how he could have kept it out of the hands of the Russian robbers. He drummed just as he used to do, but without speaking a word. But if his lips were mysteriously compressed, his eyes were all the more eloquent, and flashed triumphantly as he played the old marches. The poplars near us shivered as he again beat the red guillotine march. The old wars of freedom, the old battles, the doings of the Emperor, all these he drummed as before, and it seemed as if the drum itself were a living being telling us its inmost thoughts. Again I heard the cannon's thunder, the pinging of bullets, the din of battle. Again I saw the dauntless courage of the guard; and the waving flags—and again I saw the Emperor on his horse. . . . But slowly, slowly, a minor tone of sadness mingled with the glorious revelry; strange sounds rang from the drum; jubilant shouts deadened into a mournful wail—a march of Victory, and a march of Death. Le Grand's eyes opened ghostly and wide, and I saw in them nothing but a wide, white field of ice, strewn with corpses—it was the battle of Moskwa!

I had never thought that the tough old drum could give forth such mournful sounds as Monsieur Le Grand had drawn from it. They were tears which he drummed, and they sounded ever fainter and fainter, and, like a troubled echo, deep sighs broke from his breast. He grew more languid and

ghost-like, his dry hands shivered as if with cold; he sat as in a dream and beat the air with his drum-stick. He seemed to be listening to voices far away, and at last he gazed on me with a deep, hollow, beseeching glance—I understood him—and then his head sank down on his drum.

Monsieur Le Grand never drummed again in this life. His drum never gave forth another sound; it was not made to serve the foes of freedom for their roll-calls, nor to beat their servile tattoo. I well understood Le Grand's last beseeching glance, and drew the sword from my stick and pierced the drum.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame!* But life is really so terribly serious, that it would be unendurable without such a blending of the pathetic and the comic. This our poets are well aware of. The most horrifying pictures of human frenzy are given by Aristophanes in the laughing mirror of his wit. The great pain of thought which knows it own nothingness, Goethe only suggested in the doggerel lines of a puppet show; and the most deathly wail over the world's misery is placed by Shakespeare in the mouth of a fool, jingling the cap and bells of folly.

They have all caught the trick from the First Poet Himself, who, in his thousand-act world tragedy,

carried humour to the highest point, as we see every day. After the heroes have departed the clowns enter, and harlequins, with their baubles and wooden swords. After the bloody revolution scenes and imperial acts, come waddling on the stage again the fat Bourbons, with their stale jests and their lean legitimist *bon-mots*, and the old *noblesse* trip forward with dainty steps and hungry smiles, while a troupe of Capuchins, with candles and crosses and Church banners, follow them. And even at the highest point of this World Tragedy, Comedy peeps in. The desperate Republican, who, like Brutus, plunges the knife into his heart, has perhaps first sniffed at it lest it has been used to split a herring. And on this great World-stage things go on much as they do on our paltry boards. There, too, are drunken heroes, kings who do not know their part; scenery which sticks in the wrong place, prompters' voices overheard, dancers who bring down the house with the poetry of legs, costumes which are the principal things to look at, and in heaven the little angels in the front row sit eyeing through their opera glasses the comedians below; and the good God sits solemnly in His state-box, finding the performance very dull, or possibly calculating that the theatre cannot last, for one is paid too much, and the other too little, and all act much too badly.

*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*, Madame! As I was finishing the last chapter, and relating

the death of Monsieur Le Grand, and how I conscientiously executed the *testamentum militaire* written in his last glance, a knock came at my door, and who should enter but a poor old woman, who gently asked me if I was a doctor. I replied that I was, whereupon she begged me in the same gentle manner to go home with her and cut her husband's corns.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE German censors.....
.....
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...Fatheads.....
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## CHAPTER XIII.

MADAME, under the brooding hemispheres of Leda's breasts lay the whole Trojan war. You would never be able to understand the famous tears of Priam, if I did not first tell you the old story of the Swan's eggs. Pray do not complain of my digressions. In all the foregoing chapters there is not a needless line. I write concisely, and avoid all that is superfluous—even that which sometimes is essential. For example, I have not once employed the time-honoured citations—I do not mean of spirits, but of authors who are often spiritless. And yet nothing gives a young author so much pleasure as to quote

from Ancient and Modern books, and so to acquire amongst men a reputation for erudition. Do not believe, Madame, that I am not well acquainted with books. I know not only their titles, but their souls, and I have learned how to pick out the currants from the cake, and the quotations from the textbooks. I also know a good thing when I see it, and I have learned how to draw on my friends in case of need. My friend G., of Berlin, is quite a little Rothschild in quotations, and would willingly lend me a few millions from some other cosmopolitan literary banker. Apropos, Madame, the three per cent. Böckhs are dull, though there is a rise in five per cent. Hegels. But at present I need not borrow; I am a man of good standing with my ten thousand quotations a year to spend. I also have an invention for passing off false quotations for genuine ones. If any eminent rich student, Michael Beer for instance, would like to buy my secret, I shall be glad to sell it him for 19,000 thalers current; indeed, I am ready to consider all reasonable offers. Another invention of mine I will publish freely for the benefit of literature. It is my advice to writers, that in quoting obscure authors, they should always give the numbers of their houses.

These "good people and bad musicians" (as the orchestra is designated in "Ponce de Leon") —these obscure authors—always keep a copy of their little long-forgotten books, and in order to find it one must know the number of their house.

For instance, if I wanted to quote Spitta's "Little Book of Songs for Workers," my dear Madame, where should I find it? But if I were to quote thus, "*vide* 'Songs for Workers,' by P. Spitta, Lüneburg, Lünerstrasse, No. 2, round the corner to the right," then, Madame, you would be certain to find the book. That is, if you thought it worth your while to do so. But it is not worth while.

Moreover, Madame, you can have no idea of my agility in quotation. I am at all times able to find opportunities for demonstrating my learning. If, for example, I talk about eating, I remark in a note that the Romans, the Greeks, and the Hebrews also ate; I refer to all the dainty dishes invented by the cook of Lucullus—woe is me that I was born a thousand years too late! I will also remark that banquets of the Romans were called so-and-so, and that the Spartans ate nasty black soup. It is really a very good thing that I did not live in those days. I cannot imagine anything more disagreeable than to have been a Spartan, for soup is my favourite course.

Madame, I think of journeying to London before long, but if what I hear is true, there will be no soup, and then shall I soon return to the soupy flesh-pots of the Fatherland. I could talk for ever about the food of the ancient Hebrews, and bring the subject down to the time of the newest Jewish cooking, quoting the opinions of the whole Steinweg. I might also refer to the affability of many

Berlin savants on the subject of the eating of the Jews, and this would bring me to the many superiorities and excellences of the Jews, for which we ought to be grateful, viz. money-changing and Christianity. But stay! the latter must not be reckoned too highly, for we have made precious little use of it. I believe the Jews themselves have found it less to their advantage than their money-changing. As for the Jews, I might quote Tacitus, who said they worshipped donkeys in the Temple —and what a limitless field of quotations is opened up by the thought of donkeys! How interesting the comparisons between old donkeys and new ones! How wise were those, and, alas, how stupid are these! How wisely spoke Balaam's ass, for example—*vide* the Pentateuch, book——

Madame, I have not the book at hand, so I leave a blank for the place. On the other hand, I might illustrate the wisdom of modern asses by quoting:

——

No, I will also leave a blank for this reference, or perhaps I myself shall also be quoted, to my sorrow. The new donkeys are great donkeys. The old asses, a highly cultured race (*vide* Gesner, "*De antiqua honestate Asinorum*," *in Comment. Göttingen*, vol. ii. p. 32), would turn in their graves if they heard what is now said of their descendants. Once the name of "ass" was honourable, and carried much the same meaning as the modern Hofrath, Baron, or Doctor of Philosophy. Jacob compares

his son Issachar to one; Homer, his hero Ajax, and now we call Herr von —— by the same name.

Madame, speaking of donkeys, I might go deeply into literary histories and quote all the great men who have been in love; such as Abelard, Picum Mirandulanum, Borbonium, Curtesium, Angelo Politiano, Raymondus Lullius, and Henricum Heineum. Apropos of love, I might quoteall the great men who who did not smoke tobacco, e.g. Cicero, Justinian, Goethe, Hugo, Myself—it so happens that all five of us are half-and-half lawyers. Mabillon could not even endure the smell of smoke; in his "*Itinere Germanico*," speaking of German hostelries, he says, "*Quod molestus ipsi fuerit tabaci grave olentis foetor.*" On the contrary, other great men had a strong liking for tobacco. Raphael Thorus wrote a hymn to tobacco;—you may not know, Madame, that Isaac Elzevir published this hymn in quarto, at Leyden, anno 1628, and that Ludovicus Kinschot wrote an introduction to it in verse. Grævius actually wrote a sonnet on tobacco, and the great Boxhornius, too, loved tobacco. Bayle, in his "*Dictionnaire historique et critique*," informs us that he had been told Boxhornius, while smoking, wore a large, broad-brimmed hat, with a hole in front where his pipe might rest, so that his studies should not be hindered.

Apropos of the great Boxhornius, I might refer to many other learned persons who have bullied each other. I will not, however, do more than

mention Joh. Georg. Martius, *de fuga literatorum*, etc., etc., etc. When I search through history, Madame, I find that all great men have had to run away once in their lives: Lot, Tarquin, Moses, Jupiter, Madame de Staël, Nebuchadnezzar, Benjowsky, Mahomet, the whole Prussian Army, Gregory VII., Rabbi Jizchak Abarbanel, Rousseau —I could mention many others; for example, all the big men who have been posted on the black list at the Bourse.

You see, Madame, I do not lack profundity or learning. But I am certainly lacking in system. As a true German, I ought to have commenced this book with an explanation of its title, as is the custom in the Holy Roman Empire. Phidias certainly produced his Jupiter without an introduction, and the Venus de Medici—I have examined her from all sides—has no introduction at all. But the old Greeks were Greeks, whereas we are thorough Germans, and one cannot change one's nature. Therefore must I supplement my book, Madame, by treating its title in the following way:—

1. Of Ideas.
   - A. Of Ideas in general.
   - B. Of rational Ideas.
   - C. Of irrational Ideas.
   - E. Of commonplace Ideas.
   - F. Of Ideas which are bound in green leather.

These again shall be subdivided—but that we shall see all in good time.

## CHAPTER XIV.

MADAME, have you any general idea of an idea? What is an idea? "There are some good ideas in this coat," said my tailor, speaking as an authority upon my overcoat, which was made in my elegant Berlin days and is now used as a decorous dressing-gown. My washerwoman complains that Pastor S—— has put ideas into her daughter's head, since which she seems to have lost her reason. My coachman, Pettensen, occasionally mutters, "That is an idea! That is an idea!" Yesterday he was quite angry when I asked him what he meant by an "idea," and muttered in a surly manner, "H'm, h'm, an idea is an idea; an idea is any silly thing that one chooses to imagine." The same meaning must be given to the word as used by Hofrath Heeren of Göttingen for the title of his book.

My coachman Pettensen is a man who could find his way on a foggy night across the Lüneberg Heath. Hofrath Heeren is a man with the same sure instinct, who can trace the old caravan tracks of the East, and has been wandering along them for years past as patiently as the camels of the ancient times. Such people can be depended on; we may follow with safety, and therefore I have entitled this book "Ideas." The title of the book is as unimportant as the title of the writer. He did not choose it by pride of learning, and certainly vanity had very little to do with it. Madame, pray

accept my sorrowful assurance that I am not vain. You will presently see that this assurance is necessary. I am not vain, and if a very forest of laurels grew from my brows, and if a sea of incense filled my heart, still I should not become vain. My friends and neighbours would take good care of that. You know, Madame, how old wives depreciate the beauty of their step-children, when it is praised, lest praise should not be good for the dear little ones. You know, Madame, when the hero of a Roman triumph, glorious, and clothed in purple, passed from the *Campus Martius* in his golden chariot, drawn by white chargers, towering above the Lictors, musicians, dancers, priests, slaves, senators, soldiers, elephants, bearers of trophies, consuls and soldiers; then the mob sang their rowdy songs. And you know, Madame, that we in Germany have plenty of old wives, and mobs also.

I say, Madame, that the Ideas we now discuss are as far removed from platonic as Athens is from Göttingen, and that you must expect no greater things from the book than you would expect from the author. Truly it is as incomprehensible to the author that he could raise any great expectations, as it is to his friends. The Countess Julia has a theory that if by any chance the author says something which is really clever or witty, it is all sham, and that in reality he is just as stupid as everybody else. This is false, there is no sham about me, I speak according to my lights—that

which appeals to my apprehension, and I must not be denounced as guilty if I happen to be clever. I have had better fortune in my writings than in the Altona lottery—I would prefer it to have been the other way about. And then from my pen comes many a heart-thrust—many a quire of thought, and that is the Lord's doing. Yes, from those who sing His most holy praises, and from all the sweetest poets and deepest thinkers has He withheld many passing things and much literary fame, lest the praise of their fellow-mortals should cause them to forget Heaven, and make them vain, for the angels have provided places for us. But Heaven is really closed against profane, sinful and heretical writers, whom He blesses abundantly with happy thoughts and worldly fame, out of His holy grace and pity, so that the poor souls whom He has made shall not go empty away, but shall enjoy here on earth a little of that bliss which they may not obtain—*vide* Goethe and the tractarians.

So you see, Madame, that there is no reason why you should not read my writings, which proclaim the grace and the mercy of God; and I write with blind faith in His omnipotence. I am in this wise a real Christian author, and as Gubitz would say, truly in beginning this very period I do not know how I shall end it, or what I intend to say. Therefore I must leave the matter with the good God. How could I write without this pious faith? In

my chamber stands the apprentice lad from Langhoff's printing works, waiting for my manuscript, and the newly-born words go warm and wet to the press. What I think and feel at this moment may, by noon to-morrow, be food for the waste paper basket.

You have already learnt, Madame, to remind me of what Horace says: *Nonum prematur in annum.* His rule was, like so many others, excellent in theory but futile in practice. When Horace laid down the rule that an author should allow his work to remain for nine years in his desk, he ought at the same time to have taught him how to live for nine years without eating. When Horace laid down this maxim, perhaps he was dining with Mæcenas on turkey and truffles, pheasant pie and wildgame sauce, larks' ribs with Teltow carrots, peacocks' tongues, Indian birds'-nests, and God knows what more—and all without payment. But we, unhappy belated ones, we live in other times. Our Mæcenases have quite different principles; they believe that authors and medlars both are best for lying in straw for a time. They believe that dogs are no good for sport nor for thought hunting, if they have too much to eat; and, alas! if they do happen to give a poor dog some crumbs, they go to the wrong one and to the one which deserves it the least. For example, the dachshund which licks one's hand, or the toy Bolognese terrier which nestles in the scented lap

of the lady of the house, or to the gentle poodle which has learnt the way to get a livelihood by fetching and carrying, or by dancing and playing the drum. While I am writing this, my little pug-dog stands behind me and barks. Be quiet now, my friend, I did not mean you! You love me and will follow your master through risk and danger, and would die on his grave, as faithfully as many another German hound which has been banished to foreign lands, and now lies hungry and starving at the doors of Germany. Pardon me, Madame, for having gone so far from the subject, but it seemed to me to be necessary to offer my dog an explanation. I will return to the rule of Horace, and its inapplicability to the nineteenth century, in which Poets are unable to dispense with pecuniary assistance in paying their addresses to the Muses. *Ma foi*, Madame! I could not exist on that rule for twenty-four hours, much less for nine years; my stomach has little inclination for immortality; I prefer half an immortality and a whole meal. If Voltaire offered three hundred years of his eternal fame for a good digestion, in order that he might be able to eat, I would give twice as much for the food itself. Ah! and what lovely, delicious food there is in the world. The Philosopher Pangloss was right; it is the best world! But even in this best of worlds men must have money; money in the pocket, and not manuscripts in the desk. The landlord of "The King of England," Herr Marr, is

himself a writer, and is also acquainted with the Horatian rule. But I doubt if he would be willing to keep me in food for nine years while I practised it.

And, after all, Madame, why should I practise it? I've so many good things to write that I need not stand on ceremony to choose. So long as my heart is full of love, and the heads of my neighbours are full of folly, I shall never lack for writing material. And my heart will be full of love as long as there are women in the world; if it cools to one it immediately warms towards another; and as in France the king never dies, so the queen of my heart never dies, and it says: *La reine est morte, vive la reine!* The folly of my neighbours will never die; for wisdom has its narrow limits, but folly has a thousand paths. That learned casuist and divine, Schupp, says, "In the world there are more fools than men" (*vide* the published lectures of Schupp, No. 1,121). When we think that the famous Schupp lived in Hamburg, his statistics will not seem exaggerated. I live in the same locality, and can testify to my satisfaction when I think that all the fools I see here I can make use of in my writings. They are my ready money. I am now living in clover. The Lord has favoured me; the fools have this year turned out exceedingly well, and like a good economist I foster them, seek, and husband them—pick out the ripest and keep them for future requirements. I am often seen

on the promenade, and always gay and merry. Like a rich merchant who rubs his hands together as he moves about amongst the chests and casks and bales in his warehouse, so wander I amongst my people. You are all mine; you are all equally dear to me! I love you all as you love your own money, and that is saying a good deal. I laughed most heartily when I once heard that one of my people expressed anxiety as to how I could manage to live. He himself is such a first-class Fool that he is a small capital almost sufficient for me to live upon. Many fools I regard not only as ready money, but I have already decided what I shall do with the money to which they will be converted by my writings. For example, for a well-favoured fat millionaire that I know of, I shall get a certain well-lined chair, which the French call a *chaise percée.* The fat millionaire's wife will buy me a horse. I now see the fat one—a camel will get to heaven more easily than this man will go through the eye of a needle—when I see him waddling along on the Promenade, it causes me a strange sensation. And although he is quite a stranger to me, I instinctively greet him, and he greets me again so heartily, so hospitably, that I feel impelled to avail myself of his kindness there and then, though the crowd of well-dressed people passing by stops me from doing so. His wife is a fairly good-looking woman, though unfortunately she has only one eye, which is, however, all the more green on that account;

her nose is like the Tower which looks towards Damascus; her bosom is as vast as the ocean, and all sorts of ribbons flutter thereon, like the flags of ships sailing on the bosom of the deep. The sight of it is enough to induce sea sickness. Her neck is pretty and well rounded—suggesting voluptuous things—and the violet robe that hides her charms must have been made at the cost of the lives of thousands upon thousands of silkworms. You see, Madame, what a good steed I shall make of her, when I meet her on the Promenade. For then my heart leaps. I feel as though I was already about to swing myself into the saddle; I snap my fingers, click my tongue, twang my whip and comport myself like an impetuous rider—hopp! hopp—burr! burr! and the dear lady looks at me so soulfully, so knowingly; she shows her meaing with her eyes; her nostrils dilate, she coquettes and curvets, and finally goes away with a short trot. And then I stand, with arms folded, watching her complacently, and wondering whether I shall ride with a curb or with a snaffle, also whether I shall use an English or a Polish saddle. People who see me standing and looking, cannot understand what there is in the lady so very attractive. Meddling mischief tongues have already been trying to excite her husband's suspicion, and have hinted that I was looking on her with the eyes of a *roué*. But my honest soft-leather *chaise percée* replies that I am an innocent shy young man, and that the curi-

ous way in which I looked showed a desire for nearer acquaintance, which accounted for my flushed countenance. My noble steed, on the other hand, maintained that I was a free, unconventional, chivalrous character, and that my advances merely indicated a wish to be invited to dinner.

You see, Madame, I can make use of all men, and the address Kalendar is as good as an inventory to me. I can never become a bankrupt, for I should turn my very creditors into a source of income. Besides, as I have said, I am economical, devilish economical. For instance, while I am writing this I am sitting in a dark gloomy room in a dismal street; but I like to be there, and if I chose I might be sitting in beautiful gardens, like my friends and lovers; I have only to realise the assets of my clients. These clients consist, Madame, of broken-down hairdressers, ruined procurors, bankrupt restaurant keepers, who have nothing left to eat themselves—all the ragged lubbers know where to find me, and when I give them a drink, they tell me all the scandal of their neighbourhood.

Madame, you are surprised that I do not immediately show them all to the door! What can you be thinking about, Madame? These people are my flowers. Some day I intend to place them into a beautiful book, and with the proceeds I shall buy a garden. Already I seem to see their red, yellow, blue and motley coloured faces like flowers in my garden. I regret to say that my friends' noses

detect no smell in these flowers except Kummel, tobacco, cheese and corruption! My own nose, which is the chimney of my head, wherein my imagination journeys up and down like a sweep, tells me a very different tale, for I smell nothing but roses, jessamine, violets, stocks and pinks Oh, how charming it would be to sit in my garden in the morning, listening to the songs of the birds, warming myself in the beloved sun, breathing the scent of the leaves, and recalling to mind, as I look at the flowers, my old ragamuffins.

For the present I am sitting in the dark room in the gloomy, dismal street, and in the middle of the room is hanging the greatest obscurantist in the land. "*Mais, verrez vous y plus clair alors?*" Madame, do not misunderstand me; I am not hanging the man himself there, but only the crystal lamp which I shall buy with the money he will fetch when I have turned him into writing. Indeed, I believe it would be better still, and would immediately throw a light over the land, if the Obscurantists were all actually hung. If that be not permitted, then they should be marked with a brand. I am again speaking in parables—I would brand them in effigy. To be sure there is Herr von Weiss —he is white and spotless as a lily; he was fool enough to believe I had told everybody in Berlin that he had really been branded, and went before the magistrates in order to get himself examined and whitewashed, and to obtain a certificate testifying

that no such coat of arms was branded on his back. This negative escutcheon he regarded as a diploma which would give him the *entrée* to the highest Society, and he greatly wondered why he was snubbed. He breathes murder and slaughter against this poor man, and when he meets me, he will shoot me dead with a loaded pistol which he carries for the purpose.

And what do you think, Madame, I intend to do with this fool? For the fee he will bring me, I mean to buy myself a good cask of Rudesheimer. I tell you this lest you should think I am filled with malicious joy whenever I meet Herr von Weiss in the street. Truly, Madame, I look on him merely as my favourite Rudesheimer; as soon as I meet him I feel happy and I can't help humming—"Upon the Rhine our grapes are growing," "This picture is enchantingly fair," "O Lady white!" Then my Rudesheimer begins to look sour, as though he was all gall and poison; but I assure you he is a genuine wine, and even if connoisseurs find no brand they know his value. I will tap this cask, and if it gets in too great a ferment and trys to burst, I will have it officially bound down with iron bands.

You see then, Madame, you need not fear at all for me. I can take everything peacefully in this world. The Lord has blessed me with worldly goods, and if He has not filled my cellar with wine while I have been doing nothing, He has let me

work in His vineyard. I have only to gather the grapes, to tread, to press, and to bottle, and there I have the clear gift of God. Even if the fools do not drop down ready-cooked whenever I open my mouth (they generally come to me raw and tasteless), I know how to turn them round and round on my spit, and roast and pepper them till they are tender and delicious. You shall see to your joy, Madame, when I give a great feast. Madame, you will praise my cooking and confess that I entertain my satraps as magnificently as the great Ahasuerus, who ruled from India to Morocco, and was king of one hundred and twenty-seven provinces. Whole hecatombs of fools will be slaughtered. Even the great Philoschnaps, like Jupiter, who pays his homage to Europa in the form of an ox, shall be our roast beef. That melancholy tragedian, who, on the stage, represents the fall of the Persian Empire like a sorrowful Alexander, and in whose training Aristotle had no share, he shall lie on my table like an excellent pig's head, with the usual grisly, sour-sweet laugh, and with a lemon in his mouth and decked by my cook with laurel leaves. The singer of coral lips, swan-like necks, heaving snowy hillocks, sweet maidens, kisses, and every other voluptuous thing, namely Herr Clauren, or as the ladies of St. Bernard in the Friedrichstrasse call him, "Father Clauren, our Clauren!" He shall really supply me with all those delicious things which in yearly erotic booklets

emanate from his wanton imagination, and cater for the taste of a luscious young kitchenmaid. And he shall give us, amongst other things, an extra dish with celery greens, "with which the heart was lovingly enraptured." A shrewd, lean lady of the Court, whose head is the only part of her which one could relish, will provide a correct analogy, viz. asparagus. And there will be plenty of Göttingen sausages, smoked Hamburg hams, Pomeranian goose-breasts, ox-tongues, steamed calves' brains, bullocks' heads, stock fish, all kinds of jellies, Berlin pancakes, Vienna tarts, confectionery.

Madame, in my imagination I have already eaten far too much. Hang such gluttony! It is more than I can stand. My digestion is not good. Boar's head does not agree with me any more than it does with the rest of the German public; I must eat a "Willibald Alexis" salad to rectify it. O! that unholy boar's head, with the more accursed sauce which does not taste of Greek or Persian, but of tea and soft soap. Fetch me my fat millionaire!

## CHAPTER XV.

MADAME, I see a faint cloud of displeasure on your beautiful brow, and you seem to question whether it is not wrong of me to treat fools in such a fashion. To stick them on the spit, cut them up, lard them,

and kill more than I can eat, thus filling the beaks of birds of prey while widows and orphans are crying and lamenting for want!

Madame, *c'est la guerre!* I am going to make a clean confession. I am not one of the wise men, but I have fought on their side, and for the last 5,588 years we have been at war with the fools. The fools think they have been treated unfairly, as there was only a limited quantity of wisdom in the world, which the wise (God knows how) have usurped. They call on Heaven to witness how one man often appropriates to himself so much wisdom that he throws into obscurity all his neighbours, and all the land is clouded by his stupidity. This is the real reason of the war, and it is truly a war of extermination. The wise are, as usual, calm, moderate and, in fact, the wisest; they entrench themselves behind the altar of old Aristotle's works, are well supplied with ammunition (and have they not themselves discovered gunpowder), and now and then they throw some well-aimed bombs amongst the enemy. But their foes are too many for them, and loud is their war-cry, and they are guilty every day of abominations. As a matter of fact, all stupidity is regarded by the wise as abominable. Their tactics are often very cunning. Some of the leaders of the great Army are careful to conceal the real origin of the war. They have heard that a notorious deceiver, who even went so far as to falsify his own Memoirs,

namely Fouché, had stated that "*Les paroles sont faites pour nous cacher nos pensées,*" and now they use such long words that all ideas are hidden and obscured; and they write long books and make long speeches, and when you listen to them they preach about wisdom being the only source of all happiness; and when you see them, they are occupied with mathematics, logic, statistics, mechanical inventions, public spirit, and the fattening of beasts, etc. And as a monkey becomes the more ludicrous the more he resembles man, so also the fools become more ludicrous the more they pretend to the possession of wisdom. Other leaders of the great Army are more frank, and acknowledge that they have not been blessed with much wisdom—in fact, that they have none; that wisdom is very sour and really worth nothing at all. Perhaps this may be true, but unhappily they do not possess enough of wisdom to prove it; they seize anything that they think will help them to discover new powers in themselves, they tell us that these attributes are quite as potent as wisdom, and sometimes even more so—for instance, temperament, faith, inspiration, etc.,—and with method of reasoning, this spurious root wisdom, they console themselves. I am the unhappy special object of their hatred, for they declare that I am one of their family, that I am a faithless deserter who has broken the most sacred bonds, and am now actually a spy, collecting information of what the fools are doing, in order to hold

them up to the ridicule of my new comrades. But they say I am so stupid as not to see that my new friends are laughing at me all the while, and will never regard me as one of themselves. And in this the fools are quite right.

It is true, the wise do not consider me as one of themselves, and they often mock me with their whispered titterings. I know it well, but I take no notice of it. My heart bleeds inwardly, and when I am alone, fast flow my tears. I know quite well that my position is unnatural. All I do is as foolishness to the wise, and to the fools an abomination. They hate me, and I feel the truth of the saying, "Stone is heavy, and sand is a burden; but a fool's wrath is heavier than both." And they hate me not without a cause. It is quite true I have broken the most sacred bonds when I might have lived and died amongst the fools in the way of God and the law! And, oh! how well I should have got on with them! If I would return, they would receive me with joy. They would watch my very eyes to see if they could only please me or do me some favour. They would invite me every day to dinner, and take me every evening to their tea-parties and dinners, and I might play cards with them, smoke tobacco, and talk politics, and if I chanced to yawn, I should hear them say behind my back, "What a beautiful character, a soul full of faith!" Permit me, Madame, to shed a tear of emotion! Ah! and I should drink punch with them, until the

proper inspiration came, and then they would take me again to my house in a Sedan chair, and in order that I might not take cold, one would quickly fetch my slippers, another would get my silk dressing-gown, a third my nightcap, and then they would proceed to make me Professor Extraordinary, or President of a Mission, or High Director, or chief of a Society for making excavations in Rome; for I am a versatile person, who can do many things. I even know quite well the Latin declensions and conjugations, and should not, like some people, mistake the boot of a Prussian postillion for an Etruscan vase. My mind, my faith, my inspiration might be of much service to me in my devotions, while my distinguished poetical talent would be of the greatest service at birthday celebrations and at wedding feasts. And it would not be a bad idea, if I were to compose a great national epic, wherein might be immortalized all those heroes, whose dead bodies have generated worms, who now boast of their descent.

Many people are not born fools, but were once blessed with wisdom, and have been drawn into the ranks of fools by such attractions, and they live in a fool's Paradise. The folly which at first cost them some effort, has become a second nature to them. Indeed, they must no more be regarded as hypocrites, but as true believers. One of these, from whose mind all light is not yet excluded, is very fond of me, and, not long ago, when

I was alone with him, he whispered—after having carefully locked the door: "Oh, Fool! why do you play at Wisdom, when you have not so much sense as an unborn child? Do you not know that the greatest in the land only exalt those who abase themselves, and acknowledge that their blood is inferior? Why do you quarrel with religious people? It is very easy to uplift your eyes in a saintly manner, to wrap in your coat sleeves the prayer-clasped hands, to hang your head like a lamb of God, and to mumble a few texts from the Bible, which you have learnt! Believe me, no exalted titles will reward you for separating yourself from godly practices; the elect will hate you, slander you and persecute you, and you will find no one to help you on, either in heaven or in earth!"

Alas! it is all true; but I cannot help this unlucky passion of mine for Reason. I love her, though she loves me not; I give her all, and she gives me nothing; I cannot part from her. And even as in his Song of Songs the Jewish King Solomon sang of the Christian Church, as a dark-skinned amorous maiden, in order to deceive the Jews, so I, in countless songs, have sung the very opposite, namely, Reason; but I have pictured her as a white, cold virgin, who now attracts, now repels you. Then she treats me with scorn, and finally turns her back upon me altogether. Madame, this secret story of unhappy love, which I reveal to no man, will afford you some indication of my folly. No doubt

you perceive that it is folly of a most unusual kind, and that it towers majestically above the common follies of mankind. You should read my "Ratcliffe," my "Almansor," my "Lyrical Intermezzo," all nothing but pure Reason—and the enormity of my folly will amaze and frighten you. I can say with Augur: "Of all mortals I am the most foolish, and the Wisdom of men is not within me."

High in the air rise the oak forests. High over the oak forest soars the eagle. High over the eagle float the clouds. High over the clouds shine the stars—— Madame, is not that high enough? *Eh bien!* High over the stars soar the angels. High over the angels rises——but no, Madame, my folly will carry me no farther than that. It is high enough. Its very height makes it giddy. It makes me feel like a giant with seven-leagued boots. At dinner-time I am hungry enough to eat all the elephants of Hindustan, and pick my teeth with the spire of Strasburg Minster. In the evening I become sentimental, and feel that I should like to drink up the milky way in the Heavens, without concerning myself about the indigestibility of the fixed stars. At night a gigantic spectacle is in my brain: a congress of all the peoples, past and present! There they come: Assyrians, Egyptians, Medes, Persians, Hebrews, Philistines, Frankforters, Babylonians, Carthagenians, Berliners, Romans, Spartans, Turks, and indescribables. Madame, it would take me too long to describe to you all these peoples; you have

only to read Herodotus, Livy, the "*Haude- und Spener Zeitung*," Curtius, Cornelius Nepos, and the "Mercantile News." I will meanwhile enjoy my breakfast; to-day I will write no more, for I feel that the gods have deserted me. Madame, I fear you discovered this long ago. Yes, I know that true inspiration has not been mine to-day. Madame, I will begin a new chapter, and tell you how, after the death of Monsieur Le Grand, I went to Godesberg.

## CHAPTER XVI.

When I arrived at Godesberg, I went immediately to the feet of my beautiful lady, and by my side lay her brown dachshund—and we both gazed up into her eyes.

Holy God! In those eyes lay all the glory of the earth, and a whole Heaven besides. For very joy I could have died while looking into her eyes; my soul would have flown straight into those eyes. Oh! I cannot describe them. I must get some poet who has gone mad with love, to call from the depth of madness an image to express them. Between ourselves, I was quite mad enough to do the work unaided. "God d——n!" I once heard an Englishman remark, "when she looks at you from head to foot so calmly, you feel as though your brass buttons would melt, and your heart as well." "*F——e!*" said a Frenchman; "she has

eyes of great calibre, and when they send you a thirty-pounder glance, bang! you have fallen in love!"

I remember a red-headed lawyer of Mayence, who compared her eyes to two cups of black coffee. He thought he was saying something very sweet, for he was always putting too much sugar into his coffee. Comparisons are odious!

I and the brown dachshund lay still at the feet of the beautiful lady, and gazed and listened. She was sitting with an old grey soldier, like an ancient knight with scars on his wrinkled brow. They were both talking of the Seven Mountains, now bathed in the evening glow, and the blue Rhine, flowing calmly and peacefully below. What cared they for the Seven Mountains, and the evening glow, and the blue Rhine, and the white-sailed boats gliding on it, and the music which floated from one of the boats, and the sheep's-headed student singing his melting melodies? I and the brown dachshund—we gazed into our lady's eyes, and watched her sweet face shining forth, gently flushed, from her dark tresses, like a moon from dusky clouds.

She had pure Greek features; her delicately curved lips played with melancholy, happiness, and childish impulse; and when she spoke, the words were deeply-toned, sounding almost like sighs, yet with rapid and impetuous utterance. And her words were like a warm shower of blossoms from her beauteous mouth. Oh! then fell the

evening gold upon my soul; I heard all the sweet melodious memories of childhood, and, above all, like a fairy bell came the sound of little Veronica's voice. I seized the beautiful hand of my fair friend, pressed it to my eyes, till the ringing in my heart was still. And then I sprang up and laughed, and the dachshund barked, and the brow of the old Soldier grew more deeply wrinkled, and I sat down again, seized the fair hand, and kissed it, and told the tale of the little Veronica.

## CHAPTER XVII.

MADAME, you wish me to tell you what little Veronica was like, but I will not. You, Madame, need not read any more than you wish to, and I also claim the same privilege of not writing any more than I choose. But I will tell you about the little hand which I kissed.

And to begin with I must make a confession; I was not worthy to kiss that hand. It was a beautiful, gleaming, tender, perfumed, brilliant hand—and no doctor could be found to prescribe me a pound's worth of adjectives for such a hand. On the gold-finger was a ring with a blue antique: for hours have I studied its antiquarian history; on her forefinger was a diamond. It was a talisman: for as long as I looked at it I was happy; and where it was, there was the finger also with its four colleagues, and

with all five fingers she would often strike me on the mouth. Feeling the touch of those fingers, has made me a firm believer in mesmerism. But she did not strike hard, and I had always deserved the blow for some godless speech, and after she had hit me she was sorry, and took a cake, broke it in two, and gave one half to me and the other to the brown dachshund, and laughed and said: "Both of you have no religion and you will never go to Heaven, so you must be fed with cakes in this world, as there is no table spread for you in the next." She was more than half right; I was then very irreligious, and read Tom Paine, the "*Système de la Nature*," the "Westphalian Advertiser," and Schleiermacher: I cultivated my beard, and reason, and thought of joining the Rationalists. But when the fair hand smoothed my brow, my reason stopped dead, a sweet dream came over me, and I seemed to hear again the gentle song to our Lady, and I thought of the little Veronica.

You cannot imagine, Madame, how beautiful the little Veronica looked as she lay in her little coffin. The burning wax-lights all around cast their glow upon her pale, smiling, gentle face, and the red silk rosebuds and rustling tinsel with which the little head and the white shroud were decked. The gentle Ursula had led me at night into the silent chamber, and when I saw the little corpse, with the lights and flowers, laid out on the table, I thought it was the holy waxen image of a saint; but soon I knew

the loved features, and cried and laughed, "Why is my little Veronica so still?" and Ursula replied, "That is Death."

And when she said "That is Death"—but I will not tell the story to-day, it would take too long, and I should first have to tell you about a lame magpie who used to hop about the Schloss-Platz, and who was three hundred years old. And then I might become melancholy. It is my sudden pleasure to tell another story altogether, which is joyful and appropriate. And it is the very story which I meant to tell in this book.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WITHIN the Knight's heart was nothing but darkness and pain. The wounds of calumny had pierced him through, and as he went across the Plaza San Marco, he felt as though his heart was breaking and bleeding. His feet staggered with weariness; the whole day long had the noble quarry been hunted, and it was a hot summer's day; the sweat lay on his brow, and as he stepped into his gondola he deeply sighed. He sat with a melancholy vacant air in the black cabin of the gondola, unconscious of the rippling waves that carried him by the well-known way to the Brenta, and when he alighted at the old familiar palace he heard that Signora Laura was in the garden.

She stood leaning against the statue of the Laocoon near the red rose-tree, at the end of the terrace, under the weeping willows, which lean like mourners over the stream beneath. There she stood laughing like a picture of love scented by roses. But he awoke from his dark dream, and was suddenly turned from stillness and peace to ardent aspiration. "Signora Laura!" he said, "I am sorrowful and depressed with hatred, and misery and falsehood." And then he suddenly stopped and stammered: "But I love you." And then a joyous tear-drop shone in his eye, and with moist eyes and flaming lips he cried: "Be mine, maiden, and love me!"

There lies a dark veil of mystery over this hour; no mortal knows what Signora Laura replied. And when one asks her good angel in Heaven, he hides his face and silently sighs.

Long stands the Knight by the statue of the Laocoon. He is alone, and his face is white and sorrowful. Unknowingly he plucks all the roses from the rose-tree, and crushes the young buds—the tree has never bloomed since. Far away mourns a delirious nightingale; the weeping willow softly shivers. A dull murmur comes from the cool waters of the Brenta; the night falls with her moon and her stars: and a beauteous star, the fairest of all, has fallen from heaven!

## CHAPTER XIX.

*Vous pleurez*, Madame ?

Oh ! may those eyes which now hold the beauteous tears long shine on the world with their light ! And may a warm, loving hand close them in the hour of death ! A soft cushion, Madame, is also a good thing in the hour of death, and may it not fail you. And when the beautiful, weary head sinks back upon it, and the black locks stream over the pale face, oh, then may God reward you for the tears which have flowed for me. For I myself am the Knight, for whom you wept ; I myself am your Knight of Love—the Knight of the fallen star.

*Vous pleurez*, Madame ?

Oh, I know these tears ! Now let us drop the mask, Madame; you yourself are the beautiful lady, who at Godesberg wept so softly, when I told you the sad story of my life. Like pearls on roses were the sweet tears on your lovely cheeks. The dachshund was silent ; the sound of evening bells floated from distant Königswinter ; the Rhine murmured softly ; the night covered the earth with her black veil, and I sat at your feet, Madame, and gazed up into the starry skies. At first I thought your eyes also were stars. But how could one mistake those fair eyes for stars ? Those cold lights of heaven cannot weep for a mortal who is so miserable that he himself cannot weep.

And I had a very special reason for not mistaking

those fair eyes. For in them dwells the soul of little Veronica.

I have reckoned, Madame, that you were born on the same day that little Veronica died. Johanna had predicted, at Andernach, that I should find little Veronica again at Godesberg; and I have recognised her at once. It was unfortunate, Madame, that you should have died just when the happiest game was about to begin. After the good Ursula said to me "That is Death," I wandered about in lonely melancholy, in the great picture gallery. The pictures no longer pleased me as once they did; they seemed to have faded, and there was only one which had not lost its shining brilliancy. You know, Madame, which one I mean.

It is the Sultan and the Sultana of Delhi.

You remember, Madame, how often we stood before it for hours, and how the good Ursula mysteriously smiled when people said that the faces in the picture were so very like our own? Madame, I think you were admirably painted in that picture, and I cannot imagine how the painter managed to pourtray even the very clothes that you wore. They say he was mad, and saw your picture in a dream. Or, perhaps, his soul inhabited the great sacred ape which then attended you as a page? In that case he must remember the silver-grey veil which he once spoilt by spilling red wine over it. I was glad when you dismissed him; he did not dress you very well, and I consider European dress is much more

becoming than Indian, though beautiful women are beautiful in any costume. You remember, also, Madame, a gallant Brahmin—he looked like Ganesa, the god with the elephant's trunk who rides on a mouse—once paying you a compliment, by saying that the divine Maneka, when she descended from Indra's golden mount to the royal penitent, Wiswamitra, was not fairer than you are, Madame! You remember it no more! Why, it is not more than 3,000 years ago since he said it, and fair ladies do not generally forget flattery so quickly. As for men, the Indian dress is much more becoming than the European. Oh! my rosy-red, lotus-blossomed pantaloons of Delhi! Had I worn you when I stood before Signora Laura and declared my love the previous chapter would have told a different tale. Alas! I wore straw-coloured pantaloons which a sober Chinaman wove at Nanking—my destiny was woven with them and my happiness was ruined.

Often a young man sits in a small German café, quietly sipping his coffee, while all the time, in vast, far-off China, his ruin is growing and being spun and woven, and, in spite of the great wall of China, it will find its way to him; and he thinks it is only of a pair of nankeen trousers which he puts on in the innocence of youth, and is made miserable for ever. And, Madame, in the little breast of one mortal there is room for infinite misery. It can hide itself away so well that the poor man does not

feel it for many days, and he laughs, and sings, and pipes and merrily dances and trills—

Lalarallala, lalaralla—la—la—la——

## CHAPTER XX.

"She was lovable, and he loved her; but he was not lovable, and she loved him not."—*Old Play.*

And for this stupid affair you wanted to shoot yourself? Madame, when a man desires to shoot himself, he always has good reasons, you may be quite sure of that. Whether he knows these reasons himself is another matter. Up to the last moment we act comedies to ourselves. We mask our misery; and when we are dying of a broken heart we complain of toothache!

Madame, I know you are acquainted with a cure for toothache? But my toothache was in the heart. That is a painful malady, and the cure for it is lead-stopping and the black tooth-powder invented by Barthold Schwarz.

Like a worm, misery gnawed and gnawed at my heart.

The poor Chinaman was not the guilty one. I brought this misery with me into the world. It was cradled with me; and when my mother rocked me, she rocked it with me; and when she sang me to sleep, it went to sleep with me, and awoke with me when I opened my eyes. As I grew bigger,

my misery grew also, and at last it grew to such size that it burst my——

We will change the subject, and talk other things: of maidens' wreaths and masked balls, of merriment and wedding joys—Lalarallala, lalarallala,—lalaral—la—la—la——

# THE RETURN HOME.

(*Die Heimkehr.*)

# THE RETURN HOME.

## (*Die Heimkehr.*)

### Foreword by the Translator.

I QUITE anticipate criticism for placing a volume of poems published in 1824, after, and not before, those other parts of the *Reisebilder* which were published in 1826 (*Die Nordsee* and *Norderney*, or *The Book of Ideas*); but there is, I think, sufficient reason for so doing. Heine intended his *Reisebilder* to be regarded as a whole, and not as a fragmentary series, and there is no doubt that he would have so arranged it but for the untimely and relentless hands of disease and death. Therefore, while by strict chronological editing the *Heimkehr* would precede Norderney and other works, I venture to think it should be dealt with in a less pedantic manner, and that it should be placed, in artistic perspective, where the author had allotted it in his mind, and where he had indicated by the nature of its title. A strict adherence to chronological rather than artistic sequence, would place a portion of the second part of Goethe's *Faust*, before the termination of the first part, while the grand and solemn dedication would come last of all. Although Heine probably included the *Götterdämmerung*, *Ratcliff*, *Donna Clara*, *Almansor*, and *Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar*, in the volume of the *Heimkehr*, only for convenience of publication (a view apparently taken by Mr. Leland in his laborious work), I have not felt justified in omitting them from the *Reisebilder*, as he has done, for they were undoubtedly presented by the poet as a part of that work.

So far as I can discover, no translator has hitherto thought fit to include in the *Heimkehr* those additional poems which

I have marked with an asterisk (91 to 100 inclusive). These were distinctly referred by Heine himself to the *Heimkehr*, although written and published at divers times. Most of these poems have never before, I believe, been rendered in English.

A word as to the work itself. Only students of Heine can realize the extreme difficulty of translating many of his poems. Their subtle and elusive aroma, their simple and melodious lilt, often defy every effort to successful reproduction. In a few cases (as the lesser of two evils) I have perforce resorted to false rhymes, but in every case the metre has been adhered to as closely as possible. In process of distillation much, I fear, is lost, but I have striven, inefficiently perhaps, though with pains and careful thought, to give compensation where compensation can be given, without resorting to paraphrase; and I sincerely hope it will not be regarded as too presumptuous if I claim that my effort to reproduce as closely as possible on the mind of the English reader the impression which Heine himself sought to produce, is as complete as a very long and careful study can make it. The defects, I know, are manifold, but at least I may claim that every word has been carefully weighed, and that Heine's remarkable simplicity of phraseology and lilt has remained before me as one of the principal effects demanding the attention of a translator who desires to present, not his own work, but that of the author whom he is introducing.

Little or no comment is needed on the poems themselves. Some are known and sung in every country in Europe. Others are not less deserving of universal praise. Their charm, their infinite beauty of texture, their easy grace, and their simplicity of effect, have not been surpassed even in the lyrics of Goethe and Schiller. The occasional intrusion of mockery, the audacity amounting to blasphemy, the amorous (though never crudely erotic) tone of many of the lyrics—these things may be regretted, they may be criticised, but they are—Heine. The *Heimkehr* is the poetical expression of the moods experienced by the poet in his travels. He tells us tales, now weird, now wild; old German legends, Scandinavian Volk-Sagen—

all find their place. The Lorelei sings her magic song; we hear the *Danse Macabre*, where the skeleton fiddles by the maiden's door and leads her, with clattering jig, to the old churchyard; here also are stories of the poet's early loves and the joys and sorrows of a poet's impressionable soul. All this we read in the *Heimkehr*, which forms a fitting lyrical finale to the *Reisebilder*.—R. D. G.

## THE RETURN HOME.

### 1823–1824.

Pleasures half and half we hate,
    Also childish fancies:
If the soul is free from crime,
Why should we encumber time
    With thousand night-mare trances?
Let the brave man hail the light,
    Greeting searching glances.

*Immermann.*

# THE RETURN HOME.

## 1.

On my life, so dull and dreary,
Once a beauteous vision shone;
Now that vision has departed,
And I darkly dwell alone.

When at night the children wander,
Terror fills their hearts, and fear;
So, to raise their drooping spirits,
Loud they sing, that all may hear.

I, a simple child, am singing
In the darkness of the night;
Though my song may not be joyful,
Yet it fills my heart with light.

## 2.

I know not what it may betoken,
This feeling of sorrow and woe;
A legend of days that are olden
Fills my dreams and refuses to go.

The evening is cool, the shades deepen,
And calmly is flowing the Rhine;
The mountain top still softly sparkles
In the glow of the golden sunshine.

The sweetest of Maidens is sitting
On high, so bewitchingly fair,
Her bright golden jewels are gleaming—
She combs out her long golden hair.

She combs it with comb bright and golden,
And sings the most glorious song,
A marvellous melody olden—
How weirdly it rolleth along!

The boatman who sails on the river
Is caught, as the tones softly swell;
He sees not the reefs nor the ridges;
Is lost in the magical spell.

I fear that the wild rushing waters
The boat and the boatman have caught;
And this is the woe which the Lorelei
With her sweet mystic singing hath wrought

3.

My heart, my heart is mournful,
In the shining month of May;
I stand beneath the lindens
On the bastion old and grey.

The blue town-moat beneath me
Flows silently along;
A fisher-boy is steering
His boat, and pipes his song.

Beyond, a peaceful picture—
In sweet profusion stand
Fair houses, gardens, people,
Woods, cattle, meadow-land.

The maidens bleach the linen,
And dance and sing around:
The mill-wheel scatters diamonds,
With distant humming sound.

Beside the old grey tower
The sentry-box stands low;
The young red-coated soldier
Keeps pacing to and fro.

He's playing with his musket
In the gleaming sunshine red—
I wish that he would shoulder it
And shoot me—shoot me dead.

4.

I wander through the woods and weep,
The mavis sings on high:
She chirps and sings so softly there—
"Oh, wherefore dost thou sigh?"

" The swallows are thy sisters dear,
They sweetly soothe thy griefs;
They dwell within a hollow nest,
Beneath thy sweetheart's eaves.'

5.

The night is wet and stormy,
The skies are dark above,
The forest trees are rustling;
And silently I rove.

The spinner maid is weeping;
Her flax is wet with tears;
While at her feet sits whining
Her dog who shakes with fears.

A distant light is shining
In the lonely huntsman's cot;
Within is grief and sadness,
The light allures me not.

The blind grandmother's sitting
In the olden leathern chair;
As cold and stern as marble—
No word is spoken there.

With curses and with muttering
Walks the red-haired hunter's son;
He laughs with scorn and fury
In the corner throws his gun.

6.

When on my weary travels,
My sweetheart's friends are found,
Her sister, father, mother,
Flock joyfully around.

They made their kind inquiries,
And told me, in a breath,
That I was quite unaltered,
Though I was pale as death.

I asked for aunts and cousins,
And many a tiresome friend;
Then of the little lap-dog
Whose barking knew no end.

Then for my married sweetheart,
They told me she would soon
Become a happy Mother,
And they beamed around the room.

I gave my kindest wishes
On the great and glad event,
And from my heart's recesses
A thousand blessings sent.

But then the little sister,
Said my small and pretty hound
Had grown so very savage,
And in the Rhine was drowned.

That child is like my sweetheart,
When o'er her creeps a smile;
Those eyes, and looks, and glances,
That tortured me awhile.

7.

We sat in the Fisherman's cottage,
And over the ocean we gazed;
Then silently, slowly, creeping,
Came the mists that the evening raised.

The lights in yon distant lighthouse,
Are shining with twinkling glow;
A ship in the darkling shadows
Sails onward so gently and slow.

We spoke of the storms and of shipwreck,
Of sailors whose hard toilsome life
Is spent between Heaven and Ocean
In a ceaseless, inspiring strife.

We spoke of strange, far-distant countries,
In the North, and of Southern lands fair;
Of the curious, wonderful people
One meets with in travelling there.

Of the perfume and gleam of the Ganges,
Where the tall palm-trees pierce the air;
And the beautiful kindly people,
Who worship the lotus-bloom fair.

In Lapland the people are dirty,
Wide-mouthed, flat-headed, and small;
They squat by their blubber-fires cooking—
And chatter, and gossip, and bawl.

The maidens all listened with wonder,
Till nobody spoke any more;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness quite covered the shore

8.

Oh! pretty fisher-maiden,
Come, bring thy boat to land,
And sit down here beside me
Caressing, hand in hand.

With thy head upon my bosom—
Oh! never, never fear;
Why, every day you venture
On the ocean rolling here!

My heart is like the ocean,
Its storm, its ebb, its flow;
And many a glistening jewel
Rests in its depths below.

9.

The moon rides high in heaven,
Its light streams o'er the sea;
I fold my sweetheart in my arms—
She rests there lovingly.

I hold my tender little maid,
We wander by the strand;
"What does the rushing night-wind say?
Why trembles thy white hand?"

"The rushing night-wind makes no sound—
That is the mermaid's song;
The singing of my sisters dear,
Who have been drowned so long."

10.

Upon yon cloud-bank rests the moon,
A giant orange growing,
Far down below the great grey sea
In silvery streaks is flowing.

Alone I wander by the strand,
Where snowy foam lies broken;
And there I hear the sweetest words
Across the waters spoken.

Ah me! The night is far too long,
My heart is overflowing;
The beauteous nixies call to me,
Their merry dance is going.

Oh! take my head upon your breast,
My soul and body keeping,
And sing me dead, and love me dead,
Kiss me to endless sleeping.

11.

All the grey and brooding cloud-banks
With the gods lie close together,
And I hear their god-like snoring
In this wild and stormy weather.

Stormy weather! Tempests brooding!
Will the struggling ship go down?
Will the mighty waves o'erwhelm her?
Will she in the great depths drown?

Naught can hinder storms and tempests
Sweeping o'er the deck and mast;
I will wrap me in my mantle
While the gods are sleeping fast.

12.

The storm-wind has his stockings on,
His stockings, storm-proof, white!
He flogs the waves with furious wrath,
They groan the livelong night.

From dusky heights, with sullen moan,
The rain comes rushing, roaring,
As if the floods of ancient Night
Were o'er old Ocean pouring.

The seagull flutters round the mast,
Screaming, croaking, crying;
He flutters, and methinks his moan
Ill luck is prophesying.

13.

The storm is tuning for the dance;
He pipes, now fierce, now mild.
Huzzah! the good ship rushes on;
The night is mad and wild.

A living range of mountain waves
Dance to the tune, he calls, we see;
Below us are the yawning depths,
Wherein the white foam falls.

Now cursing, reaching, praying sounds
From distant cabins come,
And leaning by the mast I wish
That I was safely home!

14.

The evening's creeping onward,
The clouds float o'er the sea,
The little rippling wavelets
Sing the softest melody.

The mermaid, from the waters,
Comes and joins me on the strand;
Her snowy breast is heaving
As she sits upon the sand.

She presses me so tightly
In her arms of fairy white—
"Your sweet caresses hurt me,
Oh! lovely water sprite!"

"Within my arms I fold thee,
Fear not, hold thee there,
And I am warm and loving,
In the chilly evening air."

"The silvery moon is fading
Beneath the clouds so white:
Thy tears are sadly falling,
My beauteous water sprite!"

"It is not tears, but water,
That trickles from my locks,
The winds to waves are calling,
The moon gleams on the rocks!"

"The sea gulls shriek and flutter,
While groans and sobs the sea;
And my heart, too, is throbbing,
Dear water sprite, for thee!"

"My heart with love is swelling,
With joy and peace so mild;
I love thee beyond telling,
Thou wondrous lovely child!"

15.

It makes my heart thrill joyously,
When, in the morning clear,
I pass thy hallowed dwelling,
My little sweetheart dear.

Thy dark brown eyes gaze at me,
And all else too they scan.
"Who art thou, and what ails thee,
Thou strange and sickly man?"

I am a German poet,
Famed in the Fatherland,
And where great names are counted—
I also with them stand.

But many have their sorrows,
In this our German land,
And when our woes are counted
My own shall with them stand.

16.

The boundless sea was gleaming,
The fading sunbeams shone;
Beside the fisher's cottage
We sat still and alone.

The mist arose, the waters
Swelled, as the seagulls screamed;
From thy dark eyes, so full of love,
The melting tear-drops streamed.

I saw them falling on thy hand,
And on my knees I sank;
From out that little snow-white hand
Those tears I gladly drank.

And since that hour my wasting life
And soul both die with fears;
Alas! that most unlucky maid
Hath poisoned me with tears.

17.

On yonder lofty mountain
Stands a castle, firm and strong,
Where dwelt three beauteous maidens;
I loved them well and long.

On Saturday Hette kissed me,
But Sunday was Julia's turn;
On Monday came Kunigunde
The lesson so sweet to learn.

On Tuesday a Fête was given
By my three maidens so fair;
The neighbouring lords and ladies
All rode or were driven there.

But I was never invited;
No doubt you will wonder why;
But the gossiping aunts and cousins
All knew it, with twinkling eye.

18.

Upon the far horizon,
Like a picture in my dreams,
The towered city rises
In the golden evening gleams.

The twilight breezes ripple,
And softly onward float;
With cadence slow and supple
The boatman rows his boat.

The sun once more arises,
And sheds his glory round;
It glitters in the water
Where my loved-one once was drowned.

19.

"Great town, again I hail thee!
Mysterious city, hail!
Once on a time my sweetheart
Was hidden by thy veil.

"Oh say, ye towers and turrets,
Where can my sweetheart be?
I gave her to your keeping—
Give her again to me."

Quite guiltless are the towers;
With them no fault did lay;
With trunks and bags packed safely
She silently hastened away.

She fled by the gates that were open,
They hindered her not in her flight,
A wicket is always quite willing
To aid in a wicked one's plight.

20.

I wander again in the paths known of old,
My footsteps their old course have taken,
Until I confront my dear sweetheart's old house;
Alas! it is empty—forsaken!

The streets are close and narrow here,
They totter, roofs and wall,
The plaster seems to peel away;
I flee in fear from all.

21.

I entered in the silent Hall,
Which once heard love-words speaking;
And where I saw false tear-drops fall,
A serpent's brood was creeping.

22.

Still in the night the city sleeps;
This was my sweetheart's dwelling place;
Long, long ago, she left it, and
The tears were streaming from her face.

A man stands yonder by the wall,
And wrings his hands with thoughts of woe;
He turns and in the moonlight clear,
*My* face and figure plainly show.

"Thou astral form, thou spirit wan,
Why mockest thou, in moonlight's glow,
The sorrows that my heart transfixed
In doleful nights so long ago?"

23.

"How canst thou sleep so softly,
And know that I'm alive?
My fetters will be broken,
And my anger will revive."

"Knowest thou the ancient legend
How a youthful lover, brave,
At midnight brought his loved-one,
And bore her to the grave?"

"Believe me, dearest loved-one,
Thou sweetest maiden fair,
My heart is full of courage,
And life and strength are there!"

24.

The maid sleeps in her chamber,
The moonlight's stealing in;
Without are sounds of revelry
The waltzes now begin.

I glance beneath my window,
To see who breaks my rest;
A skeleton is standing there
And fiddles at his best.

"A dance with me you promised;—
A promise you did break.
A ball is in the Churchyard,
You thither will I take."

A spell possessed the maiden,
She is lured from her abode;
The skeleton she followeth,
He fiddles down the road.

He fiddles, hops, and dances,
His clattering bones are gay;
His skull keeps time with nodding,
In the flickering moonlight's ray.

25.

I stand in the darkness dreaming—
Dreaming of her fair form,
And in her lovéd features
The life-blood seemed to warm.

Upon her lips there trembled
A wondrous lovely smile;
While pearly drops of sadness
Shone in her eyes the while.

My tears are also flowing;
Down my wan cheeks they pour.
Alas! Can I believe it?
I've lost her evermore!

26.

A most unhappy Atlas, a whole world,
A bitter world of grief I'm doomed to bear.
Beneath the load unbearable, my heart
Within my breast is breaking!

Oh! heart so proud, thou hast indeed thy way!
Thou would'st have pleasure; everlasting joy
Or everlasting sorrow: Oh! proud heart:
So wretchedness ineffable is thine.

27.

The years are going—coming—
Men to the grave descend,
But, oh! the love I bear thee,
Can never, never end.

Could I but once more see thee;
Before thee bend my knee;
And die while I was saying:—
"Madam, I love but thee?"

28.

I dreamed, and sadly shone the moon,
The stars threw mournful gleams,
I was carried to my sweetheart's home
A hundred miles—in dreams.

And when I saw that hallowed home
I kissed the very stair
Where oft her little foot had trod,
Where brushed her garments fair.

The night was long, the night was cold,
And, oh! so cold the stone,
But I saw at the window her ghostly face
Gazing upon the moon.

29.

What means this tear so lonely
That dims my troubled sight?
It comes from days departed,
And stays with me to-night.

Its many shining sisters
Who all are lost to sight,
Like all my joys and sorrows
Have gone in gusty night.

The thin mists too have faded
Like stars in heaven's own blue,
Which once flashed joys and sorrows
Through my heart's dungeon true.

Oh! where is now my heart's love?
Gone like an idle breath;
That tear-drop, silent, lonely,
Has faded unto death.

30.

The pale half-moon of autumn,
Lies on the cloudy waves;
The Pastor's peaceful cottage,
Stands near the Churchyard graves.

The Mother reads her Bible,
The son peers at the skies,
The elder daughter's sleepy,
Her younger sister cries:—

"Dear God! another day is done,
The time seems weary here;
We all seem to be buried,
Our life is dull and drear."

Then Mother stops her reading:
"You're wrong, we've lost but four,
Since Father dear was buried
By yonder Churchyard door."

The elder daughter, yawning,
Says, "No more I'll starve with you;
I'll go and join the Baron;
He's rich, and loves me too."

The son bursts into laughter:
"At the Inn are huntsmen three,
They all know the way to make money,
And the secret they'll teach to me."

The Mother throws her Bible
Into his pallid face:
"Unhappy lad, then will you,
As a robber your Mother disgrace?"

A knock comes at the window—
Behold a beckoning hand!
Outside in his priestly vestments—
They see their dead Father stand!

31.

'Tis wild and stormy weather,
With rain, and hail, and snow;
I sit at my window watching
The darkness deeper grow.

A lonely light is shining,
It wanders to and fro;
A little old Dame with a lantern
Creeps over the street below.

I believe that for eggs and butter,
And flour she comes to look,
That little old Dame with a lantern,
For her grown-up daughter to cook.

But *she* lies at home in the armchair,
And blinks at the lamp as she lies;
Her bright golden locks are waving
Over her beautiful eyes.

32.

They say that love torments me,
And bitter sorrow too;
At last I begin to believe it,
As other people do.

Thou little, great-eyed darling,
I have always told you this,
I love thee to distraction—
My soul's devoured with bliss.

'Tis in my lonely chamber
My love I boldly proclaim.
Ah! in thy holy presence
How silent I became!

For there the evil angels
My lips so tightly held,
Alas! those evil angels
My pleasures have dispelled.

33.

Thy pretty lily fingers,
Could I kiss them once again—
And press them to me fondly—
Then oblivion should me claim.

Thy clear blue eyes like violets
Shine before me night and day;
And I wonder what this riddle
With its sweetness blue will say!

34.

Is she still quite unresponsive
To her lover's vows and sighs?
Is there yet no gentle answer
In her sweet translucent eyes?

Through those eyes so blue and tender,
No one yet her soul can find;
Though you really are no donkey,
In affairs of this soft kind!

35.

They loved each other, but neither
Would to the other confess;
And it seemed as if hatred and malice—
Their languishing hearts distressed.

They parted and ne'er saw each other
Again, save in visions so rare;
And though they are both long departed,
They scarcely of it are aware.

36.

And when I narrated my sorrows to you,
You yawned though you never replied;
But when I repeated my sorrows in verse,
You filled me with flattering pride.

37.

I called the Devil and he came;
In wonderment his form I scan;
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
But really a lovely and charming man,
He now enjoys his primest years;
Polite, engaging he appears,
With diplomatic skill and state,
He talks of Church and of the State.
He's pale, which really is no wonder,
From Hegel and Sanscrit he won't break asunder.
Fouqué is still his favourite poet;
Of criticism he'll have no more,
He has foresworn it evermore,
And leaves it to old granny, Hecate.
He praised my works on Law, and said,
'Twas his favourite study in days long dead.
He said neither friendship nor music could be
Too precious for him; and he bowed to me;
Then frowned, and asked if it was not the case
That we had met at the Spanish Ambassador's place?
And then we carefully viewed each other,
And I found in him a man and a brother!

38.

Mortal! do not mock the Devil,
For your life will soon be o'er;

And damnation everlasting
Is no idle tale of yore.

Mortal, pay the debts thou owest;
Long 'twill be ere life is o'er;
And you'll often have to borrow,
Just as you have done before!

39.

Three holy Kings from the lands of the morn
Inquired in every city,
"Which is the way to Bethlehem,
Ye youths and maidens pretty?"

The young and old they did not know,
The Kings sought day and night;
And then beheld a golden star—
Its glorious beams shone bright.

The star stood still o'er Joseph's house;
They entered, presents bringing;
The oxen lowed, the Infant cried,
The holy Kings were singing.

40.

My child, we once were children,
Two children, small and gay,
We crept inside the fowl-house
And there we used to play.

We crowed like cocks, and chuckled,
And when old folks passed by—
"Cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck," they really thought
It was the hen's hoarse cry.

The chests within our courtyard
We lined with tapestry;
And in them dwelt together,
As snug as snug could be.

The neighbour's old cat often
Paid us a courteous call;
We bowed to her politely,
With compliments to all.

We made all kind inquiries,
In language smooth and fair;
Since then to many an old cat
We've curtsied here and there.

We used to sit and speak of
The days of long ago,
Just like our wiser elders
When their memories backward flow.

How love and true religion
Had vanished quite away;
How dear had grown our coffee,
How scarce was gold to-day.

Those happy days are over,
How fast they roll away,
And gold, the world, the seasons,
Like Faith and Love decay.

41.

My heart is sad and heavy,
It longs for the old days again,
When the world was joyous and happy
And it knew neither sorrow nor pain.

Now all that we once loved has vanished,
And all is confusion and dread—
As if the good God had departed,
And even the Devil was dead.

The world is now mournful and gloomy,
No more are the pleasures it gave;
Oh! did not some love-gleam still linger,
We'd long for the rest of the grave!

42.

In the rising moonlight splendour,
Through the gloomy clouds above,
Out of memories dark and olden
Shines a vision sweet of love.

Upon the deck we're sitting,
And sailing down the Rhine;
The banks, in summer's glory,
In mellow sunset shine.

At her dear feet I'm sitting,
And sweetly dreaming there—
The golden sun is gleaming
On her pale features fair.

Lutes sounded, lads were singing—
Oh, happy, joyous day!
The blue eternal heavens
Seemed to steal my soul away!

Old castles famed in story,
Woods, turrets, mountains high,
All, all I saw reflected
In the maiden's beauteous eye.

43.

In dreams I saw my loved one,
A worn and weary form;
Her blooming beauty shipwrecked
In life's most strenuous storm.

A babe was at her bosom,
Another child she led;
Her poverty and sorrow
In every glance I read.

She tottered through the market,
And on me cast her eye;
I looked upon her gently,
And answered, with a sigh:—

"Come with me to my dwelling;
With weakness you will sink;
Come with me, I will find thee
Some food to eat—and drink.

"I'll keep thy little children,
Thy babies poor and mild;
And more than all I'll care for thee,
Thou most unlucky child.

"And never will I tell thee
Of the love I once thee bore.
And when thou diest I'll take thee
To the grave, with heart so sore."

44.

My dear friend, why are you trying
To repeat those olden songs,
Will you ever seek to kindle
Life in love that long has gone?

Oh! that is the usual custom:
From the shells the chickens come,
And they chirp, and jump, and flutter;
Will you bake them in a tome?

45.

Why will you not be patient,
If the thought of olden pains
Mingling with the newest music
Lends its sorrow to the strains?

Only wait, and soon the echo
Will have died away from pain;
And a newer bunch of spring songs
In your heart shall grow again!

46.

Now is the time for all folly to cease,
'Tis time to be guided by reason;
This comedy we've played quite long enough,
So let it alone for a season.

'Twas all in the grandest and costliest style,
The scenes and the faces were painted;
My knight's golden mantle, it glittered and glanced,
My heart with sweet love was acquainted.

And now that I live in a sensible style,
With the gaudy remains lying before me,
I feel just as though 'twere a comedy still,
And sorrow begins to creep o'er me.

Ah God! how unconsciously spoke I the truth,
Though jesting in mummery only,
I know that I played with Death right in my heart—
A jester—a warrior lonely!

47.

The great King Waswamitra,
Is ever striving now,
By fighting or by penance,
To obtain Wasischta's cow.

Oh! great King Wiswamitra!
Oh! what an ox art thou!
To take this endless trouble
To secure one single cow!

48.

Heart, my heart, be not so weary,
Be courageous in the strife,
For the spring is now returning,
Winter must not cloud thy life.

And how much is still left to you!
Think how fair the world is still!
Think, my heart, oh precious knowledge,
That sweet love is living still!

49.

Thou art a fragrant flower,
So beautiful, so sweet,
With tender melancholy,
You make my pulses beat.

I fain would place my loving hands
Upon thy head and pray,
That if the good God wills it
He'll keep thee pure for aye.

50.

Child, I knew 'twould be thy ruin,
And sincerely I have striven
That you should not ever love me,
Nor your heart to me be given.

Now I find it was so easy
To divert your thoughts away,
I am wishing that you loved me,
And that wish I wish away!

51.

Where on my bed I'm lying,
So cosy and so warm,
A vision comes before me—
It is thy beauteous form!

As soon as silent slumbers
O'er my tired senses creep,
This wondrous lovely image
Stays with me while I sleep.

But with the light of morning,
It will not pass away,
For in my very heart of hearts
I bear that dream alway.

52.

Maiden with the mouth so rosy,
Eyes so clear, and sweet and bright,
Thou'rt my own loved little maiden
And I love thee day and night.

In the long dark winter evenings,
Thoughts of thee dispel the gloom;
And I long to sit beside thee,
In thy cosy little room.

To my lips I would be pressing
Thy dear little, snow-white hand;
Oh! my tears, in silent rapture,
Would bedew that little hand.

53.

Though outside the snow is drifting
Into towers, amid the hail,
And the tempest roars and thunders,
Never will my true heart fail.
For her image carries there
All the joys of spring-time fair!

54.

There are those who pray to Our Lady,
Others to Peter and Paul;
My sweetheart, I pray to you only,
Of women the fairest of all!

Let me kiss you with unrestrained rapture,
Be kindly and gracious as fair;
Thou sweet-shining sun amongst maidens,
The loveliest maid anywhere.

55.

Do my pallid cheeks betray me?
Do they speak of love's sweet woe.
Would you hear my proud lips begging—
Telling you that it is so?

Ah! my mouth is far too haughty;
It was made to kiss and sigh.
It would utter phrases scornful
When in grievous pain I die.

56.

My dear friend, sweet love has found you,
'Tis a new and recent smart;
It will make thy brain grow darker,
Lighter it will make thy heart.

My dear friend, sweet love has found you,
And you fain would hide its glow;
Yet I see thy heart is burning,
Through thy coat its flames do show.

57.

I'd love to stay beside you,
And teach you how to woo;
But you would hasten from me—
You had too much to do.

I told you that I'd given
My inmost heart to thee,
You only answered laughing
With a laugh of mocking glee.

You treated me most cruelly
And what was worse than this,
You said you would not give me
Just one sweet parting kiss.

Pray do not think I suffer
So much that I shall die,
I've been through this before
And learned the way to sigh!

58.

A pair of sapphires are thy eyes,
So loving, and so sweet;
Oh! three times happy is the man,
Whom they with love shall greet.

Thy heart it is a diamond,
It shines with lustrous glow;
Oh! three times happy is the man
For whom its rays do flow.

A pair of rubies are thy lips,
More beauteous ne'er were seen;
Oh! three times happy is the man
For whom thou dost them mean.

Oh! if I met that happy man,
Once, only once, no more,
Alone within the forest green,
His luck would soon be o'er.

59.

Long the vows of love have bound me,
Bound me firmly to thy heart;
And with those firm fetters round me
Jest has ceased; I feel love's smart.

If you lightly try to leave me—
From my passion turn away,
Then the fiends of Hell torment me,
And I'll shoot myself to-day.

60.

The world and this life are too scattered by far,
I'll seek a Professor to mend them;
His wisdom may put them together again,
Its follies, his system may end them.
With his nightcap and robe worse for wear and for weather,
He'll manage to put the old cracked world together.

61.

Long have I with brain so weary,
Pondered through the day and night,
But thy lovely eyes, my darling,
Bring to me sweet hopeful light.

While thy eyes, so pure and radiant,
Shine upon me, I shall be
Happy, though I was despairing
That my love I ne'er should see.

62.

To-night they give a party,
The house is filled with light;
On yonder lighted window
I see thy form so bright.

You see me not for darkness,
I stand below, apart—
And neither can your glances
See into my sad heart.

My darksome heart still loves you,
It loves you, it will break;
It breaks, it throbs, it quivers;
Thou canst not see it ache.

63.

I would that my love with its sorrow
My lips in one word could convey,
The sweet joyous breezes should bear it,
And merrily take it away.

To thee should they take it, my sweetheart,
That word full of joy and of woe;
And every hour thou should'st hear it,
Wherever, my loved one, you go.

And when, in the night's softest slumber,
Thy eyes close their glistening gleams,
That word would not fail to pursue thee,
Far down to the deepest of dreams.

64.

Thou hast many pearls and diamonds,
All that mortals most adore,
And thy eyes, they are the fairest:
Sweetheart, what would'st thou have more?

On thy eyes, so pure and lovely,
Have I written many a score
Of immortal songs of rapture;
Sweetheart, what would'st thou have more?

With thy eyes, so pure and lovely,
Thou hast smitten my fond heart sore;
Thou hast brought me to distraction—
Sweetheart, what would'st thou have more?

65.

He who for the first time loveth,
If rejected, is a god,
But if he again repeats it,
He is nothing but a fool.

I am such a fool in loving
Once more, but with no return;
Sun, and moon, and stars are laughing,
And I too will laugh—and die.

66.

They gave me advice, and they taught me;
They gave me full measure of praise;
I scorned all their patronage lofty,
As they told me to "wait a few days."

The patronage served me but little;
Of hunger I thought I should die,
Had not a good friend come to help me
When he saw me go wearily by.

Kind fellow, he gave me some dinner,
Forget him, indeed, I ne'er can;
'Tis a pity that I cannot kiss him—
For I am that excellent man!

67.

This most excellent young fellow
Flattery cannot have too fine;
For he treats us with choice oysters
And the mellowest of Rhine wine.

Smartly fit his coat and trousers—
His neckties are a sight to see;
And he calls on me each morning,
Asks for my health smilingly.

Then he kindly sings my praises,
Of my genius and my grace;
Always does his best to serve me
Modestly in every place.

And at every evening party,
With enthusiasm inspired,
Quotes my poems to the ladies,
Which are all so much admired.

Really it is most refreshing
Here to meet with such an one,
For such things are growing scarcer,
And ere long they'll all be gone.

68.

I dreamt that I was God Himself,
Upon my Throne on High;
The cherubim all praise my verse,
As through the Heavens they fly.

I ate the choicest kinds of cakes,
And, what was very funny,
I ate them, and drank "Cardinal,"
Without being asked for money!

And yet I felt so lonesome there,
I longed on earth to revel;
Oh were I not the Lord Himself,
I'd like to be the Devil!

"Thou great tall angel Gabriel,
Spread forth your wings and flee;
Go, fetch my dear friend Eugene here,
And sit him down by me!

"Don't seek him in the College rooms,
But drinking bright Tokayer;
Don't look for him in Hedwig's Church—
Seek him with Ma'msell Meyer."

Lo, quick he spreads abroad his wings,
And down to earth descends;
He picks him out, and brings him here,
The best of all my friends!

Yes, youngster, I'm the Lord of all,
I rule o'er every Nation!
I always said that in due time
I'd make my reputation!

Great miracles I'd work each day,
Just for your fun and pleasure;
While I would pour on glad Berlin
My blessings without measure!

The very stones that pave the streets
Shall now be rent in twain;
And oysters fresh in every stone
Shall lie like drops of rain!

Sweet citron juice like dew descends
To give a keener relish,
While Rhine wine pours along the streets
Which folks will greatly cherish.

Ah how the bürghers will rejoice,
How loud will be their praise!
The City Fathers lap the wine,
And hymns of glory raise.

And how the poets will rejoice,
To see things done so finely;
The ensigns and lieutenants too
Will clean the streets divinely!

The ensigns and lieutenants too,
Will wisely nod, and say—
"Let's take the gifts the gods bestow,
They don't come every day!"

69.

I left you in that sweet July,
In winter shall I come again;
You then will feel the biting frosts
Refreshing after sweltering pain.

Soon shall I come to you once more,
Then shall you be nor warm, nor cold,
And on your tombstone I will write
"Here lies a heart that's poor and old!"

70.

From sweetest lips by force I'm driven;
From beauteous arms I'm dragged by Fate;
I'd love the whole day to have tarried—
But coach and horses would not wait!

And this is life, my child—all sorrow—
Endless partings, endless fears;
Your heart could not retain me with you,
Nor could your glances, wet with tears.

71.

We travelled alone in the darkness,
We rode in the carriage all night;
We rested, our hearts close together,
And laughed when the morning shone bright.

When daybreak came stealing up o'er us,
My child, how startled we were,
To discover that Love sat between us—
A passenger blind, yet so fair!

72.

Only God knows where that madcap
Whom I sought has settled down;

During all this awful weather
I have hunted up and down.

I have gone to every tavern
Seeing if tidings I could gain;
I have questioned surly waiters;
All my trouble was in vain.

Then I saw her at a window,
Winking, nodding to me—"Well,
How could I know you were living,
Maiden, in a grand hotel?"

73.

Like gloomy dreams, the houses
Are standing in a row;
Wrapped up in my large mantle,
So silently I go.

The tower of the Cathedral
Tolls forth the midnight hour;
My sweetheart waits with kisses,
And love, on me to shower.

The moon is my companion
To light me on my way;
And to my sweetheart's dwelling
I wend my joyful way.

I thank thee, old companion,
For lending me thy light;
And now I can release thee—
Give other folks thy light.

Go, find some other lover
Who o'er his woes doth sigh;
Console him, as thou hast me
Consoled in days gone by.

74.

When you become my own true wife,
Your life shall all be pleasure;
Your days shall pass in happiness,
For you will be my treasure.

And when you scold and when you frown,
'Twill cause me bitter sorrow;
But if you do not praise my verse
I'll run away to-morrow!

75.

On thy soft and snow-white shoulder
Let my head so sweetly rest;
There I secretly can listen
To the longings in thy breast.

When the blue hussars are blowing,
Riding through the city gate—
Then to-morrow she will leave me,
Whom I know to be my Fate!

In the morning dawn you'll leave me,
But to-day I'll call thee mine;
Rest my head upon thy shoulder,
Feel a bliss and joy divine!

76.

The blue hussars are blowing,
Riding on the great highway—
I come, my sweetheart, and I bring
A bunch of roses gay.

There was indeed wild company,
And many soldiers smart;
Too many occupied a place
Within my tender heart.

77.

In my distant, youthful years,
My heart was filled with bitter fears
Of love's most fiery glow.
But now that wood has grown so dear
The fire has died, so has my fear—
*Ma foi*—a good thing too.

Let this warn you, beauteous youth,
Chase away thy tears and ruth,
And all life's false alarms;
Forget the love that once inspired you,
Now the joy of youth has fired you
*Ma foi*, within my arms.

78.

Are you really grown so hostile?
Are your feelings changed so sadly
All the world will know my sorrow,
For my heart is wounded badly!

Oh! you perjured lips, how could you,
Cruel, malicious, hard things say
Of the man who loved you fondly,
Deeply, truly, every day?

79.

Ah! once more thy glances find me,
Once they filled my life with joy.
Ah! once more thy lips they seek me—
Life was sweet without alloy!

And thy voice once more is singing,
Once it charmed my inmost heart
All these things remain unaltered—
I have drifted far apart.

With her snowy arms around me
In a sweet and close embrace,
Tightly to my heart I hold her,
Deaf to all the human race!

80.

Seldom have I understood thee,
Seldom comprehend'st thou me;
Only when with mud we are covered,
Do we understand each other.

81.

The castrati were disputing
When I loudly raised my voice;

They were grumbling and complaining
Of the harshness of the noise.

Then they trilled so soft and sweetly,
Singing with their voice so fine;
Pure as light and clear as crystal,
Soft and tender, quite divine.

Sweet they sang of love's fond yearning,
And the passions of the heart;
All the ladies fell to weeping—
Yet 'twas but a trick of Art.

82.

On the walls of Salamanca
Soft the gentle zephyrs blow;
And I wander with my Donna,
In the summer evening's glow.

Round the lady's waist so slender,
Now my arm will softly steal;
And my tender, wanton fingers
Do her swelling bosom feel.

Now a murmur as of sorrow
Through the leafy lindens streams;
And the millstream darkly rushes—
Like one's sad and gloomy dreams.

Ah! Señora! dark forebodings,
Tell me I shall have to go;
On the walls of Salamanca
Nevermore we'll wander so.

83.

Near me dwells Don Henriquez,
A finer man is seldom seen,
He lives next door to my abode,
A thin wall is between.

Salamanca's Dames are glowing,
As he strides along the street;
Jingling spurs, moustaches curling,
And his dogs run by his feet.

In the silent hour of evening,
All alone he sits at home,
While his fingers play the zither,
Through his soul sweet visions roam.

O'er the chords his hands are sweeping,
And strange fantasies begin;
Oh! those sounds so strange and jangling
Jar me with their ceaseless din.

84.

Thy voice and thy face when we first met together,
Told me that you would be a dear friend to me;
And had it not been for your meddlesome mother
I believe we should often have kissed ere to-day.

Next morning again I depart from the city,
To wander along on my wearisome way;
I know that you'll look down on me from your window
And sweetly you'll wave me a happy "Good-day."

85.

Over the mountains the sun rises glorious,
The sound of the sheep-bells is ringing so sweet;
My sweetheart, my lambkin, my Sun and my joy,
How precious the time when together we meet!

I gaze up on high with my eyes full of wonder;
My child, fare thee well, I am going far from thee!
It is vain, for her curtain lies still and unmovéd—
She is lying there sleeping and dreaming of me!

86.

In the Market Place at Halle
Two gigantic lions stand.
Oh! you scornful lions of Halle,
You have known the tamer's hand!

In the Market Place at Halle
Stands the largest giant I saw:
Though he hath a sword, it's useless,
For he's turned to stone with awe!

In the Market Place at Halle
Stands a Church, so tall and fair;
Where the students of each party
Set apart a place for prayer!

87.

Dimly glows the summer evening
O'er field and forest green;
The golden moon from azure heavens
Still her splendid glories gleam.

By the brooklet chirps the cricket,
Singing by the water drear;
And the wanderer hears a plashing,
And a sigh that's soft and clear.

Yonder by the lonely brooklet
Bathe the little fairies white,
Arms and necks so pure and lovely,
Shimmering in the moonbeams bright.

88.

Night on the strange road is lying;
My heart is sick, my limbs are weary,
Ah! thy rays like balm are falling,
Gentle moon, with light so cheery!

Sweetest moon, thy light is shining,
Shining o'er the night so grey;
Tender tear-drops falling from me
Help to drive my woes away.

89.

O Death! Thou art the cooling night;
Life is the sultry day;
Till darkness comes I'll sleep away—
I'm weary of the garish light.

A tree grows near me, and it seems
That nightingales are sweetly singing,
Louder are their love-songs ringing:
I hear them ever in my dreams!

90.

Tell me, where's the maid so sweet,
Whose charms you once so sweetly sung,
When your heart did glow with heat
And magic music charmed your tongue?

No more that magic glow I feel,
My heart is sad and very cold;
This little book is but an urn,
The ashes of dead love to hold!

91.*

Oh lily, my own lily!
By the brooklet's rushing stream;
Why do you shake and tremble
As in a troubled dream?

"Oh! leave me, with your flattery,
I know it, falsest one,
That the red rose, my cousin,
Thy perfidious heart has won."

92.*

Oh! what falsehoods lie in kisses!
Oh! what joy's by dreams conveyed!
Oh! what bliss lies in betraying—
And how sweet to be betrayed!

Sweetheart, yes, whate'er thou sayest
Well I know what you'll allow!
I will swear whate'er you ask me,
And believe all you avow!

93.*

To mere lukewarm, weak indifference,
Never will thy soul respond.
Though a rugged path I'd find thee,
Harshness makes my heart more fond.

Thine's the road I'd like to travel;
I would show thee how to love.
In the days when you're a Mother
Hand in hand with you I'll move!

94.*

Oh! my gracious Dame believe me,
I'm a poet needing rest,

Let me sing to thee my numbers
With my head upon your breast!

"Sir, address me if you dare
In this way with company there!"

95.*

Hadst thou kissed me with thy lips,
To heal my ever present pain,
I would bid thee wait till evening,
And then come and kiss again.

Stay and kiss me all the night,
All my heart belongs to thee;
Who can have a better right,
Full of joy and bliss to be?

96.*

If I faint with your caresses
Straight to heaven my soul will fly—
Memories of the nectar tasted
From thy lips can never die.

97.*

Here underneath the linden trees
Your heart with love will glow,
For you will meet the loveliest Dame
The wide world has to show.

She blooms so fair and lovingly
In coloured silken gown;
And sees a poet sensitive,
Wandering up and down.

What lovely feathers in her hat,
What splendid Turkish shawl,
What blooming cheeks and swanlike neck—
What glorious beauties all!

98.*

Oh, thou buxom hostess fair,
Thy house and home are fine,
Thy meadow's rich, thy garden's green,
Thy cellar's filled with wine.

Each corner in thy garden green
Is neat as could be seen;
And all the straw from out thy loft
Will do for beds so clean.

Thy heart and lips, oh! hostess fair,
Ar'n't used as they should be;
Nor is thy trusty chamber, dear—
Will you not share with me!

99.*

When we sit beneath the trees,
Chide me not, oh, child so fair;
When we return unto the house
Every comfort will be there.

100.*

Heaven knows if I've not had enough
Of love, the fault is mine!
At any rate the joys I've felt
Are glorious and divine.

# THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

(*Götterdämmerung*).

Sweet May is here with all its golden gleams,
Its silky odours, and its perfumes rare,
And gaily points us to its snow-white blooms,
And greets us with ten thousand violet eyes,
Where sunshine and the morning dew do weave
A picture that calls forth the sons of men—
The timorous folk come forth at her first call.
The men bedeck themselves with nankeen hose
And Sunday coats, and golden buttons bright;
The maidens wear the robe of innocence;
Young men with care their budding whiskers curl;
The maidens feel their tender bosoms swell;
The local poets fill their pockets full
Of paper, pencils, lorgnettes, and go forth
To join the merry throng beyond the gates,
And lie and muse upon the mossy sward,
Amazed to see the sprouting of the trees,
And pluck the tender, dainty flowers of spring.
Above, the little birds with rapture sing
Sweet songs that penetrate the azure sky!
May also came to me, and thrice she knocked

My door, and then cried: "I am May;
Thou pallid dreamer, come, and kiss me now!"
But I, I locked my chamber door, and cried:
"Thou canst not tempt me, oh, thou dubious guest;
I know thee well, and see thee through and through.
I also know the world, alas! too well,
And too profoundly, all my joy has fled,
And ceaseless sorrows spring up in my heart.
My gaze can penetrate all stony husks
Of earthly houses and the hearts of men,
And read their falsehoods, and their miseries.
I look upon the face of men and think
Of evil things. In yonder maiden's blush
I see the welling thoughts of mad desire;
And on the proud inspiring head of youth
I see the laughing jester's cap and bells;
Strange shapes and shadows weird on earth I see,
And know not if a hospital or madhouse 'tis.
I see far down below the veil of earth,
All see I in the crystal—and the sad
And gruesome sights that May-time fain would hide
Or decorate with wreaths of gladsome green.
I see the dead that in their coffins lie
With folded hands, and staring glassy eyes,
White shrouds, and oh! such pallid, pallid cheeks,
And from their lips the loathsome worms do crawl.
I see the son, with wanton mistress there,
Playing upon his father's mouldering tomb;
The nightingales sing mockingly around

And all the meadow flowerets laugh with scorn.
Within his grave the sleeping father turns
And mother earth doth shudder as with pain."

"Poor mother earth, I know thy woes too well,
I see the sorrows glowing in your breast,
I see thee bleeding from a thousand veins,
I see thy wounds, all torn and open wide,
And from them fire comes forth, and smoke and
blood.
I see thy proud and haughty giant sons,
Primeval brood arising from dark gulfs
And holding flaming torches in their hands.
They bring their iron ladders and advance,
And wildly storm the heights of heaven itself.
And swarthy dwarfs climb after them; and lo!
The golden stars fall down and crash to dust.
With daring hand they tear the golden veil
From God's own tent; the angel hosts descend
And cry with terror at the awful sight!

"Upon his Throne there sits the pallid God—
Plucks from his head the crown, and tears his hair—
While nearer, nearer sweeps the savage horde.
The giants hurl far away their fiery brands
Into the heavenly realms; the dwarfs fight on
And scourge the angels with their flaming thongs,
Who writhe and turn in cruellest agonies
And by their hair are madly torn away.
My guardian angel with the rest I see,
With his blond locks and shining features fair,

And with eternal love-smiles round his mouth,
And with a holy calm in his blue eyes—
When lo! a hateful Kobold seizes him
To carry him away, my angel fair,
And grins so vilely as he scans him o'er,
Holds him so tightly in his brute embrace—
Then rings a shriek throughout the whole wide world,
The pillars totter; earth and heaven fall down
Together, and the reign of night begins!"

## RATCLIFFE.

The Dream God brought me to a landscape fair,
Where weeping willows nodded "welcome here";
And waved their stately arms; and beauteous
flowers
With sister-glances gazed on me so still,
And twittering birds sang songs of love and glee,
And dogs, like old friends, loudly greeted me,
And voices of the friends of long ago
Were there; and yet the world seemed strange.
Before a charming country house I stood;
My bosom heaved, although my head was calm.
I shook the dust from off my travelling cloak
And rang the bell, and entered in the door.

Inside were men and women, known to me
In olden times; yet melancholy reigned;
And secret terror seemed to trouble all.
They gazed on me with strange and pitying looks,
Until I felt the terror in my soul
Of some unknown misfortune yet to come.
Old Margaret was the first of them I knew;
She stared upon me mutely, but no sound!
"Where is Maria?" asked I—no reply!
She gently took my hand, and let me forth
Into a large and brightly lighted room,
Where all was deathly still, but rich with pomp,

And showed me, though her face was turned away,
A silent figure on the sofa there.
" Art thou Maria ? " asked I. Inwardly
My boldness seemed to shock and startle me.
Then came a hard, metallic, stony voice,
Which said " Men call me that," and then
A piercing agony my cold veins froze,
For yet that cold and hollow stony voice
Belonged to her who charmed me, as Maria !
And yonder woman in pale lilac dress,
So loose and negligent, with breasts unveiled,
And staring glassy eyes, and pallid face
Like leather—Oh ! that dreadful faded form
Was once the blooming, gentle, fair Maria !
" Your journey has been long," she cried aloud,
In cold, unfriendly, unfamiliar tones.
" You do not seem to languish, my good friend ;
Your health is good, the muscles of your legs
Are in good form, and firm and strong."
A gentle smile then strove to play around
Her pallid lips. I was confused,
And uttered then these words : " They tell me that
You're married now." " Ah, yes," said she,
With tearful laughter careless. " I've a stick,
That's called a husband, and it's cased
With leather, but you know that wood is wood ! "
Then laughed again, so harshly that my blood
Seemed in my veins to freeze, and I did doubt
That those lips were the sweet May-blossom lips of
my Maria !

But soon she rose, and quickly gathered up
Her cashmere shawl which rested on a chair,
And threw it round her neck, clung to my arm,
Drew me away and led me through the door
O'er field and thicket, moor and torrent, ever on!
The glowing sun had set in heaven's red,
Its purple gleams were flashing over all,
O'er flowers, and forest, and the rushing stream
Which far away majestically flowed.
"See how your great gold eye glitters there
In watery blue, Maria!" I quickly cried.
"Be still, poor creature," said I, as I saw
Strange forms uprising in the deepening gloom,
Strange misty figures rising from the plain,
With white and tender arms they do embrace;
The tender violets wistfully look on,
The lilies bow their fairy cups together,
While all the roses glow voluptuously;
The pinks aroused their feelings with their breath,
And glorious fragrance scented every flower.
All of them wept most rapturous tears,
And all exulting cried out, "Love, love, love!"
The butterflies were fluttering, and the bright
Gold-beetles hummed their tender elfin song.
The evening breezes whispered, and the oaks
Were rushing, and the nightingale
Sang sweetly 'mid the rushing, slumbering sound.
The faded woman, with metallic voice,
Still chattered as she wandered by my side:
"I know your doings up in the Castle there

A slender shadow is a simple thing,
It nods and winks exactly as one would;
The blue-coat is an angel, but the red,
With naked sword, he is your foe."
And many other strange and curious speeches,
She uttered, till at length she sat her down
Beside me on the mossy bank inviting,
That stands beneath the noble old oak tree.

And there we sat together, sad and weary,
And gazed at one another, while grief grew;
The oak-tree rustled with a dying murmur,
  The nightingale in bitter sorrow sang.
A bright red light came piercing through the boughs
  And flashed upon Maria's pallid face,
Drawing a gleam from out her glassy eyes;
Then with her sweet and chastened voice said she:
"How did you learn of my dire misery?"
"I read it lately in your sad wild songs!"

My heart was icy cold, and how I shuddered
At my own madness, which had conjured
Up this scene prophetic! Darkness deepened,
And with shivering horror I awoke.

## DONNA CLARA.

In the evening shaded garden,
Wanders the Alcade's daughter;
Drums and trumpets loudly echo
From the strong and lordly castle.

"Oh! I'm weary of the dancing,
And the honeyed words of flatt'ry,
And the Knights who think to please me
When they say I'm like the sun.

"Everything is weary to me
Since I saw, in shining moonlight,
Yonder Knight, whose lute is sounding
As he draws me to my window.

"As he stands, so slim, but daring,
And his eyes so brightly sparkle
From his pale and noble features,
Like a glorious Saint George."

In this way speaks Donna Clara,
And her eyes were gently downcast:
When she raised them up, the noble
Unknown Knight stood there before her.

Pressing hands, and loving whispers,
Thus they wander in the moonlight,
And the gentle zephyrs tremble,
While the magic roses greet them.

Yes, the magic roses greet them
Like the messengers of pure love.
"Will you tell me, oh, my sweetheart,
Why your blushes mantle there?"

"Nothing but the gnats, my darling;
Gnats that fly about in summer,
Which I hate as strong and deeply
As the Jews with their long noses."

"Never mind the gnats and Hebrews,"
Said the Knight in tones so tender;
"From the almond-trees are falling
Many thousand snow-white blossoms.

"Many thousand snowy blossoms
Shed around their fragrance lovely;
But, oh! tell me, my own loved one,
Has thy heart to me been given?"

"Yes, I love thee, oh! my dearest,
And I swear it by our Lord,
Whom the curséd Jews did murder,
Whom they tortured and reviled."

"Never mind the Jews nor Saviour,"
Said the Knight, in tones so tender;
"Like a dream, yon snowy lilies
Shake and lightly tremble there.

"White and trembling dreamy lilies,
Gaze upon the stars on high—
Will you tell me, oh! my sweetheart,
Why thou hast thyself foresworn?"

"I am never false, my loved one;
There is not within my body,
One mere drop of blood that's Moorish,
Nor a foul taint of Jew."

"Mind not Jews, nor Moors either,"
Said the Knight, in tones so sweet;
"Come to yonder bower of myrtles,
My Alcade's daughter fair."

In love's tender, subtle meshes,
He hath bound her, slow and sure!
Brief their words, but long their kisses,
And their hearts do overflow.

What a glorious bridal carol
Sings the gentle nightingale!
How the weird fire-flies are dancing
Torchlight dances on the ground!

All is still within the bower,
One hears nothing but the breezes
Whisp'ring softly through the myrtles,
While the tender flowerets breathe.

Soon the sound of drum and trumpet
Break from forth the Castle tall;

And they roughly waken Clara
Resting on her brave Knight's arm.

"Hark! they call to thee, my loved one;
But, oh! tell me, ere thou goest,
What thy own loved name in truth is,
Which thou hast not yet revealed."

And the Knight, with gentle laughter,
Kissed the Donna's fingers fair;
Kissed her lips and then her forehead,
And at last he slowly said:

"I, Señora, your own loved one,
Am the son of the much honoured,
Great and worthy learned Rabbi
Israel of Saragossa!"

## ALMANSOR.

### I.

In Cordova's great Cathedral
Thirteen hundred pillars stand,
Thirteen hundred giant pillars
Bear the mighty cupola.

On the pillars, walls, cupola,
From the roof down to the floor
Strange devices from the Koran,
Twisting tracery, Moorish figures.

Long since built by Moorish monarchs,
Built for Allah's endless fame;
Yet in olden days 'twas altered—
Changed in many divers ways.

On the tower where once the Muzzein
Called the Faithful unto prayer,
Now the melancholy droning
Of the Christian bells is heard.

On the steps where true Believers
Sang the Prophet's lasting praise,
Now bald-pated priests are showing
All their trumpery little marvels,

See them twirl before their puppets—
Painted, gaudy, tinsly dolls—
Wave their incense, snuff their candles,
Ring their little tinkling bells.

In Cordova's great Cathedral
Stands Almansor ben Abdullah;
Silently he views the pillars,
And these words he softly whispers:

"Oh! ye vast and mighty columns,
Once adorned for Allah's praise,
Now we have to bow before you
In this cursed Christian faith!

"To the times you have submitted,
Patiently you bear your burden;
'Tis a lesson for the weaker,
To submit unto the stronger."

And his head, with lofty features,
Bent Almansor ben Abdullah
O'er the font, so quaintly carven,
In Cordova's great Cathedral.

II.

Quickly left he the Cathedral,
Rode forth on his noble charger;
In the wet wind blew his feathers,
And his dusky locks were flying.

On the way to Arcolea,
By the shining Guadilquivir,
Were the snowy almond blossoms,
And the yellow citrons blooming.

There he goes, impetuous rider,
Piping, singing, laughing gaily;
All the birds are sweetly singing,
So are all the rippling waters.

And in Alcolea's great castle
Dwelleth Clara de Alvares;
In Navarre her father's fighting;
She is joyous in her freedom.

Far away Almansor heareth
Drums and trumpets proudly sounding,
And he sees the lighted castle
Shining through the trees' dark shadows.

There in Alcolea's great castle,
Dance twelve dames in gay apparel,
Dance twelve knights in costly garments—
But none dance like gay Almansor.

Lightly winged by joyous spirits,
Flutters he around the hall,
Greeting softly all the ladies,
Whisp'ring speeches sweet to hear.

Isabella's fairest fingers
Quick he kisses, then he leaves her—

Stands before the sweet Elvira,
Gazes in her beauteous eyes.

Smiling, seeks he Leonora,
Asks her what may be her pleasure;
Then he shows the golden crosses
Shining on his gorgeous mantle.

He avows to every lady
That she owns his heart of hearts;
And "as true as I'm a Christian,"
Swears he thirty times that evening.

III.

But in Alcolea's strong castle,
Song and dance are silent now;
Lords and ladies have departed,
And the darkness reigns around.

Donna Clara and Almansor
In the hall alone still linger;
Only one dim lamp is burning—
On them shines its feeble glimmer.

On the sofa sits the lady,
On the footstool sits the knight;
And his head, in gentle slumber,
Rests upon his sweetheart's lap.

Oil of roses from a gold flask,
Pours the fondly musing lady,

On Almansor's tawny tresses;
Most profoundly doth he sigh.

With her mouth, a kiss so tender,
Plants the fondly nursing lady
On Almansor's tawny tresses,
And a frown o'erclouds his forehead.

From her eyes the tears are falling;
Weeps the fondly nursing lady
On Almansor's tawny tresses;
And his lips begin to quiver.

And he dreams. Again he's standing
His grave face bent down with sorrow,
In Cordova's great Cathedral,
Many distant voices hearing.

All the lofty giant pillars
Murmur weird and angry murmurs;
Nevermore, they say, they'll bear it,
And they tremble and they totter.

Then they fall in dire confusion;
Deathly pale turn priests and people;
And the vast dome crashes on them—
Loud the Christians' Gods are wailing!

## THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

### I.

By the window stood the mother,
Her son lay sick on the bed,
"Wilhelm, the procession's passing—
Will you not look out?" she said.

"Alas! I feel so ill, my mother,
I can neither see nor hear;
My thoughts are with our dear dead Gretchen,
And my heart is full of fear."

"Oh! arise, and go to Kevlaar
And thy book and rosary take;
The Holy Mother there will heal thee,
A new heart within thee make!"

In the Church are banners waving,
Solemn tones are floating high;
In Cologne, the Rhenish city,
The procession passes by.

So the mother joins the pilgrims,
And her sick son leadeth she;
Both join in the solemn chorus
"Gelobt seist du, Marie!"

II.

The Mother-God at Kevlaar
In her best dress is arrayed;
Much good work now lies before her,
All the sick folk ask her aid.

And the sick folk all are bringing
Many votive offerings meet;
Many models strangely fashioned;
Many waxen hands and feet.

He who here a wax hand bringeth,
Finds that it hath cured the wound;
And who here a wax foot bringeth
Soon will find his foot is sound.

Many hobble there on crutches
Who with joy now dance and spring,
Many now can play the 'cello
Whose hands could not touch a string.

The mother took a waxen candle,
Moulded it like to a heart,
"Take that to the Holy Mother,
She will cure thy inmost smart!"

The son, with deep sighs, took the image,
Sighing, tottered to the shrine;
The tears from forth his eyes were flowing,
And he said, with head inclined:—

"Oh! thou holy and revered one,
Mother of the Lord most High;
Pure and blessed Queen of Heaven
Unto thee I humbly sigh.

"Lo! I live with my poor mother
At Cologne upon the Rhine,
Where there are so many churches,
Many a chapel, many a shrine.

"And with us did live our Gretchen,
But, alas! death did us part—
Mary, take this waxen figure;
Heal the wound that's in my heart!

"Oh, I pray thee heal my sorrows—
Day and night I'll sing to thee
And pay thee my best devotions:
Gelobt seist du, Marie!"

III.

The sickly son and his poor mother,
Sleep within a chamber small;
Then there came the Holy Mother,
Oh! her footsteps lightly fall.

O'er the poor sick man she bended,
And then laid her hand so mild,
On his breast, and passed so gently
From him, and divinely smiled.

The mother thought she had been dreaming;
But would have seen much more,
Had her slumbers not been broken
By the watch dogs at the door.

There lay, stretching out before her,
Her sick son; but he was dead;
And o'er his pale face was streaming
All the glorious morning red.

Her poor hands the mother folded;
Not a single tear wept she;
But in solemn tones she murmured:
"Gelobt seist du, Marie!"

# DON QUIXOTE.

## *A FRAGMENT.*

"THE Life and Deeds of that Sagacious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha," written by Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra, was the first book I read after arriving at years of youthful discretion, and having attained to some knowledge of reading. As well as if it were only yesterday I remember those old times when, in the sweet spring mornings, I stole out of the house and ran down to the Hof-Garten, in order to read "Don Quixote" without interruption. It was a lovely May day. The blossoming springtime rested silently in the morning light, listening to the flattering song of the gentle nightingale, who sang so sweetly and so bewitchingly, that, with loving enthusiasm, the vigorous grass kissed the sunshine with rapture, and trees and flowers trembled with ecstasy. I was wont to sit on an old mossy bank in the Avenue of Sighs, close to the waterfall, and there I gorged my little heart with the glorious adventures of the brave Knight. With the simplicity of youth, I took everything in downright earnest. It mattered not how ridiculous were the mishaps that befel my hero, I thoroughly

sympathized with all, and sincerely believed in their truth. I even thought it displayed heroism if my Knight made himself ridiculous; while my very soul went out to him in his misfortunes.

To be laughed at was as much a part of heroism as to be wounded; and the former vexed me just as sorely as the latter grieved my heart. I was a child, and knew nothing of the irony God has entwined into the world, and which the great poet has imitated in his miniature world. I wept most bitterly when, despite all his chivalry and generosity, the noble Knight won only ingratitude and blows. As I had not done much reading, I uttered every word aloud, and so the birds and the trees, the brooks and the flowers, could hear all I read, and as these innocent beings knew as little as children of the irony of the world, they also regarded it quite earnestly, and wept with me over the sorrows of the unfortunate Knight. Even an old gnarled oak sobbed; and the waterfall shook more vehemently his white beard, and seemed to chide the wickedness of the world. We all felt that the heroism of the Knight was none the less worthy of admiration because the lion fled without fighting, and that if the Don's body was weak and shrunken, his armour rusty, his horse a miserable hack, therefore his deeds were all the more worthy of praise. We despised the vulgar rabble who beat the poor hero so brutally, and still more the rabble of higher rank, decked in silk attire, using gay courtly phrases,

and grand titles, who jeered at the man who was so vastly their superior in power of mind and nobility of soul. Dulcinea's Knight rose ever higher in my esteem, and my love for him grew stronger and stronger the more I read in that wonderful book, which I continued to do daily in the same garden, so that when the autumn came I had reached the end of the story. Never shall I forget the day when I read of the sorrowful combat, in which the Knight came to so inglorious an end.

It was a gloomy day; dark clouds swept over a lowering sky, the yellow leaves fell mournfully from the trees, heavy tear-drops hung on the last flowers that drooped in a melancholy faded way their dying little heads; the nightingales had long since departed; from every side the expression of transitory feeling surrounded me. My heart seemed ready to break as I read how the noble Knight lay on the ground, stunned and bruised, and through his closed helmet he muttered, in faint and feeble tones, as if speaking from the grave, "Dulcinea is the fairest lady in the world, and I the unhappiest knight on earth, but it is not meet that my weakness should disown this truth—strike with your lance, Sir Knight."

Alas! that shining Knight of the Silver Moon, who vanquished the bravest and noblest man in the world, was a barber in disguise.

* * * * *

It is now eight years since I wrote the above for the Reisebilder, in order to describe the impression

made upon my mind by reading "Don Quixote" many years ago. Good Heavens, how rapidly the time does fly. It does not seem to be much longer ago than yesterday that I finished the book, in the Avenue of Sighs, in the Hof-Garten at Düsseldorf. And yet my heart is moved and filled with admiration for the doings and sorrows of the noble Knight. Is it that my heart has remained constant ever since, or has it again experienced the sensations of childhood, after passing through a world of wonders? That may well be the case, for I recollect that during every one of my life's lustrums "Don Quixote" has conveyed a different impression to my mind. When I bloomed forth into my first youth, and with hands untrained in the school of experience I tried to pluck the roses that surrounded me. When I climbed the loftiest peaks in order to be nearer to the sun, and at night dreamed of naught else but eagles and chaste virgins, then "Don Quixote" seemed to me a very unsatisfactory book, and if it chanced to fall in my way I involuntarily threw it aside. At a later period, when I had ripened into manhood, I became somewhat reconciled to Dulcinea's hapless champion, and began to laugh at him. The man is a fool, said I. And yet, strange to say, the shadowy forms of the lean Knight and his fat squire have ever followed me in all the journeyings of my life, particularly when I came to any critical juncture. Well I recollect that while journeying to France, I awakened one morning in the

post-chaise from a troublous slumber, and saw in the early morning mist two well-known figures riding by my side. The one on my right was Don Quixote de la Mancha, mounted on his lean, absent-minded Rosinante, the other on my left was Sancho Panza, on his stout, matter-of-fact grey donkey. We had just reached the French frontier. The noble Manchean bowed his head reverently before the tri-coloured flag, which fluttered towards us from the tall post that marks the boundary line. The good Sancho saluted with a somewhat less cordial nod the first French *gensdarmes* whom we saw approaching us. At last my two friends forged ahead, and I lost sight of them, only now and then I caught the sound of Rosinante's spirited neighing, and the donkey's responsive bray.

I was then of the opinion that the absurdity of Don Quixotism consisted in the fact that the noble Knight endeavoured to recall a long-dead past unto life, and his poor limbs and back came into painful contact with the hard realities of the present. Alas! I have since learned that it is equally foolish to try to call the future prematurely into the present, and that for such an attempt upon the weighty interests of the day, one possesses but a very sorry steed, a brittle armour, and a very shaky body! The wise man dubiously shakes his sage head at both of these Quixotisms. But Dulcinea del Toboso is still the most beautiful woman in the world. Although I lie stretched upon the earth,

helpless and miserable, I will never recall that assertion; I cannot; so on with your lances, ye Knights of the Silver Moon, ye barbers in disguise.

What motive guided Cervantes when he wrote his great book? Was his purpose merely the destruction of the romances of knight-errantry, the reading of which at that time was so much the fashion in Spain that both clerical and secular ordinances against them were powerless? Or did he seek to hold up to ridicule all manifestations of human enthusiasm in general, and military heroism in particular? Ostensibly he tried only to satirise the romances, and through the demonstration of their absurdities deliver them over to universal derision, and thus put an end to them. In this he succeeded most brilliantly; for that which neither the exhortations from the pulpit, nor the threats of the authorities could effect, a poor writer accomplished with his pen. He destroyed the romances of chivalry so effectually that soon after the appearance of "Don Quixote" the taste for that class of literature wholly expired in Spain, and no more of the kind was printed. But the pen of a man of genius is always greater than he himself; it extends far beyond his immediate purpose, and without being himself fully conscious of it, Cervantes wrote the greatest satire against human enthusiasm. He had not the least pre-knowledge of this, for he himself was a hero, who had spent the greater portion of

his life in chivalrous conflicts, and who in his old age was wont to rejoice that he had fought in the battle of Lepanto, although he paid for this glory with the loss of his left hand.

The biographers can tell us but little concerning the person or the private life of the poet who wrote "Don Quixote." We do not lose much by the omission of such details, which are generally picked up from the female gossips of the neighbourhood. They see only the outer shell; but we see the man; his true, sincere, unlibelled self.

Don Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra was a handsome and powerful man. He had a high forehead, and a large heart. His eyes possessed a kind of magic. Just as there are people who can look into the earth, and see the hidden treasures and the dead that lie buried there, so the eye of the great poet could penetrate the breasts of men, and see plainly all that was concealed therein. To the good his look was as a ray of sunlight gladdening and illuminating the heart; to the evil his glance was a sword, piercing sharply to the very soul. His searching eyes penetrated to the soul of a man, and questioned it, and if it refused to answer, he put it to the torture, and the soul lay stretched bleeding on the rack, while perhaps the body assumed an air of condescending superiority. Is it surprising that many disliked him, and gave him but scant assistance in his journey through life? He never achieved rank or position, and from all his toilsome

pilgrimages he brought back no pearls, but only empty shells. It is said that he could not appreciate the value of money, but I am sure he fully appreciated its worth when he had none. But he never prized it as highly as he did his honour. He was in debt, and in one of his writings, in which Apollo is supposed to grant to the poets a charter of privileges, the first paragraph declares: "When a poet says he has no money, his simple assurance shall suffice, and no oath shall be required of him." He loved music, flowers, and women, but in his love for the latter he sometimes fared very badly, particularly in his younger days. Did the consciousness of future greatness console him, when pert young roses hurt him with their thorns?—Once on a sweet summer afternoon, while yet a gallant young man, he walked along the banks of the Tagus in company with a pretty girl of sweet sixteen, who continually mocked his most tender speeches. The sun had not yet set, it still glowed with all its golden splendour, but high up in the heavens was the moon, pale and insignificant, like a little white cloud. "See'st thou," said the young poet to his sweetheart, "see'st thou yonder small pale shield? The river by our side in which it mirrors itself seems to receive its poor reflection on its proud bosom entirely out of compassion, and the whirling waves sometimes cast it disdainfully aside towards the shore. But wait until day fades into twilight; when the darkness descends; then will yonder

pale orb grow brighter and brighter, and will flood the whole stream with its silvery light, and the haughty billows that before were so scornful will tremble with joy at sight of the lovely moon, and roll rapturously towards it."

The history of poets must be sought for in their works, for there are to be found their most confidential confessions. In all his writings, in his dramas even more than in "Don Quixote," we see, as I have said before, that Cervantes had long been a soldier. Indeed, the Roman proverb, "Living is fighting," finds a double application in his case. He took part as a private soldier in most of those fierce war games which King Philip II. played in all lands for the honour of God and his own pleasure. The fact that Cervantes devoted his whole youth to the service of the greatest champion of Catholicism, and that he fought to advance Catholic interests, warrants the assumption that he had those interests at heart, and so refutes the widely-spread opinion that only the fear of the Inquisition withheld him from discussing in "Don Quixote" the great Protestant questions of the time. No, Cervantes was a faithful son of the Roman Church, and he had not only bled in knightly combats for her blessed banner, but his whole soul suffered a most painful martyrdom during his many years of captivity among the Infidels.

We are indebted to accident for most of the details of Cervantes' doings while in Algiers, and here

we recognise in the great poet an equally great hero. The history of his captivity gives a very emphatic contradiction to the poetical lie of that polished man of the world, who made Augustus and the German pedants believe that he was a poet, and that poets are cowards. No, the true poet is also a true hero, and in his breast dwells that god-like patience which, as the Spaniards say, is a second source of heroism. There is no more sublime spectacle than the noble Castilian serving the Dey of Algiers as a slave, constantly meditating an escape, with unwearing energy preparing his bold plans, placidly facing all dangers, and when the enterprise fails, is ready to submit to torture and death rather than betray his comrades. The bloodthirsty master of his body becomes disarmed by such grand magnanimity and virtue. The tiger spares the fettered lion, and trembles before the terrible "One-Arm," though with but a single word he could slay him. Cervantes is known all over Algiers as the "One-Arm," and the Dey acknowledges that he could not sleep well, and be sure of the safety of his city, his army, and his slaves, unless assured that the Spaniard was in safe keeping.

I have referred to the fact that Cervantes was always a private soldier, but even in so humble a position he succeeded in distinguishing himself to such a degree as to attract the notice of the great general, Don John of Austria, and on his return from Italy to Spain he was given the most com-

plimentary letters of recommendation to the King, in which his promotion was very emphatically urged. When the Algerine corsairs, who captured him on the Mediterranean Sea, saw these letters, they regarded him as a person of the highest rank and importance, and so demanded such a large ransom that, despite all their efforts and sacrifices, his family were not able to purchase his freedom, and the unfortunate poet's captivity was thereby prolonged and embittered. Thus the recognition of his merits became an additional source of misfortune, and to the very end of his life he was mocked by the cruel Goddess Fortune, who never forgives genius for having achieved fame and honour without her aid.

But are the misfortunes of a man of genius always the work of blind chance, or do they of necessity emanate from his innermost nature and environment? Does his soul enter into conflict with the world of reality, or do the sordid realities begin the unequal conflict with his noble soul?

Society is like a republic. When an individual strives to rise, the collective masses push him back with ridicule and abuse. No one is allowed to be wiser or better than the rest. If he be so, then against him, aroused by the irresistible power of genius, tower above the vulgar masses; Society begins to ostracise, and persecutes him so mercilessly with scoffing slander, that at last he is obliged to withdraw into the solitude of his own thoughts.

Truly, Society is essentially republican. Every sovereignty, intellectual as well as material, is hated by it. The latter more often helps intellect than is generally imagined. We ourselves came to this conclusion soon after the revolution of July, when the spirit of republicanism manifested itself in all social relations. Our republicans hated the laurels of a great poet, even as they hated the purple of a great king. They tried to level down the intellectual inequalities of mankind, and as they regarded all ideas that had been produced on the soil of the state as general property, nothing remained to be done but to decree an equality of style also. Indeed, a fine style was denounced as being aristocratic, and we heard many such assertions as: "A true democrat must write in the style of the people —sincere, natural, crude." Most of the Party of Action easily succeeded in doing this, but not every one possesses the gift of writing badly, especially if he has previously formed the habit of writing well. And then of course it was at once said, "That is an aristocrat, a lover of style, a friend of art, an enemy of the people." They were doubtless honest in their views, like Saint Jerome, who considered good style a sin, and soundly flagellated himself for it.

Just as little as we find anti-Catholic, so also do we fail to discover anti-aristocratic traces in "Don Quixote." The critics who think that they find such sentiments are quite in error. Cervantes

belonged to a school which went so far as poetically to idealize the idea of unquestioning obedience to the sovereign. And that sovereign was the King of Spain, at a time when His Majesty dazzled the whole world. The common soldier felt himself a ray in that halo of glory, and gladly sacrificed his individual freedom to gratify the national pride of the Castilian.

The political grandeur of Spain at that time contributed much to exalt and enlarge the hearts of her poets. In the mind of a Spanish poet, as in the realm of Charles V., the sun never set. The fierce wars against the Moors were over, and, as the flowers are most fragrant after a storm, so poetry always blooms most grandly after a civil war. We behold the same phenomenon in England at the time of Elizabeth. For at the same time as in Spain there arose a galaxy of poets, which invites the most remarkable parallelisms. There we see Shakespeare, here Cervantes, as the flower of the school.

Like the Spanish poets under the three Philips, so also the English poets under Elizabeth present a certain family likeness, and neither Shakespeare nor Cervantes can claim originality in our sense of the word. They do not differ from their contemporaries through peculiar modes of thought or feeling, or by a special manner of character drawing, but only through greater depth, fervour, tenderness, and power. Their creations are more in-

fused and penetrated with the divine spark of poetry.

But both poets were not only the flowers of their time, but they were also the germs of the future. As Shakespeare, by the influence of his works, particularly on Germany and the France of to-day, must be regarded as the creator of the later dramatic art, so must we honour in Cervantes the originator of the modern novel. I will allow myself a few passing observations on the subject.

The older novels, the so-called romances of chivalry, were born of the poetry of the middle ages. They were at first prose versions of those epic poems whose heroes come from the mythical traditions of Charlemagne and the Holy Grail. The subject was always knightly adventures. It was the romance of the nobility, and those who figured therein were either mythical, fantastic beings, or knights with golden spurs; nowhere is an allusion to the people. These romances of knighthood, which degenerated into the most ridiculous absurdities, were destroyed by Cervantes in his "Don Quixote." But while by his satire he destroyed the earlier romances, he also furnished a model for a new school of fiction, which we call the Modern Novel. Such is always the way of great poets; they pull down the old, but at the same time they build up the new; they never destroy without replacing. Cervantes created the modern novel by introducing into his romances of knighthood a

faithful description of the lower classes, by intermingling with it phases of folk-life. This partiality for describing the doings of the common people, of the most wretched rabble, is not only found in Cervantes, but in all his literary contemporaries, and among the Spanish painters as well as among the poets of that period. Murillo, who stole heaven's loveliest tints with which to paint his beautiful Madonnas, painted with the same lovely colours some of the vilest creatures of earth. It was perhaps the enthusiasm for art itself that made these noble Spaniards find equal pleasure in the faithful portrayal of a beggar boy scratching his head, as in the representation of the Blessed Virgin. Or, perhaps, it was the charm of contrast that led noblemen of the highest rank, a smart courtier like Quevedo, or a powerful minister like Mendoza, to fill their romances with ragged beggars and vagabonds. Perhaps they sought to relieve the monotony of their high rank by placing themselves, in imagination, into a quite different sphere of life. We find a similar tendency among some of our German authors, whose novels contain nothing but descriptions of the nobility, and who always make all their heroes counts and barons. We do not find in Cervantes this one-sided tendency to represent the poor only; he mingles up the ideal and the vulgar; the one serves as light or shade to the other, and the aristocratic element is as prominent in it as the democratic. But this noble, chivalrous, aristocratic

element disappears entirely from the novels of the English, who were the first to imitate Cervantes, and to this day always hold him in view as a model. These English novelists since Richardson's domination are prosaic in nature; to the prudish spirit of their time even graphic descriptions of the life of the common people are repugnant, and we see across the Channel those *bourgeois* novels arise, wherein the petty, humdrum life of the middle classes is depicted. The public were surfeited with this deplorable class of literature until recently, when the great Walter Scott appeared, and he effected a revolution, or rather a restoration, in novel-writing. As Cervantes introduced the democratic element into romance, at a time when one-sided knight-errantry ruled supreme, so Walter Scott restored the aristocratic element to romance when it had wholly disappeared, and only a prosaic *bourgeoisie* was to be found there. By a reverse process Scott again restored to romance that beautiful symmetry which we admire in Cervantes' "Don Quixote."

I believe that the merits of England's second great poet have never in this respect been recognised. His Tory proclivities, his partiality for the past, were wholesome for literature, and for those masterpieces of his genius that everywhere found favour and imitation, and which drove into the darkest corners of the circulating libraries those ashen-grey, ghostly remains of the *bourgeoisie*

romances. It is an error not to recognise Walter Scott as the founder of the so-called Historical Romance, and to endeavour to trace the latter to German initiative. This error arises from the failure to perceive that the characteristic feature of the Historical Romance consists just in the harmony between the aristocratic and democratic elements, and that Scott, through the re-introduction of the aristocratic element, very beautifully restored that harmony which had been overthrown during the absolutism of the democratic element; whereas our German romanticists eliminated the democratic element entirely from their novels, and returned again to the ruts of those silly romances of knight-errantry that flourished before Cervantes. Our De la Motte-Fouqué is only a straggler from the ranks of those poets who gave to the world "Amadis de Gaul," and similar extravagant absurdities. I admire not only the talent, but also the courage of the noble Baron who, two centuries after the appearance of "Don Quixote," has written his romances of chivalry. It was a peculiar period in Germany when the latter appeared and found favour with the public. What was the significance in literature of that partiality for knight-errantry, and for those pictures of the old feudal times? I believe the German people desired to bid an eternal farewell to the middle ages, but moved with emotion as we Germans are so apt to be, we took our leave with a kiss. For the last time we pressed our

lips to the old tombstone. True, some of us behaved in a very stupid manner on that occasion. Ludwig Tieck, the smallest boy in school, dragged the dead ancestors out of their grave, rocked their coffin as if it were a cradle, and in lisping, childish accents sang, "Sleep, little grandsire, sleep."

I have called Sir Walter Scott England's second great poet, and his novels masterpieces; but it is to his genius only that I would give the highest praise. His novels I can by no means place equally with the great romance of Cervantes. The latter surpasses him in epic spirit. Cervantes was, as I have already said, a Catholic poet, and it is perhaps to this fact that he owes that grand epic composure of soul, which, like a crystalline firmament, extends beyond those picturesque and poetical creations. Nowhere is there a hint of scepticism. In addition to this is the calm dignity which is the national characteristic of the Spaniard. But Scott belongs to a church which places even divine matters under a severe examination. As an advocate and as a Scotsman he is accustomed to action and to debate, and we find the dramatic element most prominent in his novels, as well as in his life and his temperament. Thus his works can never be regarded as the pure model of that style of fiction which we call Romance. To Spain is due the honour of having produced the best novel, as England is entitled to the credit of having achieved the highest rank in the drama.

And the Germans, what palm remains for them? Are we not the best lyric poets on earth? No people possesses such beautiful songs as the Germans. At present the nations are too much occupied with political affairs, but when these are once laid aside, then let Germans, English, Spaniards, French, Italians, all go to the green forests and chant our lays, and the nightingale shall be our judge. I am quite sure that in this tournament of minstrelsy the songs of Wolfgang Goethe will gain the prize.

Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe form the triumvirate of poets, who, in the three great divisions of poetry (epic, dramatic, and lyric) have achieved the greatest success. The writer of these pages is perhaps peculiarly fitted to sound the praises of our great countryman as the most perfect of lyric poets. Goethe stands midway between the two classes of song-writers, between those two schools, of which one, alas! is known by my own name, the other as the Swabian school. Both have their merits; they have indirectly promoted the welfare of German poetry. The first effected a wholesome reaction against the hybrid idealism of German poetry, it led the mind back to stern realities, and unrooted that sentimental Petrarchism that has always seemed to us Quixotism in verse. The Swabian school also contributed indirectly to the welfare of German poetry. If in Northern Germany, strong and healthy poetical productions came to

light, thanks are perhaps due to the Swabian school, which attracted to itself all the half-imbecile, sentimentally holy, and awkward disciples of the German muse. Stuttgart was the *fontanelle*, as it were, for the German muse.

Although I ascribe the highest achievements in drama, in romance, and in lyric poetry to this great triumvirate, far be it from me to depreciate the poetical merits of other poets. Nothing is more foolish than the query, "Which poet is greater than the other?" Fire is fire, and its weight cannot be stated in pounds and ounces. Only little-minded shopkeepers will attempt to weigh genius in his miserable cheese scales. Not only the ancients, but some of the moderns, have written works in which the fire of poetry burns with a splendour equal to that of the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Goethe. Nevertheless, these names cling together as by some secret bond. A kindred spirit shines forth from their creations, an immortal tenderness arises from them like unto the breath of God, the modesty of Nature blooms in them. Goethe not only continually reminds one of Shakespeare, but also of Cervantes, and he resembles the latter even in details and style, and in that charming prose diction which is tinged with a vein of the sweetest and most harmless irony. Cervantes and Goethe resemble one another, even in their faults, in diffusiveness of style, in those long sentences that we occasionally find in their

writings, and which may be compared to a procession of regal equipages. Frequently but a single thought exists in one of those long and broadening sentences that rolls majestically along like a great, gilded court-chariot, drawn by six plumed horses. But that single thought is always something exalted, or even royal.

My remarks respecting the genius of Cervantes and the influence of his book have been necessarily brief. As to the real value of his romance from an artistic point of view, I must express myself still more briefly, or questions might arise which would lead to wide digressions into the sphere of æsthetics. I can only call attention in a general way to the form of the romance, and to the two figures that constitute its central point. The form is that of a description of travels which has ever been the most natural for this class of writing. I am reminded of "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius, the first romance of antiquity. Later poets sought to relieve the monotony of this form through what we to-day call fables. But by reason of poverty of invention the majority of writers of romance have borrowed each other's fables; or, at any rate, many have always used the same tales with very slight variations. So, through the consequent uniformity of characters, situations, and plots, the public became at last rather tired of romance-reading. To escape from the tediousness of hackneyed tales and fables, they sought refuge in the ancient, original form of

narratives of travels. But this form will again be entirely supplanted, as soon as some creative genius shall arise with a new and original style of romance. In literature, as well as in politics, all things are subject to the law of action and reaction.

As regards the two figures called Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, that so constantly burlesque, and yet so wonderfully supplement each other, so that together they form the one true hero of the romance—these two figures give evidence not only of the poet's artistic taste, but of his profound intellectuality. If other authors, in whose romances the hero journeys alone through the world, are compelled to have recourse to monologues, letters, or diaries in order to communicate the thoughts and emotions of their heroes, Cervantes can always manage a natural dialogue; and, as the one figure always parodies the other, the author's purpose is the more clearly shown. Many have been the imitations of this dual figure which lends such artistic naturalness to the romance of Cervantes, and out of which, as from a single seed, has grown the whole novel, with all its wild foliage, its fragrant blossoms, its glowing fruits, its grotesque figures and marvellous birds that crowd amid its branches, like one of the giant trees of India.

But it would be unjust to charge all this to a servile imitation; superficially, as it were, lay the introduction of two such figures as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, of which the one, the poetical

nature, seeks adventures, and the other, partly from affection, partly from selfish motives, follows through sunshine and rain, as we often meet them in real life. In order to recognise this couple anywhere, under the most varied disguises, in art as well as in life, we must keep in view only the essential and the spiritual characteristics, not the casual or external. I could offer innumerable instances of this. Do we not find Don Quixote and Sancho Panza clearly repeated in Don Juan and Leperello, and to a certain degree also in the persons of Lord Byron and his servant Fletcher? Do we not recognise these two types and their altered relations in the figures of the Knight of Waldsee and his Caspar Larifari, and again in the form of many an author and his publisher? The latter clearly discerns his author's follies, but in order to reap pecuniary profit out of them, he faithfully accompanies him in all his ideal whimsies. And Master Publisher Sancho, even if at times he gains only buffets in the transaction, always remains fat, while the noble Knight grows daily more and more emaciated. But not only among men, but also among women, have I often met the counterparts of Don Quixote and his henchman. I particularly remember a beautiful English lady, an impulsive, enthusiastic blonde, who, accompanied by her friend, had run away from a London boarding-school, to roam the whole world over in search of a noble true-hearted lover, such as she had dreamed of on sweet moonlight nights. Her

friend, a short, plump brunette, also hoped to make use of the opportunity to gain, if not so fine and high an ideal, at least a husband of good appearance.—I seem to see her now, with her slender figure, and blue, love-longing eyes, standing on the beach at Brighton, casting wistful glances over the billowy sea towards the French coast; while her companion cracked hazel-nuts, and chewed the sweet kernels with relish, and threw the shells into the water.

Yet neither in the masterpieces of other artists, nor in nature herself, do we find these two types in their varying relations so minutely elaborated as in Cervantes. Every trait in the character and appearance of the one answers to a contrasting, and yet kindred, trait in the other. Here every detail has a burlesque signification; even between Rosinante and Sancho's grey donkey there exists the same ironic likeness as between the squire and the knight, and the two beasts are made to convey symbolically the same idea. As in their modes of thought, so also in their speech do master and servant reveal a marvellous contrast, and I cannot here omit to refer to the difficulties with which the translator has had to contend in order to reproduce in German the homely, gnarled dialect of the good Sancho. Through his blunt and often vulgar speeches, and his fondness for proverbs, good Sancho reminds us of King Solomon's fool, and of Marculfe, who, also, in opposition to a rather pathetic idealism, expresses in short and pithy sayings the practical wisdom

of the common people. Don Quixote, on the other hand, speaks the language of culture, of the higher classes, and in the solemn gravity of his well-rounded periods, he fairly represents the high-born Hidalgo. Sometimes his sentences are spun out too broadly, and the Knight's language resembles a haughty lady of the court, attired in a gaudy silken robe, with a long rustling train. But the graces, disguised as pages, laughingly carry the tips of this train, and the long sentences conclude with the most charming turns.

The character of Don Quixote's language and that of Sancho Panza may be briefly summarised in the words: the former, when he speaks, seems always mounted on his high horse; the latter, as if seated on his humble donkey.

# NOTES.

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By The Translator

*General Introduction.* Page v. *Patriotism in the sense we understand it*, etc. This must be taken in full connexion with the context. The real patriotism of the Germans, when the Fatherland has been menaced, has never been doubted. A very brief chronological record of the history of the Germans may not be out of place. The fundamental stock was Scythian, Scandinavian, and then Teutonic. Its manifold branches included Angles (Schleswig), Saxons (Holstein), Chatti (Hesse), Longobardi (the valley of the middle Elbe), Batavi and Frisii (Netherlands, etc.). Prussia had a much later civilization. North Germany was never a Roman province, which perhaps explains the differences, ethnographical, political and otherwise, between the Northern provinces, and the Southern; Bavaria, Pannonia, Styria, etc. These differences were the pivot on which Napoleon the First moved with success, for a time, and the third Empire tried to repeat the experiment. Hermann defeated the Romans under Varus, in the Teutobergerwald, A.D. 9. After the fall of the Western Empire, in 476 A.D., the wandering tribes who covered the Northern plains and forests of Europe were fully occupied in fighting each other, and in making armed excursions to neighbouring countries—Britain amongst them. With the death of Pipin of Heristal, Charlemagne succeeded to the Frankish Kingdom. The weakness and sloth of the Carlovingian kings had passed, and, by a series of over fifty brilliant expeditions, Charlemagne practically welded Germany and France into one great Empire. Then it was that the idea of reviving the ancient Roman Empire occupied the mind of the Pope (Leo III.), and on Christmas Day, 800, Charlemagne was ordained temporal ruler of the Holy Roman Empire, in the Basilica of S. Peter, at Rome. Thus was formed that German union of Church and State, which was not dissolved in theory until the conquering hosts of Jena, under Napoleon I., compelled the Ger-

mans to relinquish the claim. The difficulties of Germany were very largely attributable, during this thousand years, to the longing of their Kaisers to effect in practice, as well as in ideality, the Union with Italy as its temporal and political head. Sometimes the centre of gravity was with the Hohenstaufens; sometimes with the Austrians; sometimes with the Burgundians; but never was there sufficient rest and development at home. Hence the rise of the Hansa League, that wonderful kingdom within a kingdom, of which traces remain to this day. After the death of Charlemagne, the Treaty of Verdun soon put an end to the union with the Franks. With Charles V., another great Emperor arose, but his death left fanaticism in the place of legitimate policy; while the Reformation had excluded his rigid Catholicism from any powerful domination in Germany. Events subsequent to Luther are fairly well known. Heine apparently saw in Bonaparte the reincarnation of the traditional spirit of Barbarossa, the Kaiser who slept in the Kyffhauser, only to return from his slumbers to reunite Germany, and with it the dominion of Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Emperor. We who have lived a little longer, have seen how modern events have consummated the actions of ancient politicians. Königgratz, and its preceding warfare in Denmark, represented the finality of the struggle between Northern and Southern Germany. Sedan saw the final separation of Frank and Teuton.

The literature of Germany (with brief exceptions, especially during the Rococo period) reflects the troublous times from the Wandering of the Races to the destruction of that Empire that was neither "Holy nor Roman"; nor even an Empire. The Nibelungenlied; the Songs of the Minnesingers (progenitors of Heine); the Epics of the Graal; the measured rhymes of the Meistersingers; the religious enthusiasm of the Reformation, which lasted until Klopstock; then the Great One of Weimar; Schiller the sweet bard; the war songs of Arndt (nearly all going back to Nature for their methods); and lastly, Heine, cynic, poet, artist, with head full of irony finer than the finest point lace (*vide* Germany, "A Winter's Tale").

P. 3. *The bloody battle fields*, etc. Notorious duelling-places frequented by the students.

P. 4. *The learned* * * *. The reference is to Professor Eichorn, whose name is given in the French Edition.

P. 10. *Councillor Rusticus.* Law Professor Bauer is meant here.

P. 15. *Sorrowful, joyful.* From the song of Clarchen, in Goethe's *Egmont.*

P. 17. *The departed Hoffman.* *Vide* Heine's *Romantic School.*

P. 20. *The gleaming Silver*, etc. Ich habe den silberblick verfehlt.

P. 26. *Needle and Thread*, etc. *Vide* "Nugae Renales."

P. 32. *Quis*, etc. The typical hexameter familiar to students of mediaeval logic.

P. 61. *Schiercke and Elend.* Two villages in the Hartz mountains, meaning roguery and misery. In his *Faust* Goethe opens the famous *Walpurgisnacht* scene in this district. "Dr. Schubart says, that as the Greeks had their Olympus; the Jews their Sinai; the Spaniards their Montserrat, the Indians their Himalaya Mountains, so have the Germans their Blocksberg. . . . On the establishment of Christianity the Druids are said to have taken refuge in it."—*The Antiquary.*

P. 81. *The Hartz.*—See Goethe's *Faust*, Part I. "To creep along the labyrinth of the vales, and then ascend these rocks, from which the ever-bubbling spring dashes—this is the pleasure that gives zest to such a path. The spring is already weaving in the birch trees, and even the pine is beginning to feel it."

P. 135. *A Fool is waiting his answer.* Matthew Arnold thus describes Heine:—

> "The spirit of the world
> Beholding the absurdity of men—
> Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile
> For one short moment wander o'er his lips.
> *That smile was Heine.*"

P. 146. *The dense faith of charcoal burners.* Otherwise the dogma of gross superstition.

P. 158. Longfellow makes use of this tradition (Klabotermann), in his ballad published in *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

P. 162. The tradition of Julin, the city buried below the sea, is here referred to. It has a firm hold on the German imagination. The site of the city is said to be off the coast of Rugen. It will be seen that Heine makes fine use of this legend in his first part of the *Nordsee.* Almost every country has its similar tradition.

P. 166. *Genghis-Khan.*—This great Mongolian warrior overran the north of China and Central Asia in the thirteenth century. His grandson penetrated to the heart of Hungary, where he was defeated and slain, in the year 1241.

P. 183. The reference is to the *Histoire de Napoleon*, 1812, by Comte Philippe de Ségur.

P. 185. *The same old song of woe.* The reference is to Immermann's "Das Thal von Ronceval."

P. 186. Heine's "Orestes" is the unhappy son of Napoleon the First.

P. 181. *The Literary Poet*, etc. These quaint verses are obviously by way of imitation of the "Xenien" written by Goethe and Schiller, in collaboration. They are a kind of German "Dunciad," in which current foibles, and sometimes obscure wits are harpooned. A detailed explanation belongs to the general literary history of Germany.

P. 225. The incident of the kitten is true, and is celebrated in one of Heine's poems.

P. 325. No. 39. The bones of the three Kings of the East, Melchior, Balthasar and Gaspar, are supposed to have been removed to Cologne Cathedral.

P. 335. *A jester—a warrior lonely.* "Heine passed as a drifting cloud; but his songs remain like stars in the heaven of poetry."—*William Sharp.* "Und so ist der blaue Himmel grösser als jedes Gewölk darin, und daurerhafter dazu."—"The blue heaven is greater than any cloud that passeth over it."—*Jean Paul.*

P. 342. No. 71. *Der blinde Passagier.* Amor, or Cupid, who is blind to all but his immediate desires.

P. 377. *Don Quixote.* Written by way of comment on, or introduction to, a new edition of Cervantes' Masterpiece, that had just appeared in Germany. It was embodied, by Heine's wish, in his Reisebilder.

P. 388. This was written in Paris.

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